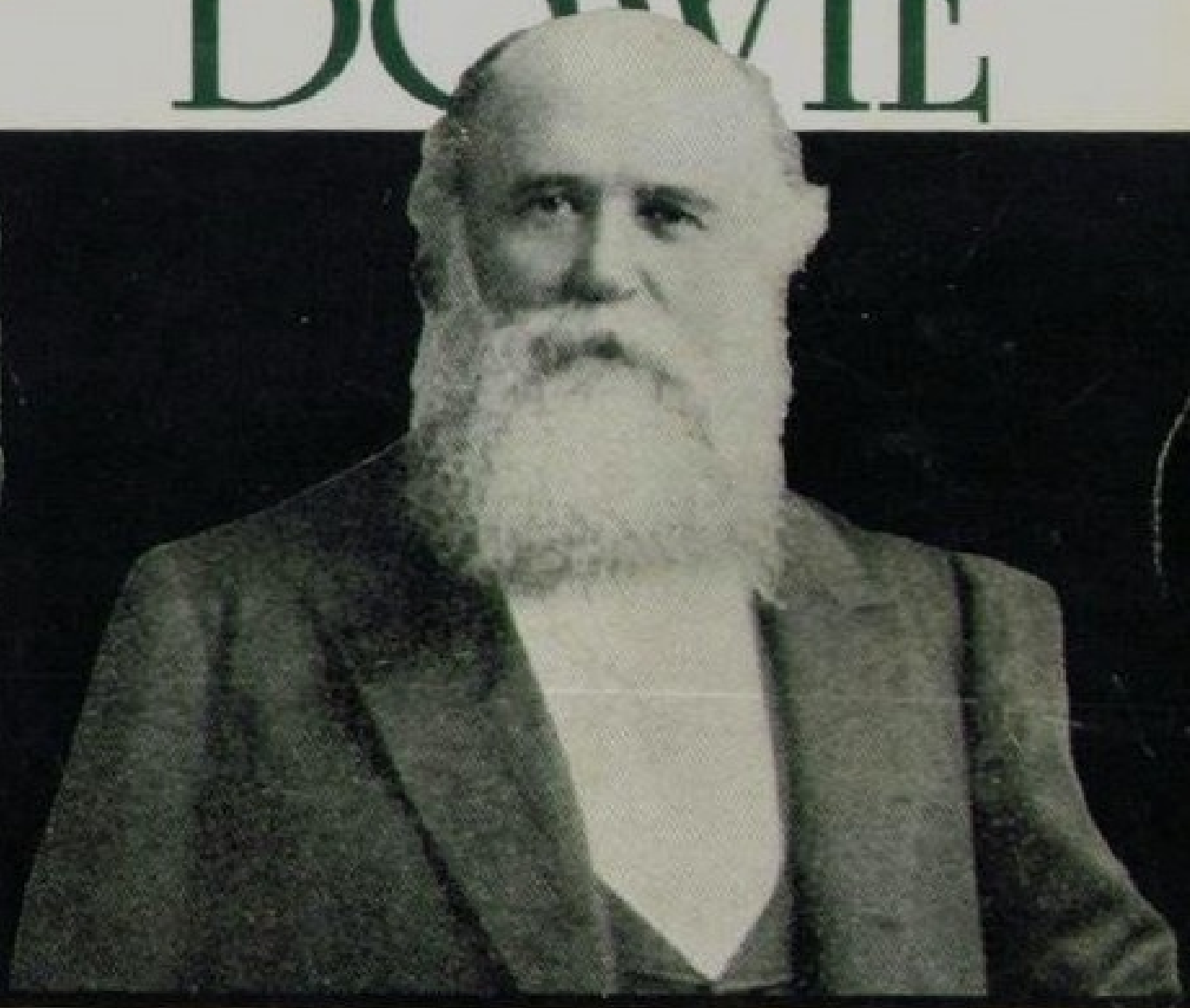


by Gordon Lindsay

John Alexander DOWIE



*A LIFE STORY OF TRIALS,
TRAGEDIES AND TRIUMPHS*

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FIRST LESSON

SECOND LESSON

THIRD LESSON

JOHN ALEXANDER
DOWIE
A LIFE STORY OF TRIALS,
TRAGEDIES AND TRIUMPHS

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the many ministers who are preaching the great gospel of deliverance in various parts of the world. May the dramatic life story of John Alexander Dowie be at once an inspiration and an object lesson to every man of God who ministers healing to the sick and afflicted, a ministry which to no little extent was brought back to the church through the efforts of the man of whom this book is written. This book is also dedicated to the author's father and mother whose faith in God found much of its source and inspiration during the years they spent in Zion.

The author wishes to express his appreciation and acknowledgement of the help received from Overseer Anton Darms, who so kindly checked the manuscript for accuracy, and who made available to him a number of books and rare documents of the Zion story. He also wishes to thank Rev. Theodore Mason who made it possible for him to secure an almost complete library of THE LEAVES OF HEALING.

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INTRODUCTION

The story of John Alexander Dowie is a fascinating one, and suspense and interest builds up as one proceeds with the narrative. However the purpose for which this book was written was of far more importance than merely to entertain. The life of Dr. Dowie is, in the writer's opinion, as well as that of many others, the greatest object lesson in the history of the church. First, it shows that when any man is chosen of God to be used in an unusual manner, God permits him to go through a training period, which sometimes includes trials and tribulations of the most severe nature. Second, it will be seen that the great successes of Dr. Dowie began only after he fully embraced the message of Divine healing. It was the great miracles of healing that were responsible for giving his ministry its power and authority. Third, it was at that moment when he began to engage in secular activities, and departed from the simplicity of his earlier days, that his decline began. All these things are lessons of solemn interest to us today.

We are under no illusion that some will not be disappointed with certain things which we have included in this biography. While our dealing with the subject has been highly sympathetic, we have felt that we would not be fair to our objective, if we did not tell the whole story as it happened. Some believe that Dr. Dowie could have done no wrong, others believe that he was a mountebank and a deceiver. Neither view is correct. God raised up John Alexander Dowie, for a specific work, which was to reintroduce Divine healing to the Church. In a considerable measure this purpose was fulfilled, although his errors of judgment at the closing period of his life are to be regretted. We believe that the church has received an enormous impetus of faith because this man has lived.

GORDON LINDSAY

CHAPTER I: THE DRAMATIC APPEARANCE OF DOWIE UPON THE WORLD SCENE

THE Christian generation of today knows little of a story, which is as unique and fascinating as any that has appeared in the annals of the church since the days of the apostles. Though forgotten today, in the rapid moving of events, the name of John Alexander Dowie was known to millions throughout the world at the turn of the century. The story of Dowie is that of a man with an amazing mission—a mission that in its scope took in nothing less than the whole world. It is an account of a reformer who, fighting against the greatest of odds, single-handedly challenged the apostasy of his time, and succeeded in bringing to the attention of the church visible, if not to its acceptance, the message of the Gospel of healing—a message of deliverance for the whole man, body, soul and spirit.

Against overwhelming opposition, a hostile press, bitterly opposed clergymen, antagonistic city officials, unscrupulous lawyers, who, hired by the combined opposition, used every loophole of the law and legal technicality to stop him, he fought for and maintained the right to pray for the sick. Despite the fiercest persecution, numerous illegal arrests—as many as one hundred in a year—he outwitted and foiled his enemies, and succeeded in bringing to the attention of the world, the great truth that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever, and established the right for the minister of the Christian Church to obey Christ's command in the Great Commission to lay hands on the sick for healing.

The rise of John Alexander Dowie to international prominence came with an abruptness that reminds one of Elijah, who many centuries ago suddenly appeared before the King of Israel to challenge by a test of fire, the apostasy of the Baal prophets, or of John the Baptist, who “as a voice crying in the wilderness” made his presence known in a dramatic call of repentance to a nation unprepared to meet the Lord Who was already in her midst.

When Doctor Dowie first set foot on American soil, he was forty-one years of age, and as far as this country was concerned, was virtually an unknown minister of the Gospel. However, news of the arrival of a man who preached Divine healing, and who got results, soon spread abroad, and he began receiving calls from up and down the Pacific Coast. He at once launched into a series of healing missions, which eventually took him to Chicago, where within a few brief years, a series of dramatic events were to plummet his ministry before the attention of the entire world.

In 1893, just at the starting of the World's Fair in Chicago, John Alexander Dowie decided to make his headquarters permanently in that city. He built a small unpretentious wooden tabernacle, just outside the doors of the Fair Grounds. This unimposing structure, contemptuously referred to by his enemies as a "miserable little wooden hut," became the scene of his first important efforts in his warfare against the vice and iniquity of the great metropolitan city—at that time a city of about two million inhabitants. The services held in this tabernacle did not have an auspicious beginning. Many passed by "the little wooden hut" as they thronged the grounds of the World's Fair, but they gave it only passing notice. Their interest was in the excitement of that colossal Vanity Fair, which included such hair-raising and blood-curdling features as "The Siege of Vicksburg," or the "Blood and Thunder" of Buffalo Bill and his Whooping Indians. A few dropped into the tabernacle, and they returned bringing others with them. Nevertheless, the work was small and discouraging.

A bitter winter followed that brought gales and storms of unusual violence, sweeping in from the waters of Lake Michigan. Dowie's strength and courage was severely tried during those dark days. But with coming of spring of 1894, a break came. Notable miracles of healing were now taking place and these began to draw attention. Before long, large crowds were attending and indeed, contesting for standing room in the tabernacle.

With success, came an attendant persecution that was perhaps to set a world's record, and which included no less than one hundred warrants for the arrest of Dr. Dowie during the year 1895. In one of the most bitter of persecutions in the history of America, a relentless opposition, determined to drive Dowie and Divine healing from the city. But these enemies reckoned not of the mettle of which their despised opponent was made, for Dowie possessed a resourcefulness unusual for a non-professional man, unversed in law, and a stubborn courage that accepted no defeat. He pled his case in courts, which were completely dominated by his enemies. The results in these lower courts was a foregone conclusion. When he lost, much to the exasperation of his adversaries, he carried his cause to the higher courts, where the inequities of the lower courts were quickly overruled. His enemies, frustrated and enraged, impotently fought on, until through sheer exhaustion and loss of popular support, they were forced to give up the fight, retire in confusion and acknowledge their complete defeat. Significantly, many who engaged in this persecution against Dowie, either died shortly after, or for some reason or other were compelled to retire from the scene of public life. One such example was the editor of the Chicago Dispatch, a Mr. Dunlop, who had taken the lead in the persecution by the press, and was to find himself, less than two years later, behind penitentiary bars, his own wicked life and crimes exposed before the world.

Actually, the persecution contributed to the bringing to pass the very thing that his adversaries least desired, and least anticipated would happen. Instead of Dowie being ignominiously driven from the city as they had confidently expected, their persecution had given Dowie such publicity that he was able to move into, and fill the largest auditorium in the city of Chicago. There, from Sunday to Sunday, thousands of people gathered to listen to the man whose dynamic ministry was affecting the lives of countless thousands, in a fashion that Chicago had never before witnessed. In that great auditorium, multitudes acknowledged Christ as their Savior and, under the searching preaching of this man of God, many relinquished evil habits and made restitution for their wrongs.

And now, the unusual talents of John Alexander Dowie had opportunity for their fullest expression. His voice cried out against sin in high places and low. The evils of tobacco, liquor and drugs were scathingly denounced, much to the dismay of the great vested interests which engaged in their sale and distribution. He exposed the shams and hypocrisies of an apostate and decadent church. Iniquity in the government or in the pulpit alike, brought forth his stern and uncompromising censure. Several times, attempts were made upon the life of Dr. Dowie, but all attempts failed. He gave the forces of iniquity no respite, and continued to blast at social evils wherever he found them, sparing none.

Then in 1896, Dr. Dowie organized the Christian Catholic Church, with a charter membership of five hundred. This number rapidly grew into thousands. For some time, Dowie had contemplated the building of a great city, to be inhabited only by Christians, where the use of tobacco, liquor and other kindred vices would be perpetually barred. With this in mind, he negotiated secretly for the purchase of 6,600 acres of land on the shores of Lake Michigan at a site 40 miles north of Chicago. Once the land had been secured, sub-divided and opened for lease, thousands of people rushed to secure leases which by contract were extended for a period of 1,100 years. Within two years, nearly ten thousand people had been drawn to this new city which he had named "Zion". Factories and industries were invited to find sites in the community, and one industry, for the making of fine lace, was imported from Great Britain— machinery, managing personnel and all.

Meanwhile interest in the Christian Catholic Church continued; branches began to spring up in cities all over the nation. Missionaries and workers were sent to establish churches and missions in various parts of the world. During these years, Dowie planned one enterprise after another, laboring with a feverish intensity, as a man working against time. He organized what he called the Seventies, which, in a methodical way, went out two by two, carrying the Gospel to every home. Later he disbanded the Seventies and organized in their place, the Restoration Host. He

engaged in a “three month’s holy war” against Satan’s forces in Chicago.

Dowie was a prolific writer, editing during his ministry, sixteen volumes of a weekly publication, called LEAVES OF HEALING, of quarto size, each volume having from 800 to 1000 pages. He wrote poetry. He made a trip around the world. In one of his boldest ventures, he chartered a series of trains which carried thousands of his followers to New York City. During the day his followers systematically went from house to house carrying tracts and information about his work, while in the great night services, he spoke to vast multitudes in Madison Square Garden. It was a Herculean effort; nothing like it since the Crusades had ever been attempted in the church.

Dowie was now received by congressmen, by governors, and on one occasion, by President Theodore Roosevelt, who left a cabinet meeting to meet him. Dowie continued to dream. He was restless and looked for “more worlds to conquer”. He proposed to strike the devil such a blow, that if it were possible, would usher in the Millennium. In accordance with this proposal, he planned on building “Zions” all over the earth, with the largest one at Jerusalem. It was at this point that his dreams became visionary, and a dark and ominous cloud settled upon his affairs.

But we must pause for we are getting ahead of our story.

We should not fail to mention that the man God used in these epochal adventures of faith, endured dark years of discouragements and reverses, when to all appearances everything seemed lost. He knew what it was to taste the bitterness of poverty, to be scorned as a ne’er-do-well by his relatives, to find himself in a position unable to adequately support his family. Once he ran for public office, and was soundly defeated.

During those days, however, he did have a most remarkable experience which was to influence mightily his future. While pastoring at Newtown, suburb of Sydney, a devastating plague swept through the area, threatening to wipe out the whole population. It was during the hours of tragedy that God revealed to him the glorious ministry of healing, and he was able to pray the prayer of faith with such results that the plague, as far as his people were concerned, was stayed—not another member of his flock died from the epidemic.

Despite this vivid experience of God’s manifestation of healing power, Dowie was not then prepared to enter fully into such a ministry. Man is a natural imitator of what he sees others doing. There appears to be uncertainty and insecurity in taking unknown paths. Dowie tried the usual methods that he saw other reformers using. He denounced the evils of his day with an eloquence, of which he was not lacking. He fought vehemently against the liquor evil, helped organize temperance societies, and became champion of those opposed to traffic in alcoholic beverages.

At the insistence of friends, he ran for public office, thinking that a seat in the Australian parliament might be God's way in which he might most effectively secure a reformation of social conditions. In the interests of reform, he corresponded with William Gladstone, the famed English statesman.

But at every step his plans seemed destined to frustration. He got into debt, his fair weather friends forsook him, and his own relatives thought that he was beside himself. It was only after years of the bitterest of trials and tribulations, that he gradually became aware of God's great plan for his life. Little by little as his soul reached out, at first in a kind of desperation, then with more certainty, he began to see the light. As he entered into a ministry to the sick and the afflicted, the tide of failure turned. Slowly at first, but finally, success came his way. In a few years his ministry attracted international interest. Then in a meteoric rise to fame, as a champion of the truth of Divine healing, he found himself plummeted into the spotlight of world attention. But before we begin a more detailed narration of the life of this man of God, and trace the story of God's dealings with him, we shall take the liberty to quote from the lines of Overseer Anton Darms, who knew Dr. Dowie personally. These words graphically summarize the unique ministry of this prophet of the Nineteenth Century.

"John Alexander Dowie holds a unique and definite place in the development of apostolic ideals for the Church of the Twentieth Century. His life, mission, and work present a fascinating, romantic object lesson for those interested in progressive Christianity.

"Singlehanded, as Elijah of old, he denounced the decadent order of the day, and protested mightily against apostasy, both of the Protestant and Catholic divisions of the Church, and heralded a New Day of a thousand years when Jehovah would hold sway over a redeemed earth.

"Like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, John Alexander Dowie started on his world-wide mission of setting forth the Word of God, and putting into practice, the ideals and principles of the coming Messianic Kingdom; and thereby succeeded in making "Zion" a household word throughout the whole world.

"It has been said that in him were treasured up the rarest gifts and talents ever given to man. As an iconoclast, he denounced evil in high and low places, tore off the mask of unfaithful shepherds behind the pulpit, protested against the shams and the fads of a giddy world, and heralded the death-knell of a dying age.

"Sudden and unexpected as was his entry upon the public arena, so sudden and unexpected also was his demise, compelling thousands of devoted followers to whom God's Inspired Word was a sealed book, to

acknowledge that his faithful ministry had resulted in making the Bible a new book to them.”

CHAPTER 2: EARLY LIFE OF JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

JOHN Alexander Dowie was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, May 25, 1847. Those who attended his birth could scarcely have dreamed of the impression that this child should some day make upon the world. As many others who have been signally used of God, not excluding the Lord, he was born in poverty. In his early years, he had opportunity to observe the darker side of life, and to witness, first hand, the misery and sorrow which resulted from sin. Very early in life he developed a deep revulsion to evil, and his hatred of it, was later to find expression in his fierce denouncements against sin, which he saw brought nothing but heartache and sorrow to the human race.

The lad's childhood days were not happy. He was often sick, and more than once his parents despaired of his life. His attendance at school was irregular, partly because of the shabby condition of his clothes, and partly because he was sick so much of the time. His young mind, however, had a keen thirst for knowledge, and he made the best of such opportunities that he had. Some of his friends were kind enough to lend him books which he read eagerly.

Being a precocious lad, he read the Bible through at the age of six years.

John Alexander received a definite call from God at the early age of seven. He accompanied his father as often as he could on preaching journeys. He also attended the street preaching of a humble minister by the name of Henry Wright, and, through listening to him, was led to give his heart to God. This obscure preacher could have had little realization that one in his audience was destined some day to speak words that would turn thousands to Christ, and who should also, in no little measure, be the instrument in the hands of God to restore to the Church the ministry of healing.

Even before his conversion, the young lad was to develop a hatred for the iniquities of the liquor traffic. He suffered the consequences of intemperance of some he loved, and, as a child, learned of the sorrows of others who became victim of the curse. A temperance movement was rising in Scotland at the time and at the age of six, he signed a pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors. Toward tobacco too, he developed an early antipathy. As a lad he took his stand against its use and later was to become the world's greatest champion against the accursed nicotine habit.

Years afterward he was to relate before a large congregation in his

Chicago Tabernacle, a boyhood experience, in which he was led of God to make his decision regarding the use of tobacco. He spoke as follows:

“Now Friends, I want to thank God today for the way in which He led me, when very young, and the way in which He led my father, to lay down that tobacco, and to lay down that liquor. I once looked at my father smoking, and thought I would be big if I smoked too. So I took one of his pipes and some of his Cavendish. I went with several boys, and we climbed the Cat-nick, and got to the top of Salisbury Crags. There after nestling under Arthur’s Seat, one fine afternoon I said, ‘We’ll be men.’ And I did what he had done: lit his tobacco, and tried to smoke as he did. Some of the boys said, ‘Johnny take care.’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘never fear; I know how to smoke.’ I thought I did, but the first draw I took filled my eyes, my nose, and everything, and I thought that surely Abaddon or Apollyon from the depths of hell had got me now. But I persevered. I took another draw after a while, and managed to get that down into my stomach. I tried to breathe it out, but it went through my nose, and a good deal of it went down into my stomach. By the time I got my third draw, I began to feel— Oh, my!

“I looked at Edinburgh Castle across the valley, and whatever had happened to it? The Castle was spinning around, and St. Giles Cathedral was running a race with Holyrood Palace, and Arthur’s Seat was drunk. I looked at the Pentland Hills, and they were chasing after the other hills around there; I tried to look at Craigmiller Castle, and it had shifted its place to another side of the lake, and was running after Duddiston Church, and Duddiston Church was running after Craigmiller Castle. I looked again at Holyrood, and it was bumping up against Edinburgh Castle, and I looked down in the valley and it came up and hit me on the nose. I lay back, and oh, I was so sick. I vomited everything I had eaten. O my stomach! I should have been thankful to anybody, if they had put me out of misery.

“When I went home late in the evening, I tried to walk in a straight path with my feet, but I could not. There was no pavement wide enough for me, for I was drunk. I think I had not taken more than three draws. My mother did not know what had happened, so she said, ‘Poor John Alexander is sick,’ and she comforted me; and if she had known the truth, she ought to have ‘scalped’ me. But really the one to be ‘scalped’ was my father. I was a wee, wee chap. I was no more than six years old, because after that experience with Abaddon, I signed the pledge in 1853, against tobacco, opium, and alcohol, which by the grace of God, I have kept.

“It was just before I signed the pledge that I did this. I came to the conclusion that if it were necessary for me to pass through all that dirt, muck, and misery to become a stinkpot, worse than a pig, I would not do it.”

When John Alexander was thirteen years of age, his parents decided to emigrate to Australia, a country to which his uncle had already gone. The journey required no less than six months, as the vessel on which they engaged passage, was an old sailing ship. Despite the meagerness of his education, he had learned enough to be able to tutor a number of the children on board the ship and thus pay his own way over. Arriving in Adelaide, the youth began to make his own living, working for his uncle, Alexander Dowie, who was then laying the foundation of a prosperous shoe business, and whose daughter he later married. For his services, he received his food and eighteen shillings a week.

After a few months, young Dowie left the employment of his uncle and took another job. He advanced from time to time in various positions until, though still in his minority he commanded a substantial salary, and was accounted a more- than-ordinarily promising young business man. At length he became confidential clerk for the resident partner of a firm that was doing a business of two million dollars a year.

But all through these years, God was speaking to this young man. Ever tugging at his heart was a call to the ministry. The writings of Dr. Dowie do not particularly elaborate on God's dealings with him during this time, but it is known that even from early years, he felt a distinct call to God's service. As he was drawing near to his twenty-first year, he made a most important decision. With the money that he himself had earned, he took up a study under a private tutor, and began to prepare himself for the ministry. After fifteen months of tutelage, he left Australia and entered Edinburg University as an Arts student, where he remained for three years, taking voluntary courses in the Free Church School. We have only a sketchy account of his experiences while at the university. It is known that the young man found himself in little sympathy with the dogmatic theology of the day. He proved a brilliant scholar; yet, because of his variance with the professors and the accepted dogmas, he was not regarded as a model student at the university. But he was eager to learn and his thirst for knowledge was such that he read constantly and having a retentive memory, he gained a background of knowledge that in the years to come made it possible for him to converse intelligently on practically any subject.

Throughout his youthful years, God was dealing with him, and preparing him for an unique work. Even before he entered the ministry, he was to learn that God heals, though at that time, Divine healing was a subject of which few had even heard. At that time, he was suffering from chronic dyspepsia. He was brought to trust God for healing, and in answer to prayer, was completely delivered of this affliction. Yet, it was many years before he was to gain a real conception of the truth of Divine healing as it is set forth in the Scriptures.

While young Dowie was in Edinburg, he became a sort of “honorary chaplain” in the Edinburg infirmary, and there had the opportunity of attending the clinics of the famous surgeon, John Simpson. He listened to his lectures, heard the diagnosis of the doctors, while the patients lay under chloroform. He saw that surgery, unable to cure, must resort to removing the diseased organ. Dowie watched many of the operations, and witnessed the deadly results. He heard from the lips of the professors the confession that they were only guessing in the dark, and their experiments led him to have a strong antipathy to surgery and medicine.

While in the midst of study and work, he was called home by a cablegram from his father, the reason being unknown to him at the time. He made the long journey back to Australia and upon arriving there, found upon the examination of the books of the partnership firm of which his father was the senior member, that a receivership was inevitable. Young Dowie wound up the affairs as best he could, and although handicapped by the debts incurred by his hasty return to Australia, set himself to his chosen life work, the ministry.

CHAPTER 3: YOUNG DOWIE BEGINS HIS LABORS AS A PASTOR

NOW that young John Alexander Dowie was ready to begin preaching the Gospel, the question that confronted him, and indeed the question which has confronted many a young minister was, where should he begin? For a time he thought of returning to Scotland. But before fully making up his mind, he visited a community in South Australia, by the name of Alma. While there he received a call to the local Congregational pastorate. At first he declined, but after further consideration, he felt that Divine Providence was directing. On April 1, 1872, he accepted the call. His work there was divided between several congregations. The central church was located two miles from Alma, which was about sixty miles north of Adelaide. His ministry included appointments at preaching stations which were located several miles distant from each other.

Upon taking over the pulpit, the young minister did not lose any time in beginning his denouncement of the popular evils of the day, especially of the use of intoxicating liquors. Dissipation was not uncommon amongst the ministry, not to speak of those in the pew, and the community in which he now found himself laboring as his first charge, certainly was no exception to the rule. As might be expected his bold preaching against sin did not make him popular with certain members of his parish. Open resentment soon began to manifest itself, because of the searching character of his preaching. Nor was the youthful pastor slow to detect this. However many of the members supported him, and not a few worldly people of the community were attracted by his message. Nevertheless the work moved slowly, and despite his most energetic efforts, he was unable seemingly, to rouse the congregation from its lethargic condition. The results, as they appeared in proportion to the efforts, seemed to him disproportionate. He believed that it would be a waste of time to tarry longer at Alma. In December he sent the following letter of resignation to the church:

Alma, December 5, 1872

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

After much prayer and consideration for the Divine guidance, I have determined to relinquish my office as your pastor; and now, therefore, resign it into your hands. I propose this to take effect on the Sabbath, December 29th.

It is with much regret that this decision has been arrived at. My hopes in

accepting your call have not been realized; but I can only view this result as God's appointment.

I shall ever feel the deepest interest in your spiritual condition, and that of the people amongst whom I have here labored for the Redeemer.

In all your future movements, I earnestly implore the direction of the Lord by His gracious Spirit.

When this time of probation has emerged into the eternity of bliss purchased by Christ's work for our souls, I trust there to meet you where pain is unknown. Until then, "May the God of peace make you perfect in every good work to do His will."

I am faithfully yours in Christ,

John Alexander Dowie

The church accepted "with profound sorrow" his resignation.

From Alma, John Alexander Dowie received and accepted a call to a pastorate at Manly Beach, near Sydney. The congregation there gave him a warm welcome, and people filled the church auditorium to overflowing. Prospects seemed bright, though he was deeply stirred by the general impenitence of the population, and in a letter, he remarked of the possibilities of judgment being visited upon the people because of their sins. An excerpt from this letter written December 3, 1873, is as follows:

"The grasshoppers are becoming a yearly source of danger. There seems, in prospect of a dry season, to be serious grounds for apprehension, owing to their increasing numbers. I am sorry that from other causes the crops in many places will fall short. But I am quite sure that what is given will be far in excess of the deserving of the reapers for God never deals out to us the full deserts of our sins, nor rewards us according to our transgressions, either individually or nationally. We are, however, so used to His overflowing bounty that we demur and bitterly complain, as if wronged, when He checks its super abundance. How foolish and wicked that it! Yet it is a folly of which thousands are daily guilty, and that folly is also the basest ingratitude."

Throughout his life there was a restlessness in the spirit of John Alexander Dowie. He seemed, from the beginning, to have a feeling that he was a man with a mission, and that he must be fulfilling it. However, it was many years before he was to understand the full nature of that mission. But God was teaching him, and one of the first things the Lord showed him was the hopelessly lost condition of the human soul without Christ. It was while he labored near Sydney that he became impressed by the wickedness of society, and its utter need for regeneration through the

power of the Spirit of God. In October, 1874, he wrote:

“The awful sights and sounds which I saw and heard in the neighborhood of the Australian Hall, and elsewhere, have deeply impressed me with the conviction that there is a terrible amount of evil and misery in this city. The half could not be told of what is known, and it is my firm belief that not one tithe of wickedness is apparent to the onlooker. In all classes there is a terrible flood of moral evil, and while men are discussing mere externals in religious matters, vast numbers of souls are hardening in vice and are wholly slaves to bodily and corrupt passions. Nine tenths of infidelity in all classes has, in my opinion, its roots in immorality; for instinctively the human soul cries out to the living God until it is silenced by sins consciously opposed to all ideas of purity, and only then does the fearful and guilty heart question God’s existence, deny His laws, reject His Son, and flee from His presence.”

But with this revelation of man’s utter hopelessness without Christ, there was another lesson that God would teach him—that to a great extent, man’s heart is dead to spiritual things, and his ears are closed, so that he who would reach the masses with the Gospel, must first bring to the prisoners, bound in Satan’s fetters and chains, the ministry of healing and deliverance. Only then would men in areas where apostasy and wickedness had a strong hold, rally in great numbers to the call of repentance.

Young Dowie was first to learn of such a ministry, when during the horror of a great plague that swept over Western Australia, he was led to call on God for some means to stay the power of the pestilence which was taking away the young and old alike. In his desperation, as he looked to God, certain Scriptures were brought to his mind that gave him new light and which met his need in that terrible hour. At once he began to pray for the sick, and so remarkable were the answers to prayer, that as far as his congregation was concerned, the plague was stayed. In the following chapter, we shall let Dr. Dowie tell this story in his own graphic and moving language.

CHAPTER 4: THE STAYING OF THE PLAGUE OF DEATH

JOHN Alexander Dowie continued his ministry in Manly till the close of the year 1874. The smaller churches where he had been ministering afforded him considerable time to pursue his studies, and he used this time to a good advantage. But he was beginning to long for larger fields. Opportunity opened for him to take the pastorate at Newton, a suburb of Sydney. It was while he was in this city, the tragic event which we have mentioned took place, which in the Providence of God was to have so vital an influence upon his future. A terrible plague swept through that part of Australia, and in the vicinity of Sydney, people were dying in such numbers that the young minister was appalled. Within a few weeks he had officiated at more than forty funerals, and the sick and dying were everywhere. The tragedy and sorrow of the people struck his own sensitive spirit with great force. Dr. Dowie tells the story of it, and how God spoke to his heart and showed him His promise of healing:

I sat in my study in the parsonage of the Congregational Church, at Newtown, a suburb of the beautiful city of Sydney, Australia. My heart was very heavy, for I had been visiting the sick and dying beds of more than thirty of my flock, and I had cast the dust to its kindred dust into more than forty graves within a few weeks. Where, oh where was He Who used to heal His suffering children? No prayer for healing seemed to reach His ear, and yet I knew His hand had not been shortened. Still it did not save from death even those for whom there was so much in life to live for God and others. Strong men, fathers, good citizens, and more than all, true Christians sickened with a putrid fever, suffered nameless agonies, passed into delirium, sometimes with convulsions, and then died. And oh, what aching voids were left in many a widowed or orphaned heart. Then there were many homes where, one by one, the little children, the youths and the maidens were stricken, and after hard struggling with the foul disease, they too, lay cold and dead. It seemed sometimes as if I could almost hear the triumphant mockery of fiends ringing in my ear whilst I spoke to the bereaved ones the words of Christian hope and consolation. Disease, the foul offspring of its father, Satan, and its mother Sin, was defiling and destroying the earthly temples of God's children, and there was no deliverer.

And there I sat with sorrow-bowed head for my afflicted people, until the bitter tears came to relieve my burning heart. Then I prayed for some message, and oh, how I longed to hear some words from Him Who wept and sorrowed for the suffering long ago, a Man of Sorrows and of

Sympathies. Then the words of the Holy Ghost inspired in Acts 10:38, stood before me all radiant with light, revealing Satan as the Defiler, and Christ as the Healer. My tears were wiped away, my heart was strong, I saw the way of healing, and the door thereto was opened wide, so I said, "God help me now to preach the Word to all the dying around, and tell them how 'tis Satan still defiles, and Jesus still delivers, for 'He is just the same today.'"

A loud ring and several loud raps at the outer door, a rush of feet, and there at my door stood two panting messengers who said, "Oh, come at once, Mary is dying; come and pray." With just a feeling as a shepherd has who hears that his sheep are being torn from the fold by a cruel wolf, I rushed from my house, ran hatless down the street, and entered the room of the dying maiden. There she lay groaning, grinding her clenched teeth in the agony of the conflict with the destroyer, the white froth, mingled with her blood, oozing from her pain-distorted mouth. I looked at her and then my anger burned. "Oh," I thought, "for some sharp sword of heavenly temper keen to slay this cruel foe who is strangling that lovely maiden like an invisible serpent, tightening his deadly coils for a final victory."

In a strange way it came to pass; I found the sword I needed was in my hands, and in my hand I hold it still and never will I lay it down. The doctor, a good Christian man, was quietly walking up and down the room, sharing the mother's pain and grief. Presently he stood at my side and said, "Sir, are not God's ways mysterious?" Instantly the sword was flashed in my hand—the Spirit's Sword, the Word of God. "God's way!" I said, pointing to the scene of conflict, "how dare you, Dr. K—, call that God's way of bringing His children home from earth to Heaven? No, sir, that is the devil's work, and it is time we called on Him Who came to 'destroy the work of the devil,' to slay that deadly foul destroyer, and to save the child. Can you pray, Doctor, can you pray the prayer of faith that saves the sick?" At once, offended at my words, my friend was changed, and saying, "You are too much excited, sir, 'tis best to say 'God's will be done,'" he left the room.

Excited! The word was quite inadequate for I was almost frenzied with Divinely imparted anger and hatred of that foul destroyer, Disease, which was doing Satan's will. "It is not so," I exclaimed, "no will of God sends such cruelty, and I shall never say 'God's will be done' to Satan's works, which God's own Son came to destroy, and this is one of them." Oh, how the Word of God was burning in my heart: "Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with Him." And was not God with me? And was not Jesus there and all His promises true? I felt that it was even so, and turning to the mother I inquired, "Why did you send for me?" To which she answered, "Do pray, oh pray for her that God may raise her up." So we prayed. What did I say?

It may be that I cannot recall the words without mistake, but words are in themselves of small importance. The prayer of faith may be a voiceless prayer, a simple heartfelt look of confidence into the face of Christ. At such a moment words are few, but they mean much, for God is looking at the heart. Still, I can remember much of that prayer unto this day, and asking God to aid I will endeavor to recall it. I cried:

“Our Father, help! and Holy Spirit, teach me how to pray. Plead Thou for us, oh, Jesus, Savior, Healer, Friend, our Advocate with God the Father. Hear and heal, Eternal One! From all disease and death deliver this sweet child of Thine. I rest upon the Word. We claim the promise now. The Word is true, ‘I am the Lord that heals thee.’ Then heal her now. The Word is true, ‘I am the Lord, I change not.’ Unchanging God, then prove Thyself the Healer now. The Word is true, ‘These signs shall follow them that believe in My Name, they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.’ And I believe, and I lay hands in Jesus’ Name on her, and claim this promise now. Thy word is true, ‘The prayer of faith shall save the sick.’ Trusting in Thee alone, I cry, oh, save her now, for Jesus’ sake, Amen!”

And lo, the maid lay still in sleep, so deep and sweet that the mother asked in a low whisper, “Is she dead?” “No,” I answered, in a whisper lower still, “Mary will live; the fever is gone. She is perfectly well and sleeping as an infant sleeps.” Smoothing the long dark hair from her now peaceful brow, and feeling the steady pulsation of her heart and cool moist hands, I saw that Christ had heard and that once more, as long ago in Peter’s house, “He touched her and the fever left her.” Turning to the nurse I said, “Get me at once, please, a cup of cocoa and several slices of bread and butter.” Beside the sleeping maid we sat quietly and almost silently until the nurse returned, and then I bent over her and snapping my fingers called “Mary!” Instantly she woke, smiled and said, “Oh, sir, when did you come? I have slept so long;” then stretching her arms out to meet her mother’s embrace, she said, “Mother, I feel so well.” “And hungry, too?” I asked, pouring some of the cocoa in a saucer and offering it to her when cooled by my breath. “Yes, hungry too,” she answered with a little laugh, and drank and ate again, and yet again, until all was gone. In a few minutes she fell asleep, breathing easily and softly. Quietly thanking God we left her bed and went to the next room where her brother and sister also lay sick of the same fever. With these two we also prayed, and they were healed. The following day all three were well and in a week or so they brought me a little letter and a gift of gold, two sleeve links with my monogram, which I wore for many years. As I went away from the home where Christ as the Healer had been victorious, I could not but have somewhat in my heart of the triumphant song that rang through Heaven, and yet I was not a little amazed at my own strange doings, and still more at my discovery that HE IS JUST THE SAME TODAY.

And this is the story of how I came to preach the Gospel of Healing through Faith in Jesus.

The plague was stayed as far as John Alexander Dowie's congregation was concerned. Not another person from his flock died of the epidemic. It was through this grim pestilence of wholesale death, that God revealed to him the nature of the ministry which later was to bring him into world prominence. It would have been well if the young minister could have entered into it fully at once. But the Divine healing ministry was almost unheard of in those days, and there were numerous other lessons the young preacher had yet to learn. He was to suffer many reverses and sorrows, and be tested in the furnace of fiery trial and affliction, until at last there was born within his soul the full realization of his appointed destiny.

And so, from this early manifestation of God's power to heal, which John Alexander Dowie was to remember and later to give due heed, we must return to a narration of events which transpired in his life during the years immediately following. Shortly after this miraculous intervention of Providence which stayed the terror of the plague, the youthful minister was married. In the following chapter, we shall record some of the circumstances which were associated with that important event in his life.

CHAPTER 5: HIS MARRIAGE TO JEANIE

WHILE young Dowie was at Manly, just before he left to take a pastorate at Newton he became exercised in the matter of his choice of a life companion. The story of how he came to choose a wife and to win her, is an interesting interlude of his early career. In a letter to his parents he speaks informally of his feelings about marriage, and we quote a brief excerpt from it:

“O tell it not in Gath, else the Philistines will rejoice!” If only the dear creatures in Manly, who have ‘engaged me’ at least six times, to widows and maidens of all sorts, could look over my shoulder now, it would be such fun. But I am like Aesop’s frogs, who appealed to the boys who stoned them, calling out ‘What is fun to you, is death to us!’

“Seriously though, I am feeling that if I am to settle in New South Wales or elsewhere, I ought to marry, and if I do, I mean to. ‘But to whom,’ you say! ‘How can I tell?’ ‘But do you not know?’ ‘No, I do not know; but the Bible tells me that ‘A good wife is from the Lord’, and since I want a good one at all risks, I will ask the Lord to send her to me.”

Actually however, he had already fallen in love with his cousin, Jeanie. At first he had felt that the relationship was a bar to marriage. But as time went on it seemed to him that he had given all of his first love to this young lady and he did not find that he could recall it. He said nothing about the state of his feelings, however, until some little time later, when he learned that Jeanie was planning on attending a ball. The thought that the girl he loved was attending such a worldly affair cut him to the heart. He wrote her a letter, warning her of the danger, and at the same time, as he afterwards put it, “let the cat out of the bag”, by informing her of his own personal feelings, and that his action proceeded from “a very deep and special care for her welfare.”

The young minister was not long in learning that his well-intended letter was far from being kindly received. Stunned by the abrupt answer, his feelings were too deeply wounded to say anything further. He at once pressed his plans for taking a pastorate at a distance, and six weeks later he went to Manly Beach, took up his duties there, believing that time and distance and new associations would work a cure. But as the weeks and months went by, he secretly had to admit that his thoughts concerning his cousin were not substantially altered.

In his anxiety to forget, he absorbed himself in work, and crowded every waking hour with occupation. This eventually resulted in a severe illness, and necessitated his taking a period of rest. Shortly after his recovery, he supposed he had fallen in love with another young lady, but this did not

last long. His own words concerning this brief affair were:

“I cheated myself with a vain illusion of another love at the end of the year, but that soon vanished, a good deal to my pain for awhile, but now I see it was for the best, for it was only a beautiful, transient, desert mirage.”

As the young man labored on in his work, he suffered an increasing loneliness of heart, and feeling acutely the lack of a home, he came to believe that he would be a better minister if he had a wife, and made it a matter of prayer and frequent thought.

Then one day he received intelligence from his parents that his uncle and Jeanie were coming on a visit. The young man did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Because of the relationship, he realized that his only course was to make their visit as agreeable as possible. He determined, however, that he would in no wise renew his attentions or make any proposal to Jeanie unless he saw some reason for encouragement. He did keep this resolve until the last Monday of the visit. On the evening of that day, the uncle being weary, retired early, and Jeanie, who had attended prayer-meeting, sat chatting with the young minister. Soon before they were aware of it, the young couple found that their conversation had glided into the matter of their feelings toward each other. Jeanie made reference to the letter written two years before, and acknowledged that her cousin had been quite right in his advice. Moreover, she admitted that she cared very much for him, and her feelings were such that she would be willing to be his wife, but for one circumstance, that they were cousins.

Still, the young minister felt that this barrier of relationship was only a seeming one. He considered it had no real grounds in reason, and was in fact only a superstition. It is interesting to note at this day, three quarters of a century later, that science, after many years of observation, has come to the conclusion that a cousin relationship is no physical handicap in marriage unless there appear tendencies to similar abnormalities in both families.

However, Jeanie asked for time to think the matter over. Then there was the problem of securing her father's consent. The following day, the uncle, becoming suspicious that something was transpiring between the young people, made inquiry, and upon being informed by his daughter of the conversation of the night before, strongly expressed his disapproval of the proposed marriage. Just before boarding the steamer on the next day, Jeanie called her cousin aside and acquainted him with the attitude her father had taken in the matter, and what he had said.

Notwithstanding his uncle's disapproval, things had now developed to a point where with his reawakened love for Jeanie, the young man could

not bear to look forward to life without her. Regarding his affection, Dowie in writing to his parents said, "I believe she loves me, and I do with a strange intensity, not the growth of a day, or with passion like a beardless boy's or a fool's devotion." The visit had so revived his love, that it seemed impossible to him that it could ever find true fulfillment in any person but her. Moreover, he felt that there was no reason that God would not bless such a union. He resolved to enlist the assistance of his parents. This was done in a letter which he wrote telling of events that had occurred during his uncle's visit of which part of it follows:

"When I began this letter to you, it was with full intention that it should be private, and without desire that other eyes should look upon it. But now when I begin to consider how you could aid me in this vitally important matter, it occurs to me that it might best be done by a calm conference with uncle upon this subject, and by showing him this letter, as a candid history and a permanent statement of my feeling regarding Jeanie. You might put before him my views on this matter, and ask him to consider whether her future peace and happiness may not be bound up in my getting her, even as mine appears to be.

"I know that he is a reasonable man who loves his child greatly, and he will be ready, I think, calmly to review the whole matter should it be properly laid before him. Unless I am greatly mistaken, he is well inclined and friendly toward me, and objects to the marriage upon no other ground but that our relationship has opposed this matter. Let me then address myself as briefly as possible to the subject, and state a few facts and considerations bearing upon 'the physical question' to which he attaches considerable importance....

"My conclusion is based upon the following facts—viz. That throughout the whole record of Jewish law and history, this practice was not only permitted, but especially permitted and approved in the most illustrious examples; and that no stricter or severer marriage code ever existed than that of the Jews, which moreover was of Divine authority. To take an instance, Jacob married Rachel and Leah, his full cousins and from these were descended the founders of the Jewish nation. The Mosaic Law, famous for its model purity, contains no prohibition of any sort...."

There is much more to the letter - Dowie in his earlier years, sometimes wrote letters of extreme length, even sitting up all night to finish them. In bringing this unique request to a close, he said, "Now father, I constitute you my ambassador to uncle; mother will do her part in a loving way, I know, should opportunity offer, and I beg you as early as you can, have a long chat with uncle all about it, presenting this letter as your credentials, and as my plea."

Apparently this letter, together with the good graces of his parents and the cooperation of Jeanie, had the effect of securing reluctant permission

from the uncle to let the marriage take place. But that there must have been no little hesitation on the latter's part, is revealed in the fact that he was soon to find serious fault with his nephew's judgment and to give him some sharp advice, which was as unappreciated as it was unsolicited. But at any rate, permission if not whole-hearted approval, was granted and the wedding date was set for May ~6, 1876—just one day after the groom's twenty-ninth birthday.

In writing to his parents, he expressed his desire that the marriage be a quiet affair with no great fuss over it. In the letter he approved the idea that marriage was a religious act first, and a civil act next. "It is a great mystery—a type of the highest mysteries of our spiritual affinity with Christ—and it is the only institution, which ordained in man's innocence in Eden, has been perpetuated unbrokenly since. A marriage is a favorable occasion for a miracle of grace and since the House of the Lord is to be our marriage place, surely we may expect many bright and cheering tokens of His presence and transforming spiritual power."

The marriage took place quietly on the day appointed, and with his young bride, Dowie returned to intensive work in his pastorate in Newton. Jeanie was a young woman of excellent character, and although she was to suffer not a few trials and privations during the period in which her husband was getting established in his new ministry, and though misfortunes and unexpected reverses seemed to plague his steps with monotonous regularity, she bravely adjusted herself to each situation, making the best of it. Young Dowie showed a strong sense of responsibility, and never was his heart more grieved than when his fortunes reached their lowest ebb, and it seemed that he was unable to supply the meager needs of his family. But those dark days were to pass.

We must record, however, that the couple was to go through a painful experience shortly after their marriage, due to the dissatisfaction of Jeanie's father with his son-in-law's way of doing things. It so happened about a year after the marriage that the wife, at her parents' insistence, went home to stay shortly before the birth of the first child. During that period, the young mother-to-be was constantly subjected to her father's pointed criticism of her husband. It is only too common a thing for such circumstances to lead to a rift between husband and wife. The husband was not there to defend himself, and the uncle, not able to understand or sympathize with his son's-in-law viewpoint, in his perhaps sincere although carnal reasoning, portrayed the young man's future plans to Jeanie in a most unfavorable light.

Such a rift did not develop, however, inasmuch as Jeanie, the good wife that she was, soon recognized that she was making a mistake to share in her father's critical attitude. She admitted her mistake and asked her husband's forgiveness. The fact was that the young man had written two

or three letters, almost works of genius, that were so compelling in their logic that even the uncle admitted that he must have been mistaken in his appraisal of his new son-in-law. He conceded that any young man that could write such letters, must have merit, and was apparently of different stamp than he had supposed. But this is a story that must be reserved for the next chapter.

We have record of a letter written by young Dowie to his betrothed some three months before the approaching marriage. The letter is too long to quote fully here, but we shall give certain parts of it. Examination reveals a deeply thoughtful and spiritual tone throughout its entirety:

Newtown, Australia

April, 1876

Dearest Jeanie:

I know I wish to do all I can to secure your happiness and make you a good husband. Sometimes I fear lest I should even partly fail through lack of power or qualities which many possess, but then I am reassured by remembering that the will to be brings the power to do, in this as in other things. And I know I have the will to be true and loving to you. We shall ask God every day to chase all self-love, and self-will, away from our hearts and lives. Shall it now be true? Never until our wills are in accord with God's can we be happy truly and permanently; and it is a joyous thing to live the life God's will appoints. My griefs and my trials have all sprung from self-will, which after all is only another name for self-love, or self-worship; and God has found me a dull scholar in learning practically, how completely every life must fail in which the first principle is not an entire renunciation of self. It is a fearful delusion to imagine that the gladness and beauty of living can be found in a self-pleasing, feverish life of pleasure or ease. To do quietly as may be, cheerfully and with a light footstep, the work to which God has called us must be — and so far as I have experienced it is, the happiest of lives. Not knowing, or forgetting this leads many away into worldly by-paths, into meadows which look cool and green, into paths of sin, which bring the soul into dangers or dark Doubt, and into the hands of Giant Despair— as Bunyan would say—into the Highway of Death.

....Reverse the weaver's beautiful, silken, brilliant and almost perfect fabric. It is all a tangled mass of confused, disorderly threads on the side from which he wrought, very different indeed to the beauty upon which you look. So with life—the side from which we work looks tangled indeed, and without plans; but it is not so.

Every man's life is a plan of God, in one sense. O that we could rise on the wings of faith and love, and view our lives from the heavenly side, which God looks upon!

If we “wrought out” in our lives with the ever present consciousness that He was “working in” our souls His own good “will and pleasure,” we should not fret or murmur because all the threads did not seem straight, and because we could not quite see His design.

Wonderful lives are being woven by patient submission and love to God on earth. How much we have spoiled by sin and folly! Let us quickly do better together; and we shall be blessed in our doing, and one day God will show us all. To get the spirit and temper, we need much prayer, and retiring from the bustle, need to seek God in stillness. I find it so amid my many failures and frailties, and I say to you, Jeanie dear, get often alone with God.

Here are a few verses which I wrote some time ago. They may tell you better what I mean. But do not think that I am all my words would make you suppose. I am very frail and very faithless, often it seems to me, but the words breathe my desires and hopes and strivings to be what Christ would have me.

How good to leave the world awhile
How good to seek our Savior's smile
And follow in His way;
Oh, could we but our hearts resign
And fully trust God's own design
We soon should find it day.
Though night encompass us around,
Though foes despoil our holy ground
And cause our hearts to fear,
Our Savior, from the Mount of Prayer
The feeblest cry doth bend to hear
And quickly doth appear
The stormy seas His feet can tread,
They hear the Voice that wakes the dead,
Commanding, 'Peace, be still,'
And guided by our Pilot's hand

Our storm-tossed souls shall reach the land,
Preserved from every ill.

CHAPTER 6: IN-LAW TROUBLE

During the fall of 1877, Dr. Dowie's first child, a son, Alexander John Gladstone, was born. He was named after The Honorable W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of the British parliament, in whom Dowie had confidence as a Christian patriot. As already mentioned, Jeanie's folk thought it would be best for her to return and stay with them during the period preceding her confinement. The husband was reluctant to accede to this and had a premonition that trouble might ensue, and in this he was not mistaken.

It so happened that at this time, the young minister had made a mistake in trusting certain persons in financial matters. This left him short of funds, and ill-advisably, he wrote to his uncle, explaining his difficulties. He was soon to learn of his mistake, for the uncle who had never been enthusiastic about the marriage, took it upon himself to reprimand severely the young minister, and wrote him a letter giving him some rather frank and unasked for advice. Worse than that, he almost succeeded in convincing his daughter that she had made a serious mistake in marrying her cousin, whom he was now inclined to believe to be an erratic young preacher, unable to get his roots down anywhere, and whose financial circumstances were going bad to worse. In his opinion, his son-in-law offered his daughter an unpromising and precarious existence. Although, it was a letter that could hardly be taken otherwise than as an insult to the young man's ability care for a wife and family. As might be anticipated, Dowie resented this communication exceedingly, and wrote a long letter to his wife, remonstrating in vigorous terms against his uncle's insinuations.

In reading, carefully, the letters which we may only record in part, it appears that the main objection Dowie's father-in-law had to hint, was that he did not have the proper appreciation of money, and was planning his future moves without due consideration to the financial remuneration. He considered it very ill-advised that his son-in-law should resign his present pastorate where his income was fairly substantial, and attempt to found a new church where the prospect of finances was to his way of thinking altogether uncertain. In the first of the letters, the young man wrote to his wife, thus:

"And Jeanie, my love, this is my answer to the words of your father who, instead of giving me sympathy, sneers at my faith. I do not need to be told that my life has been full of sins and errors of judgment, and certainly when I am suffering I do not need any of my nearest to join in the cry, 'He saved others, himself he cannot save', which comes to me now as to many

since Christ heard it in the hour of darkness — though then it came from his enemies. I have confessed my sins to a forgiving and gracious God; I have even confessed to man, and I have done, am doing and shall do, what in me lies, aided by God, to see that no one suffers permanent loss through my errors, and through my over-confidence in those who should have been trustworthy.

“If you find yourself and our pet looked upon thus in the slightest degree, you are to come back to me at once, for I will not have that; no, not for a moment. I can keep you here as you know, and I would a thousand times rather submit to privation than have you there or anywhere looked upon as one of my troubles thrown upon other people, for you two are my greatest earthly comforts, whom it is hard to part with even for a time, and whom I want back the first day they cease to be happy at Adelaide.

“Please do not let your father imagine that I am asking him to help me, for I have not asked for a penny, and I am glad that I have not, and I do not intend to. I would rather go back into a business if it were necessary, than to ask any of them. So you will please let your father know in your own words, that I am sorry that I wrote to him about my troubles, that I did not, and do not, ask him to help me at all in any way, and that I want you to come back at once if there is any more said about me.... Indeed I am thoroughly sorry you went back now, and you will remember I had half a foreboding that something like this would occur.

“I had rather, though I am myself one of the very weakest of His children, build my house (upon the Rock of Ages) though it made but a very poor appearance to those—yea, I had rather do this, ten thousand times rather than own all the palaces and treasures of this world built on the shifting sands of Time, for they shall fall, and with all that cling to them, be swept away into the sea of Divine Wrath whilst the soul on Christ’s foundation shall behold with joy the morning of a new heaven and a new earth, ‘wherein dwells righteousness alone.’”

“Well, now dear, I must say, anyhow, resolved I am to leave Newtown and though I can see how I could do a good work for Christ in Sydney, yet I do not feel as if I had yet received the command —‘Go forward into that city!’—”

Before this letter could get to his wife, the situation at her father’s home had developed into a yet more antagonistic attitude toward the conduct of the young minister. At her father’s direction, Jeanie wrote her husband a letter calling into question the wisdom of his plans. Apparently her parents were bent on “saving” Dowie from a course which they thought was utter folly. The young minister’s sharp reaction to the letter may be seen in his reply which, because of its great length, we can quote only the most pertinent portions. The reader may see that these letters are far from ordinary, and they give no little insight into the character and

nature of this young man, who, getting ready to sever denominational ties, was about to launch out in an evangelistic effort of his own, in the city of Sydney. The first letter follows:

Dear Wife:

Your letter of the 22nd received today.

It certainly needed the assurance which you added in a tardy and brief postscript –

“Do not think me hard in this: for I do love you so”—because there was no other trace of love anywhere in the letter.

I do “think it hard” and more, I think it full of unkindness and injustice to me, and written in quite an impudent manner. There is an utter absence of all true sympathy ... and a tone which I never could or would use toward you. It does not become you at all. I won’t reply to it—I will ignore it altogether, else my vexation might cause me to say more than would be pleasant to read.

The fact is that you are thoroughly “demoralized”, that is, cowed with fear and doubt, through your residence among those whose only standard of success seems to be pounds, shillings and dimes. It is a thoroughly faithless letter, showing as little faith in God as it does in me, and but for the certainty that you wrote it, I would maintain you could not have written it. I dare say that you thought you were doing a smart thing in writing it, and imparting some very necessary chastisement to a foolish and weak-minded fellow who was too fond of you to resent it; but you missed your aim completely and have only fallen in my esteem as a consequence of your ill-timed and ungenerous smartness.

You are not the same wife now as when you left me alone in Sydney: for you left me as you had lived with me—bright and hopeful, believing in God and trusting in me. Not a single fact has been altered, except I am a little poorer than we thought, and that now my heart is burdened with a fresh sorrow in you.

How very kind you were in your condescension to my supposed craven spirit when you “thoroughly endorsed” your father’s epithets, which could scarce have been more utterly abusive, had I been a low thief, in some parts of his letter, and which are insufferably impertinent throughout! Just look at a few of the things that you have “thoroughly endorsed.” I am said to have caused you “to go through an ordeal mortifying in extreme to all concerned but more especially in her who is your wife and who has such a fine, sensitive nature.” Don’t you think that I was surprised to find you endorsing the sentiment that selling off our furniture was such an ordeal, when you never once expressed pain at our decision, but said you

felt we were doing right, up to the last hour that I saw you?

Then you “thoroughly endorse” that “I have made a bad beginning”.... and “you ought to make a clean breast of the matter and show me a statement of your assets and your liabilities”.... “and for the future trust your wife with the spending of the money.” Don’t you think I ought to feel honored, cheered and comforted by all these kind things, so very flattering, are they not? Why, if I were the meanest cur that ever yelped, I would not submit to such all round kicking without one last dying bark of protest... To this man I owe nothing but a forbearing love, which he is trying to the utmost. I had rather break stones tomorrow on the highway than even turn a thought to him as my helper.

And I feel I would indeed be a distruster of God to think that I should ever be left to his tender mercies. Remember that I thought it only a duty to tell him my affairs, as your father, and that I never asked him for help at any time, and never gave him any warrant for thus abusing me. And what right or reason have you to “endorse” these sentiments? It is likely that this will strengthen our bonds of love or fit us to train up our child for God?

... You say I have left you destitute: for you endorse the charge your father makes in these words, “You have no other place to go to, and you have nothing whatever to provide for your wife and child, which is your first duty as a Christian man, and there are no miracles performed to provide for ministers’ wives and children.”

No, how can you grieve my heart with such a cruel, unwifely, and untrue charge as this is? How do you think I sleep with such charges for my pillows? Why I can’t sleep at all.

Don’t be afraid: you need not go with me unless you choose. I have never forced and never will force your inclinations. I will reason with you, and show you the way as far as I can, and if you won’t do the thing heartily because it is right, I am sure you will never be able to love, to live with, to aid, and to comfort me; nor shall I be of any good to you. I will provide for you as largely as I can, if you elect to stay where you are.... I say this not loving you less, but so far as I can, as much as ever, though I have set my heart supremely upon God, as I have always told you, and I will not allow even you to keep me back from the right, or cause me to pluck “the forbidden fruit”, to me, of worldly conformity to which your father’s words would lead me, if I followed your course.

If you do not fulfill my request at once, do not be surprised if my letters are brief and few: for I shall not feel justified in writing much, nor shall I expect you to care to hear much from me. But if you can come back to me right willingly and with true love, confidence and sympathy, then you are coming back to one whose heart is most willing to receive you, and who

has never distrusted or reproached you until now, but from whose heart every trace of distrust and reproach will flee the moment he knows you are once more wholly true to him in heart. O Jeanie, you don't know how deeply you have wounded my heart. If you will not, then a dark cloud which only death can remove will hang over my life until it ends. The saddest day for me you ever lived was that in which you re-entered your father's house; for it has separated in sympathy two hearts that had always been true to each other until the poison of distrust, fear and reproach was instilled. I pray God may bless you and my boy and make you happier than I can be.

Your husband,

John Alexander Dowie

(This letter dated Nov. 19, 1877, tells of the restoration of his wife to his heart.)

My Beloved Wife:

Your two long and loving and satisfactory letters of the 10th and 12th are now before me, and I thank God that I can once more feel that there is no fear in your love for me, and no doubt in your heart as to your being wholly and truly my own trustful and beloved wife. Surely then I may praise God for this token of good, and be grateful to Him that He so directed my thoughts and guided my pen that I was able to break the spell of the Enchanter, Fear, who had well-nigh alienated us in heart, under the most specious of pretenses. I fear that this victory may lead me if I do not take care, in the toils of an Enchantress named Vanity; for I cannot help remembering that twice I have won you to my heart by my pen, which has stretched across the lands and seas, and gained each time "a famous victory."

But I have no desire to fight such battles again - especially the last - or gain any more such costly victories. Madame Vanity cannot make me forget the hard knocks, the deep wounds, and many heart agonies I suffered in the fight, and the danger that I felt there was, lest I should injure you, my beloved, whilst fighting to get you out of the hand of your enemy—a man had need to be a good marksman who would shoot a lion as it was bounding off into the forest in triumph with his "one little ewe lamb". It is the sort of experiment which one does not wish to repeat; and I trust that my darling "ewe lamb" which I had given of "my own meat" which has drunk of "my own cup" and which lies "in my bosom"—my own dear wife—will not be enticed away again either by cunning foxes or roaring lions.

Nothing could be more complete than your restoration to my heart after receiving your letters; and my only regrets were, first, that there ever was

any cloud between us—though even that we shall yet see was overruled for good—and second, that there was a letter of mine upon the way, which was written and sent before I received either of yours, that might pain you needlessly. However, I dispatched a telegram ahead of it, which has, I trust, taken away the sting. I only wish it could be brought back to me unknown to you; for it is the letter I least like of all that I have written, in some parts at least, which I need not now particularize. Just look upon it as another shot fired by me into the body of the aforesaid lion, which my first shot killed outright, though I knew it not; and forgive me, if I have borne too hardly upon you, as fully and freely as I forgive you.

Your letters have driven my weariness from my heart, as the sun drives away the mists of the night—and proved a true comforter from God. To see you so truly with me again, and to know that even your father had been so favorably affected by what was, I must confess, rather stern handling in some parts, was so unexpected and complete a change of the whole situation of affairs, that it seemed too good to be true, and my heart found relief in what you women call “a good cry”, and a very grateful tribute of prayer and praise to God.

Candidly you must admit, and you do, that I put upon his letter its apparently correct interpretation; and desirous as I am not to bear too hardly upon him—for I do love him, and them all very dearly— but you must permit me to say that he has not only failed in a correct conception of my whole position, and worse still, he failed to realize his changed position toward you, now that you are my wife; for though he can never change in his relation to you as your father, yet his power to direct you has passed away by his own consent and God’s ordination into other hands. That is the cardinal mistake which he made; and now that he sees something of these mistakes — from what you have written I infer that—surely I can overlook them: for after all they sprang from his great love for you, his child, and therefore he evidently thinks with me, and there we fully agree, that we cannot love you too much.

I am very sorry if I have seemed to insult him in any way by my expressions, some of which I would be prepared to greatly modify. Indeed it seems very generous of him to praise the “ability and talent” of a letter which dealt so severely with his letter to me; and I respect him all the more for the remark, which is, I fear, more flattering than it deserved — for my letter was simply an honest examination of his, to a large extent, and made no claim to anything of a “masterly” sort since literary achievement was not in all my thoughts. When we come together again, if the Lord spares us, we must pray more together and read God’s Word more together and talk over it at regular times. But my love, when I think how imperfectly I have discharged my duties to you in many ways, and when I know how weak and foolish and sinful I often am and have been, I can only wonder at God’s mercy in giving me so comforting a love as

yours is to me. My heart longs for the time when we shall prove to each other how true it is that our love never was broken, and now it is stronger than ever.

Let your heart be perfectly at rest concerning our future, for it is in the best of hands, come what may, I can see that future far more clearly than I can solve the mysteries of the immediate present. I seem like a man that has his goal in sight on some mountainside, but there lies between a misty valley, where fogs cover all from his eyes, as he passes through them, across the little river from whence they rise. Going on, going on, watching, praying and working is all that I can do, certain that whatever happens I shall get out on the right side; but I won't turn back because I can't see all I would like of the road before me...

Your loving husband,

John Alexander Dowie

CHAPTER 7: DOWIE LEAVES THE ORGANIZED CHURCH

THE time had arrived when John Alexander Dowie was to make a most important decision—a decision which was not only to give a new direction to his own life, but was, in the years to come, to profoundly effect the destinies of tens of thousands of people. As the reader may have anticipated. Dowie's habit of thinking for himself did not lend itself to a sympathy for the cold, formal, unimaginative ministry of his day. His own soul flamed with the passion of a crusader who hoped to reach the masses for Christ, and he was perplexed and impatient with apathetic churches that seemed so unconcerned, when all around were the dying thousands.

It was true that his efforts in pastorates where he had labored had been attended with no little success, but he was quite aware that his aggressiveness, instead of being appreciated, was being less than enthusiastically received by the leaders of the denomination. He also knew that the progressive methods that he was employing to reach the masses were viewed with suspicion if not hostility. In a letter to his wife, he declared that in his estimation, the system of the Congregational Church killed initiative and individual energy, made men denominational tools, or worse, caused them to become worldly-minded, and “left them high and dry and useless for the most part—good ships, but badly steered and terribly over laden with worldliness and apathy.”

As the year 1877 drew to a close, John Alexander Dowie, in resigning from his pastorate at Newton, made known his intention to leave the Congregational Church. As already has been intimated, for a long time he had felt an increasing burden for the ignorant, uncared for, and perishing masses of the big cities. He sketched the possibilities of gathering together many from all these classes to hear the Gospel, and contemplated the formation of a church which might work night and day for the reclamation of the perishing. With this conviction confirmed in his soul, he severed forever his relation with the Congregational Church, and at the beginning of 1878, he began to make definite plans for his new work. Confident that God had led him in making this decision, he secured the auditorium of the Royal Theater in Sydney.

Dowie's main immediate difficulty in getting a start in this new venture was the lack of capital. He had never been able to get ahead financially, and his relatives who were not enthusiastic about the proposed venture could not be expected to lend him help. The only alternative to giving up his plans altogether, seemed to be that he dispose of his furniture and

move into less expensive quarters. This he finally decided to do. His wife, who was more willing than many a helpmate would have been under similar circumstances, resigned herself to whatever decision her husband should make. Years later in his Chicago pulpit, Dr. Dowie related a few sidelights on the poignancy of the decision that was made at the time:

“I remember one of the hardest things I ever had to do was back in my home in Australia. I had there a fine collection of pictures. I took great pleasure in going down to my drawing room and looking at the pictures one after another, and I remember one in particular that I delighted in more than the rest. It was a picture by a famous Australian artist called ‘The Lyre Bird’s Home.’ I used to go down and look at it for many minutes at a time, and fasten my eyes upon the wonderful things that God had wrought in the depths of the shady woods, in the blueness of the sky, in the song of the birds, and in the still coolness of the forest depths. Oh, it was a comfort to me to sit and look at that lovely picture. I had wanted to hold a series of meetings in Sydney, and had not the means to accomplish it; where to get the money for the purpose, I did not know.

“So I looked around and saw a good many things without which my wife and I could get along. We thought we could get along with a smaller house, and I could do without the pictures and a great many other things; so I just called an auction, and sold all my magnificent pictures and a lot of my costly furniture. We took a smaller house, went into it with cheaper furniture, and I was able to do the work of the Lord in that city. My beautiful furniture and pictures were gone, but there came in place of them men and women that were brought to the feet of Jesus by the sale of my earthly goods.”

Now began a painful period of his life in which he was to meet a series of discouragements and misfortunes that in all probability would have broken a man with less resolution and determination. God had called the young minister to a special mission, but it was only after he had suffered years of heartaches and disappointments that he was to understand clearly the Divine pattern for his life. Nevertheless, his resignation from the Congregational Church at the close of his pastoral ministry at Newton was a significant and important step in the course his life was to take.

With money that he had obtained by the painful process of selling his household goods, he rented the Theater Royal in Sydney, and in the early part of the year 1878, began preaching to a comparatively small congregation. The numbers that were attending rapidly grew, however, and within a month his audience increased to nearly a thousand—some coming over to help him from his old pastorate in Newton. If he could have remained in the theater, it is possible his hopes would have been more nearly fulfilled. Unfortunately, the cost of the auditorium which he rented was beyond the means of the congregation to pay. He was

therefore forced to move to a less favorably located building called Protestant Hall.

Nevertheless the young minister refused to be discouraged with the obstacles he had met, and about the middle of April, he publicly expressed his intentions for the formation of what he called a Free Christian Church. He received enough response to his proposal to encourage him, and shortly after, the services were moved to the Masonic Hall. But there were heavy financial obligations involved in the undertaking, and Dowie by this time was practically without funds. Having previously disposed of his furniture, to the undisguised indignation of his relatives, he had by now no other personal assets upon which he could draw. In fact, he had gone into debt to the sum of a hundred pounds when setting up housekeeping. As often happens in a new field, there occurred a number of unexpected reverses and difficulties which seriously hindered the progress of the work. It was now the month of June—the beginning of winter in Australia—and a series of severe storms and generally inclement weather sharply curtailed the attendance. Promises of financial aid that he had been depending on fell through at the most inopportune time. For a while, it was a battle to secure even the meagerest of the necessities of life, and the young minister dared not go further into debt. At one point when reverses and disappointments came almost to the crushing point, he was tempted to give up the struggle and return to secular employment. Yet, somehow God made a way for him, and as spring drew near, the weather began to moderate, and attendance to his services increased.

At last light was shining once more. The work in Sydney gathered strength, and aid was providentially provided through new conversions. Those who now rallied around him were not moneyed men but were faithful and believed in his ministry. At this time, Dowie was led to consider the story of Gideon and his army of 32,000 men, which successively was reduced in number until there were only three hundred left. He was struck by the applicability of it to his own circumstances. He felt encouraged, and did not regret the step that he had taken, but declared that “he would rather learn tent-making like Paul than fill the pastorate of the fattest, sleepest, and most complacent church of the ‘Laodiceans’, whom I see thriving in their own eyes, though I believe in God’s sight are ‘wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked’”.

Dowie’s evaluation of the spiritual condition of the churches in Sydney and the vicinity was not out of reason. In five years time, the Congregational Church had added only 535 persons to the whole membership of 43 churches—less than three persons per church annually, and at least one hundred of them were the direct results of Dowie’s own ministry. The fact that the Newton church had a 70 per cent increase during the period of his stay, proved to him that revival was

possible if the churches could be awakened. As he considered the lethargic character of the ministry and viewed, at the same time, the awful spiritual condition of thousands of perishing souls, he was brought to the conclusion that he must find God's way of reaching the vast number of the unchurched for Christ.

In an undertaking of the nature that Dowie had contemplated and now entered into, it was to be expected that strong opposition would rise, especially since his method of fighting the popular sins of the day, and his characteristically vigorous protest in the pulpit against superficial religion, was well calculated to arouse the indignation of those who were hit. His innovations included the distribution of large quantities of literature over the city, which, of course, reached the homes of members of various churches. Some pastors protested vehemently against such circulation. His answer to one such minister is interesting

Dear Sir:

In reply to your rude note of yesterday I have to say— I do not recognize your right to request any information from me concerning any of my actions, or as to what instructions I give to those who are kind enough to cooperate with me in Christian service... Whilst I leave my people entirely to their own discretion as to where and to whom they distribute my weekly tract, I gave them no instructions to distribute them in P- and was entirely ignorant that they were distributed there until I received your note.

Had I any respect for your judgment of anything I might say or do or write, I would feel that your assertion that my tract of last Sabbath "was calculated very seriously to unsettle the minds of the young and injure their moral tone", to be a statement demanding instant explanation but, as I consider your judgment to be as feeble and incapable as your ministry, I do not reckon it to be of the slightest value, and it would be foolish to be angry or vexed about it much less to be "filled with indignation," as you say you were with my "obnoxious paper".

It may interest you to know that no fewer than 14,000 of these very "obnoxious papers" have been circulated, and that the liquor dealers and modern Pharisees generally agree with your opinion, but that there are many thousands of persons who hold a different opinion and have actually said they did good, which is, of course, quite a mistake in your profound judgment. Also those 100,000 similar tracts written by me have been recently circulated in Sydney.

I wish I knew who distributed these "obnoxious tracts" among your flock; I would certainly commend his choice of a field, and will certainly do nothing to hinder "perpetuating so gross an impertinence", notwithstanding your threat to "take very vigorous steps to put a stop to

it”.

I am truly yours,

John Alexander Dowie

CHAPTER 8: DOWIE TRIES FOR A SEAT IN THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT

FOUR years had passed since John Alexander Dowie had his first success in praying for the sick at the time the great plague swept over Eastern Australia. God's voice had been speaking to him, showing him the path that he should take. Yet, he hesitated. The ministry of Divine healing had disappeared so completely from the Church, that to enter out in a conspicuous way in such a ministry would be considered by almost all, a most radical and dangerous move. He was not yet fully prepared to take such a step. Yet, the passionate urge of a crusader and a reformer made him restless, and he was as one who knew that he had a mission to perform, but was at a loss as to how to fulfill it.

Dowie was an impressive speaker, and his talents in the pulpit were immediately recognizable to those who heard him. Nevertheless his preaching did not secure the results for which he hoped. His writings also were brilliant masterpieces of logic, and no doubt caused many people to think seriously on the reforms that he advocated. Still he did not see the progress which he desired, and the moral wickedness of the great City of Sydney seemed unaffected. Though he violently denounced the iniquities of the liquor business, and influenced many to sign the pledge, yet he could not honestly say that the tempo of the liquor traffic had noticeably diminished. All this depressed him exceedingly.

His ministry, however, was not without growing influence, and at length, certain of the temperance groups recognizing his talents, approached him as to the possibility of his campaigning for a seat in the Parliament. At first, he opposed the idea. He was not certain that such was God's will for him. Then, too, it was taking a chance, for if he failed, the result of losing the election would undoubtedly have an adverse effect upon his efforts to found a Free Christian Church in Sydney, especially since the work at that time was in a most crucial stage. Nevertheless, the thought of such an opportunity to voice his convictions in Parliament, was a strong temptation to him. Friends continued to urge him, and finally, convincing him that his chances of election were good, they prevailed upon him to run.

He was further encouraged to enter the race, believing that it would be possible for him to continue his religious work, while he discharged his duties in Parliament. Then, too, he reasoned that a seat in that august assembly would enhance his influence and prestige with the people, and thus give him opportunity in bringing about reforms in the social evils that his soul urgently desired to see accomplished.

But his decision was one that he was soon to regret. In the first place, his entry into the campaign came too late. Many who would have gladly supported him had already committed themselves to another candidate. Dowie was in no sense a politician, who by tradition and practice, compromises one issue in order to gain another. There never was the slightest suspicion of compromise in the rugged spirit of Dowie. Friends of another candidate approached him, offering money if he would withdraw from the race, and promised to support him at the next election. He unceremoniously spurned all such offers as bribes, and furthermore indignantly expressed his refusal in strong words.

The youthful candidate, unused to the devious ways of politics, soon found an effective opposition rising against him. Every kind of rumor was circulated, some to the effect that he had retired from the race. Newspapers, whose evils had been attacked by him in the pulpit, eagerly spread the rumors, and in general expressed their disapproval of him as candidate for parliament. Dowie was learning that he could expect little sympathy from the world in his attempts to reform it from its sins and vices. When the results of the election were in, he was far behind in the race.

Dowie's disappointment over the outcome was deep and painful. The reaction caused by his defeat, as had been anticipated, seriously affected the work of his struggling church. His fair weather friends left him. He had spent money he could ill-afford in his campaigning for election, and now he was deeply mired in debt. Finances dropped at the mission, and in great discouragement he wrote to his parents that he was forced to close the work in Sydney, and in a few days would preach his last message.

Yet, truly it was the Providence of God that caused the young minister to lose the election. Had he gone to Parliament, his brilliance perhaps might have caused him to reach the top of the political ladder, but there is reason to believe that his ministry would have suffered, and it is doubtful that he would ever have launched out into the ministry of healing which was later to have such effect upon his generation.

God was guiding His servant, and had he fully learned the lessons that were being taught him during those days, he might have been spared some heartbreaking sorrows that were to come later.... The man of God really has no place in the politics of this world. While reformation in government is sadly needed and to be prayed for and encouraged, yet, the man who has a true calling from God has a higher work to do. His is a calling to a ministry which strikes at a more vital spot in the lives of men—that is, their hearts. Not reformation, which is good as far as it goes, but transformation by the grace of God. Never will politics succeed in regenerating the world. Only the grace of God can do this work, and then

only for those who will permit such to take place within their hearts.

The Christian Colonist Adelaide, Australia

January 8, 1880

My Dear Mr. Editor:

I read today in your issue of January 2, the spiteful misrepresentations of some correspondent who signs himself, "Spectator". Now, although no cynic, and by no means regardless of the opinion of my fellowmen, I always treat anonymous attacks as I do anonymous letters, both of which I have for years been largely favoured, with utmost contempt; and seldom do I now bestow a second thought upon them. During more than six years' residence and public life in this city, and for the last three years, bitterly opposed by all sections of the Philistine press which curses this city and defends the grossest iniquities of our social and political life, I have only once appeared in print in self-defense.... In this city, I do not leave my daily life and work to answer these cowardly anonymous persons, but it is a different matter when they cross to your city, where my work is less known, and endeavor to needlessly blacken me to a people among whom I lived without reproach for nearly a fourth of my life, and where slanders against me are cruel words to the hearts of my nearest kindred who have lived in your city for twenty years.

For their sakes principally, I feel it is my painful duty to make an example of "Spectator" and since I shall need to speak of myself and my affairs in doing so, let me ask you and my readers to do me the justice to keep in mind two facts; first, that I do not willingly write concerning myself, but of necessity imposed upon by my traducer; and second, that the facts which I shall mention I am so little in the habit of boasting about, that they have never been made public through the press before, even in Sydney, although I have had abundant opportunity of so publishing them.

This "Spectator" propounds his first false assertion that my "work has collapsed," when my work is going on, and in the opinion of some qualified to judge, is more likely to be firmly established than ever. We have actually arranged for a twelve months lease of a new hall — the International — in a central situation in Pitt Street. Last Sunday I preached there to a large audience, and had what I fear

"Spectator" cannot appreciate, the joy of being followed to my home by enquirers, who are asking with tears, "What must I do to be saved?" So far as man can judge, many received the blessing they acknowledged to have desired. I was delighted to find God thus signally blessing my offer of Christ's salvation as a New Year's gift and I take it as a loving token of His continued approval on the work of which I and the faithful band of

Christian men and women associated with me have engaged in for nearly two years. Eternity alone will declare the results of these two years of unremitting and delightful work. Whilst I would not wish to overstate in so solemn a matter as the conversion of souls, yet I think I should be within the mark if I said that about 200 persons have given themselves to the Lord under my ministry during these two years.

And now what of "Spectator's" statement, "It has been an utter failure pecuniarily." Suppose it is true—what then? Who claimed that it has been a pecuniary success? Certainly I never did, for it has been a very great pecuniary loss to me. But Paul could say the same and much more; and I am afraid that "Spectator" would have been compelled to pronounce the Redeemer's own ministry "an utter failure pecuniarily", as did His treasurer, Judas Iscariot, who could only make money out of it by selling his Master for silver. That was the only pecuniary success I read of in that Mission. If I am poorer through my ministry, I am no more disposed to write "failure" upon it, and abandon it on that account, than I am to brand Paul, John Bunyan, or John Wesley as "failures" because they cared more for the souls of Christ's sheep than for their golden fleeces. But it would be a shame to me were I to allow the Mission to be branded "an utter failure pecuniarily". More money has been raised and spent upon it during the two years than was raised and spent in actual work, apart from ministerial salary, in any church of which I know in Sydney.

I have a shrewd suspicion that "Spectator" knows nothing about the matter, except for idle gossip, for which I am a fair target, and I think that it is very probable, that, notwithstanding even he admits we have done "some good"; he has been "no good" pecuniarily or otherwise to our Mission. This is a fair specimen of much of the pretended charity with which my work is regarded by many denominationalists, whose churches are doubtless pecuniary successes, but at the same time huge spiritual failures, offensive in their pride, laziness and worldliness, both to God and man.

Perhaps "Spectator" may turn out to be a partaker of or a trader in the poisons which the state has established by law as a traffic to destroy, and which has been called by Robert Hall "liquid fire and distilled damnation", which is an apt description. Now all men know where I stand upon that question and that I have contracted with the Lord to spend my life doing what I can to crush that modern Moloch, the Liquor Traffic, which is perhaps a "pecuniary success" after "Spectator's" own heart.

Here, my dear friend, I leave "Spectator" for the present. With my very earnest good wishes and prayers for you and the "Christian Colonist", I am,

Yours in the Lord Jesus,

John Alexander Dowie

CHAPTER 9: DECEIVED BY A CONFIDENCE MAN

NOW comes an almost bizarre interlude in the life of Dowie, which reveals a peculiar phase of his character—a strange capacity at times to be deceived. God had called him to a ministry of deliverance, and whilst he felt the strong call of a mission to the world, he was yet blind to the method that God wanted him to use and which He had dramatically shown the young minister was the Divine plan—the setting of men free from their sins and sicknesses and diseases by the power of God.

Many a man who has felt he had the call of the ministry upon him, has thought that if only the money were available, he would do mighty things. Yet more often than we would like to believe, money becomes a snare and a delusion to a minister. A windfall is apt to cause the inexperienced to squander it in a fashion as to do more harm than good. Money has power, but it can only be used successfully for God, by those who have learned to be the master of money, not money the master of them. Given a liberal sum, the inexperienced will generally set about a series of visionary schemes, that have no origin in the Divine Will. Time after time, men have made a shipwreck of their spiritual life, while engaged in such schemes. Yet, with men such as George Muller, whose life was fully consecrated to God, over seven million dollars flowed in to make possible an undertaking which stands out in the Christian world as a shining example of wise stewardship.

It is easy to understand that Dowie, harassed as he had been for years because of the lack of finances, and frequently embarrassed in not being able to meet the smallest of obligations, was now desirous after these years of toil and effort, to erect something permanent for his congregation, and incidentally prove to his relatives that he was more than a ne'er-do-well, whose fortunes were sometimes up but more times down; and, should desire and hope that a substantial sum of money would somehow come into his hands whereby he could proceed with the plans that he had dreamed of for so long.

Nor is it difficult to understand that when there appeared on the scene, a man by the name of George Holding, who professed to be wealthy, and who magnanimously gestured to give Dowie a magnificent sum of money for building a tabernacle, the young minister should immediately conclude that this man was at long last the answer to his prayer. This scoundrel, for so he was, a confidence man and a mountebank, under the guise of religion and friendship, soon secured his complete confidence. Believing that the man was honest and sincere, Dowie was so elated over the prospects before him that he never suspected that his friend was a

confidence man of the deepest hue. In a letter dated September, 1880, he writes thus to Holding:

“I am glad to say that two days ago, I received your letter from Auckland, dated August 17, and was delighted to get it, and all the dear loving words that were in it. It was like ‘cold water to a thirsty soul’ for it was good news from a far country. I had almost given up all hope of getting it, and so it was the more welcome. I have read it over and over again, and carry it with me in my breast pocket to reread when I am quietly sitting somewhere outside. I thank you for the nice letter—no eye but mine has read it, as you desired; but I have read from it to Jeanie, and when G—comes tomorrow I will read part of it to her. Write freely all that is in your heart, so far as that is possible, and I will guarantee that your letters will but strengthen the ties which bind us to each other—ties which neither earth, nor time, nor distance, nor every evil power can weaken...

Dear brother, I do feel for you in your visit there; as you stand beside your dear one’s grave I seem to be with you in spirit... I want to see your hands spread the first communion table in our new tabernacle, which the eyes of faith often see. Last night or rather this morning, I dreamed that I was passing a stranger in the city, through the streets, when I came to a large well-lighted, comfortable, even cheerful-looking building. The brilliant lights from the street lit up the whole front... I entered the door, thrilled to my heart by these words, and saw a sight which stirred my soul with deep emotion. The building was full — tier upon tier, the seats rose up on every side, from the platform to the farthest end of the building. Every eye was turned toward and every ear was listening to the speaker, who was saying, “O beloved, believe me, God is love!” And above the speaker’s head, on a wide beautiful scroll on the arched recess behind the platform, there were these words in shining letters:

‘Christ is all.’ Whilst I looked, I found the speaker was myself... But it was no dream after all. It was only my waking thoughts in our ‘Free Christian Tabernacle.’

From the above letter, it may be seen that this man Holding had wormed his way into the deepest confidence of the young minister. In fact, the young pastor’s hopes in this direction and his confidence in Holding were of such a nature that he left his work in Sydney, and went to Adelaide in preparation for a trip to England where he was to meet this man, with the purpose of securing the money that had been promised for the building of his proposed tabernacle.

Of course, the entire statement of Holding that he had wealth and that he was returning to England to settle up an estate, and would be able to give 20,000 pounds to Dowie was a hoax and a fraud, and merely a scheme to get money out of Dowie’s relatives including his father. Complications and misunderstanding that arose over the money, almost caused an

estrangement between the young minister and his parents. Meanwhile, others aware of the matter, their cupidity excited, and hoping to obtain some of the money, wrote letters to Holding vilifying Dowie. On the supposed basis of these, Holding cunningly wrote back that while he had not lost confidence in the young minister, the letters had perplexed him. They moreover gave the mountebank a handy excuse for stalling the fulfillment of his worthless promises.

In a letter to his wife, Dowie disclosed the state of his emotions and the awful discouragement and depression through which he was going.

My Darling Wife:

My whole nature seems torn asunder in this trial, and every nerve of body and soul seems to have been separately tortured by it—and these words but faintly express what I feel and have felt. Of course, the worry of thinking about you and the children — the rent—store — and other accounts — was very great; but you will remember that I was nearly 200 miles from town, and ill, and I am sure that to move about much, too soon: for my head has been “shaky” and dizzy with strong rushes of blood to my heart and brain, causing me to be very careful...

But the worst was yet to come. Suspicions at last began to form in the mind of Dowie concerning this W. G. Holding. Finally it came out. His supposed benefactor and friend was only a clever swindler and hypocrite. Instead of heir of a million dollars, he was a penniless adventurer and thief of widow's savings. This arch-liar and confidence man had not only deceived Dowie, but also astute business men of England of his alleged but mythical wealth. This swindler's career had been an extraordinary series of adventures and impostures.

The effect of Holding's heartless deception was felt by Dowie for a long time, not only for himself but for others that he knew who had been swindled by him and who could ill-afford to stand the loss. To a Mrs. M— ~ he sent the following word of consolation:

“The effect of Holding's heartless deception will be felt by you for many a day, and my own suffering and loss through him, makes us feel all the more sympathetically for you and your sons.

“To them it is not merely a temporal loss but a spiritual danger for the hypocrisy of the villain was one of the most powerful helpers in his nefarious diabolical schemes. But I earnestly trust that they will look at this matter in the right light, and see in it, not a reason for keeping their hearts from God, but an awful reason for fleeing from sin and Satan, which, this wretched man proves, can tie a man's soul, hand, and foot, and cast him into a living hell even on earth.”

Much humbled by his experience, Dowie had not seen the last of this bold impersonator and rogue. Some years later, whom should he meet but this same W. G. Holding, dressed in a Salvation Army uniform, “selling all sorts of things, with radiant smiles and coaxing words, to admiring customers at the trade tent of the Salvation Army at their annual Demonstration on the South Melbourne Cricket Ground.” Dowie describes their meeting:

“What a change! Smiles vanished, and fear and guilt and shame chased each other over his ash-colored face. A few minutes served to make his real character so clear that he was at once removed from the trade tent, and dismissed from the ground. I advised him to get away by sea, as quickly as possible, failing which he would certainly be arrested; and I spoke earnestly to him in urging him to abandon his miserable course of deceit, and seek God’s mercy. And so we parted on Friday — New Year’s Day.”

The mountebank vanished, but evidently God was dealing with him. It is to John Alexander Dowie’s credit, that he should have taken the time to have spoken about God and repentance, to one who had been the source of so much sorrow, heartache, and embarrassment. Strangely enough, the man did not leave the country but two or three days later, came to Dowie’s house, looking the picture of misery and unhappiness. The words of the minister had indeed taken affect, and he said, “I can’t go away—I want to make a full confession to you, and give myself to the police, or do whatever you tell me to do.”

There were some witnesses present and after some consideration, Dowie took down, with many cross-questionings a most extraordinary story of crimes beginning in 1877, a minute detail of a band of thirteen clever associates. These swindlers had offices in New York, Paris, and London and many other cities. By the means of forged documents and fraudulent correspondence they developed all sorts of skillful schemes for swindling. There were insurance swindles in which stones and packing took the place of the supposed corpse. Holding managed through impersonations and frauds to get on familiar terms of friendship with a large circle of persons of wealth and social position in various parts of England.

Holding returned to Dowie’s house two days later, and by arrangement gave himself to police, and made a formal confession of his crimes. Strangely enough, because, at the time there was no Federation between the provinces, the courts in that part of Australia had no jurisdiction over the matter. It required a very complicated legal procedure to take him to the province where his crimes in Australia had been committed, and would have entailed considerable expense and time on Dowie’s part. The latter, viewing these circumstances, and hoping that the man’s penitence was genuine, declined to go to New South Wales and initiate proceedings

afresh there. Poor Dowie! The word had gone around that he had actually received the \$100,000 from Holding to build a church, but had not done so nor accounted for the money!

CHAPTER 10: THE HOUR OF DESPAIR

THE year 1882 was indeed a dark one for John Alexander Dowie. He had now been in the ministry for about ten years. During that time, he had labored hard, often to the point of physical exhaustion. Many painful sacrifices had been made. He had always tried to do right as he saw it, more often than not to the disadvantage of his own personal interests. Yet failure and misfortune seemed to have followed him in every venture he attempted.

He had successively resigned three pastorates, when it seemed to him that the results that he had hoped for, were not being realized. True, he had enjoyed a certain success at Newtown, yet it was in that very community that circumstances came to his notice convincing him that the denomination he represented had become largely lukewarm and apostate, and for which reason he decided to sever all ties with that organization.

His subsequent hopes of building a tabernacle and establishing a church in Sydney, had not materialized. As related previously, he had gone through the agony of a bitter disillusionment. Once his hopes had been built so high, only to have them utterly blasted, when he learned that the man, George Holding, in whom he had reposed such complete confidence, was an arch-swindler and a penniless adventurer. For this wretched betrayer of his faith and confidence, he had broken up his home, and left his pulpit in Sydney. Now, he was the laughing stock of those who said, "I told you so." More bitter still, some who did not know the real truth of the matter, believed the rumors that had been afloat by certain of his enemies, who maliciously charged that he had actually received the 20,000 pounds to build a tabernacle, but had misappropriated the money for his own use. Then too, while in Sydney, he had staked much on winning the election for a seat in Parliament, and failing, he had lost many of his friends, who, unceremoniously, had left him to pay off heavy debts that had been incurred. The Holding fiasco, which occurred afterwards, had so embarrassed him that it seemed unwise to return to Sydney.

Dowie's relatives had long lost confidence in him, and their opinion had not changed as successive reports reached them of the invariable failure of his various undertakings. Beyond all this, inability at times to adequately provide for his wife and family was his most painful and humiliating experience, and it seemed to him more than he could bear.

All these things, and his tendency to brood over them, had affected his health. Being high-spirited, the continuous succession of reverses and failures had almost crushed him and this no doubt accounted for the

serious condition of his nerves. Church doors, of course, were closed against him, and all immediate sources of income were cut off. Sometimes he had nothing to eat. Who could have blamed the young minister for believing that everything was against him? His feelings which had almost reached a state of despair, may be understood in a letter written to his wife from the Victoria Coffee House, and dated March 28, 1882:

BELOVED WIFE:

"It is hard and bitter for me to have to write to you today, but it would have been impossible for me to write you two days ago.

"Once more, I have to write you the discouraging word 'failed'. But I live and God lives, and it cannot be that the night will long endure, and that one who strives to do His will shall always fail.

"I will try again in another direction—indeed, I am already at it, and will hope on through the darkness, although for one long night I almost doubted that—only for this comfort I would die, and I have seemed to be near dying many times. It is and has been hard to bear; and 'my feet were almost gone' into ways of doubt, and fear, and sin and death: for that is the way of the backslider and the forsaker of his Lord. But He kept me...

The liquor traffic is becoming daily stronger; the laws which have been passed to restrain it, are openly defied. Vice, crime, disease, and pauperism are increasing in most alarming proportions. Oh, the sad, heartrending scenes that I have seen! They would wring your heart and horrify your soul. Yet the scenes are but the story of ten thousand homes.

"Oh, it has been a weary time for me, since last I saw your face. Alone and in this great, cold city, I have spent some of the most sorrowful hours of my life. Anxiety concerning you and my dear ones, who are so near my heart; fears for the future of this uncertain life; doubts as to the past; questioning, as to why God was permitting these fiery trials; strugglings with the dire realities of the present with its poverty, weakness, my growing shabbiness, and oftentimes positive hunger—all these and more, all these have been my companions day and night for months. Do you remember the date when I had 6d left to face the week with? It is more than a fortnight ago I think. Well, when it was spent, I did not have a penny until yesterday. I made up my mind that I would die, rather than ask Mr. D— or any one for money help again, and I just lived upon what I ate at the house of Dr. T— when he invited me there, and at that of Mr. C —, a Christian bookseller with whom I am well acquainted. I did not average one meal a day until yesterday, and sometimes I have gone forty-eight hours without breaking my fast... I am a good deal thinner, and a little paler, and there are a few more grey hairs in my beard, but this is no doubt due to my fasting, added to my sad thoughts and

disappointments.”

Despite these sad lines, the letter of a husband to his wife does not end in despair, but strikes a note of faith. His spirit is not utterly broken, only subdued, and he encourages his wife to believe and live close to the Lord.

‘Perhaps we may be nearer ‘the midnight’ than we have hitherto believed and it may well be soon that we hear the cry at midnight, ‘Go ye out to meet Him!’ Let us be ready. Let us keep our light burning, our lives shining for the Lord, and filled with the fullness of God’s Spirit. . . Oh, it is terrible to think of the long night, the darkness, the sighing and gnashing of teeth, the company of the damned who have sat down not having on the wedding garment, and to think that many of our friends will be bound hand and foot and cast out there.

“God knows me, and He knows (despite many shortcomings and mistakes and sins which he has pardoned) that I am true to the service of my Lord and Saviour, and true in my love to every soul of man, for every one of which He tasted death.

‘Be of good cheer’: for the morning is coming of endless day. I do not fear to live: for life can have no bitterer cups in store or if there are, then His love will sweeten them, since I can now trust Him more fully than ever, and can say, ‘I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God: which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.’.....

“And now I close. The night is far spent, and I am getting tired. Pray for me with increasing faith. ‘Faint not at my tribulations.’ God will show you yet it is ‘your glory’. The Lord ever bless and keep you.....

There was more in the letter, and we would like to have included, especially his touching inquiry concerning his children, but space forbids.

The John Alexander Dowie we see at this period is hardly recognizable as the Dowie that was to arise a decade later. But God had a plan.... though it was difficult indeed for the almost despairing young man to understand it then. It is difficult for anyone to realize in the hour of trial and disappointment that God has a purpose in it all. Nor could John Alexander Dowie see that God was teaching him certain necessary lessons, incident to preparing him for a place of leadership in a great work that lay ahead. Yet, he was thinking, praying, hoping, and perhaps very faintly beginning to sense the pattern of the ministry for which God had been getting him ready.

His bodily afflictions naturally caused him to think along the lines of Divine healing. In all his misfortunes and trials he could not help but

remember that shining instance of faith when he had truly triumphed — when the awful plague had come and had smitten the population, and indeed, had wiped out whole families in his church, insomuch that in a few weeks' time, he had buried no less than forty people from the families within his parish. At that time there had come to him the revelation that Christ was the Healer, and Satan was the Defiler, the author of sickness and disease. With the inspiration that had fired his soul, he met the enemy and defeated him, and as has been related elsewhere, there were no more deaths among his people during the period of pestilence.

As God had shown to John Alexander Dowie the reality of Divine healing, so God was preparing to reintroduce to the church this ministry of deliverance, which He, many centuries before had ordained in the Great Commission, and from which, alas, the church had so sadly departed. Since the time of the plague, young Dowie had prayed for the sick, yet he was not then prepared to enter, fully, into that ministry, but regarded it more or less as a special ministry that God had given during a time of emergency. And so for six years, the young man continued to follow the more familiar paths and methods of religious reformers. From his pulpit, and in the open air, he thundered against sin, crusaded against the liquor traffic and the other vices of the day, seeking to effect these reforms by various means including intervention in politics. But despite his most zealous efforts, long continued sacrifice and self-denial, he did not appear to be getting anywhere. Indeed it seemed that he was frustrated on every hand, and Providence itself was conspiring to keep him from making progress toward his goal. "Was there no end," the young man asked himself, "to these disappointments and trials?"

As if Providence, in irony sought to answer his question, a fresh sorrow, far exceeding all that he had yet experienced, was about to visit the little household. As happened to God's servant, Job, the shadow of death was to reach into his home. Dr. Dowie had always possessed a deep affection for children, and he adored his little daughter, Jeanie, who was born a year or two after Gladstone. She was a sweet child, always ready to smile. But the little girl had never been strong, and consequently was an object of anxiety to her parents because of her frail condition. However, they did not suppose that they had cause for actual alarm, and hoped with the passing years that she would become normal in strength. But the angel of death was nearer than they thought. One day, after a week or two of illness of the child, the dread messenger entered the home and took away little Jeanie. A few days later, heart-broken parents, their heads bowed in grief, laid away their darling in a grave in a nearby cemetery. A letter written to a friend a few days after this event gives the details of the sad incident which had come upon the family so suddenly and unexpectedly:

BELOVED FRIEND:

“Again I have stood over the open grave, and laid aside the earthly garments of my little ‘Angel’, whose spirit quietly stole away just as the day was dawning on Lord’s Day morning last. I can scarcely realize it yet: for it was so sudden and unexpected; but I bow, with my dear wife, in resignation, though in grief.

“When we returned this day a week from Sydney, we found Gladdy almost entirely recovered, and our two little daughters apparently well—our little Jeanie—the ‘Angel’—being especially delighted to see us, clasping us around the neck and kissing us again and again. The following day, Friday, she was toddling about the house, stronger, as we thought, than ever we had seen her, and our hearts were glad to look upon her sweet, pure face and happy smile. That evening, however, we noticed one or two little spots which looked like measles on her face, and the following day, Saturday, she slept a good deal—it was a very hot day.

“In the evening she seemed very bright, and when I came in to tea, I found her sitting on our maid’s lap being fed. I lit the gas in the dining room, as it was getting dark, and when I did so she laughed and clapped her little hands together.

“I said, ‘You dear little Angel. Father is so glad to see you happy and bright,’ upon which she looked up into Ettie’s face and smiled. We then sat down to tea and had scarcely commenced, when Mrs. Dowie, who was sitting near her, said, ‘Come here, John, and look at Jeanie’s eyes.’ I immediately went over and saw she was insensible and in a fit. I took her up at once, and besought the Lord again for her that the fit might cease; and it seemed almost as if a voice replied, ‘Yes, the fit will cease; but the Lord will take her now.’

“I then called Mrs. Dowie, and told her of the answer, and shortly after, the fit did cease, and our little pet lay utterly exhausted. To avoid an inquest, I sent for a neighboring doctor, who took the same view as myself, namely, that there was an effusion of the brain, and no hope of her recovery. From that hour she slept, opening her eyes at intervals in response to our loving words, and at times breathing heavily, but entirely without pain. About four o’clock on Lord’s Day morning, the end came, and, opening her eyes wide, she looked, oh, so beautifully, upon the faces of the unseen angels, and, without a sigh, her sweet spirit went away with them to dwell forever with the Lord. The daylight saw only a beautiful, white, marble-like form lying with closed eyes, and hands gently folded on her breast, and a look of holy peace upon her little face, which looked so calm, with the dark hair parted from her placid broad brow. Ere the Sabbath songs of earth swelled from shore to shore, she was singing above in the presence of the King, where there is no night, but one endless day.

“Earth has one angel less, but heaven one more, since last Lord’s Day.

Our home has lost its purest, holiest child - our hearts are torn and bleeding – light has gone, in some degree, from everything around—but heaven is nearer, Christ is nearer, and our darling has gone where we shall meet her there, with all our loved ones gone before, and never, never part again. We know where to find her, and although we weep, we rejoice: for it is well with the child.”

CHAPTER 11: BEGINNING OF THE DAWN

SAVE one, 1882 was the darkest year of Dowie's life. But it was also the year in which light began to dawn. It was during those days that John Alexander Dowie at last began to realize something of the nature of the ministry that was to be his. But that realization came to him only as God shut him off from everything else. Financially, he was well-nigh destitute. Only the Salvation Army, a struggling little band, welcomed him, but there was little they could do for him. They needed help themselves.

At this time, providentially, there came a call from Collingwood Tabernacle for him to be pastor pro tern, during the absence of the Rev. Cherbury, who was taking an extended rest because of physical exhaustion. In Dowie's destitute circumstances, if ever there would have been a temptation for him to have walked softly and not to have endangered his precarious financial circumstances, surely this was the time. But it is evident that such factors never exercised the slightest influence on John Alexander Dowie's course of action. He was soon to discover the lax spiritual condition that had gained ascendancy in the church. Unconverted temperance lecturers were permitted use of the pulpit and spiritual life had fallen to low ebb. When young Dowie became acquainted with the situation, he dealt sharply with the state of affairs, although he well knew that the church officers were not likely to be in sympathy with his uncompromising stand against sin and worldliness. He soon incurred the ill-will and hostility of the board, although many of the people of the church sympathized with him in his fight against evil. At any rate, during the period he served this congregation, he maintained a standard of righteousness in the church. However, with the return of Rev. Cherbury, he immediately retired from the pulpit.

Dr. Dowie entertained plans for the building of an independent church in the city of Melbourne. And of great significance to the future of his ministry, he determined that in that church, he would introduce and regularly practice the ministry of Divine healing. The fact was that God had been dealing with him a long time in this matter, and now there was a deep conviction in his soul that this ministry must become an important feature of the work in the tabernacle that he contemplated. We shall not take time nor space to relate the circumstances involved in the building of the tabernacle. Suffice it to say, that the devil fought him in every possible way to prevent his launching into this ministry. Friends failed him, promises were broken, plans miscarried, but step by step, God opened the way, and the tabernacle was built and the ministry of healing that eventually was to carry him to world prominence was inaugurated. In the month of February, 1883, Dr. Dowie organized the Free Christian

Church, and in the year, 1884, the tabernacle was completed. From then on, each year in February, he conducted a convention in which he commemorated the beginning of his ministry of Divine healing.

The ministry of healing gave him authority that he never had before. Despite fierce opposition, John Alexander Dowie soon perceived that his work was having a phenomenal growth. Where before Satan by some method or other had managed to frustrate his plans, or bring them entirely to naught, he now saw that despite the devil's fiercest onslaughts, nothing could stay the progress of the work. Moreover, he clearly saw that it was the miracles of healing that were responsible for this.

One Of The First Miracles

We cannot relate here the many wonderful deliverances that were taking place in the Melbourne Tabernacle, but we should mention one of the first healings—the miraculous deliverance of Mrs. Lucy Parker, of total blindness caused by cancer of the eye. For two years and nine months, she had been under the care of some of the most capable surgeons of Melbourne. The cancer in the eye had destroyed the sight, and for many months the left eye was totally blind. No hopes of recovery were held out.

Mrs. Parker was about to give birth to a child, and the physician in attendance, a Dr. Ray, informed her husband that she would die when the child was born, if not before. The agony she suffered was extreme, and being comparatively young, with a large family and a delicate husband, she had an intense desire to live. Moreover, being an active Christian worker, she desired to be useful in God's service. About this time, she heard of a remarkable healing that had taken place in the Melbourne Tabernacle, and she came to Dr. Dowie expecting healing. He laid hands upon her and prayed. The miracle happened at once. The cancer burst and discharged into two handkerchiefs. The swelling disappeared and the opening closed. When she opened that eye, she was immediately able to see, and that perfectly.

The internal cancer disappeared, and a few months later she became the happy mother of a healthy child. This case of healing was published far and wide in many newspapers, and was never challenged. It was miracles of this nature that caused Dr. Dowie's work to achieve rapid prominence in Australia.

At another time, a boy lay in a pitiful condition in the Alfred Hospital. He was suffering from tuberculosis of the bones, and could not walk. The lad was emaciated, and although sixteen years of age, had to be carried from place to place. He was given one of Dr. Dowie's tracts and having read it, gave his parents no peace until they carried him to the tabernacle. They told Dr. Dowie that the boy "expected to be healed tonight." After talking with the lad, and leading him to Christ, Dr. Dowie prayed for him, told

him to get up, and take his two feet and stamp the floor. He did this and then began to cry, "Oh, praise God, I'm healed, I am healed!"

The mother, a poor, worn and weary little woman, with her little child in her arms, rose up and cried with joy, "Oh, Arthur, are you healed? My boy, are you healed?" And he answered, "Yes, mother, I am healed." He started to walk and then said, "I believe I can run, and with that, he began to run around the aisles of the building.

The boy returned to the hospital and testified to what the Lord had done for him. Soon many of the boys from the hospital suffering from many kinds of afflictions came to the meetings and were wonderfully healed.

CHAPTER 12: VENGEANCE OF THE LIQUOR INTERESTS

AT last Dr. Dowie was engaged in the ministry that he knew God had intended for him. He boldly proclaimed the gospel of healing in his own tabernacle and in open air meetings, where on at least one occasion, he preached to an audience of as many as 20,000 persons. At the same time, he vigorously denounced the use of liquor and other popular vices of the city, demanding that men turn to Christ and renounce their sins. This, of course, angered the vested liquor interests, and they laid plans to bring to a halt the ministry of this “upstart” who was so presumptuous as to cross them. At their instigation, a so-called by-law was passed, forbidding street meetings. Dr. Dowie believed that such a law was not only an infringement of the command of the Lord Jesus to preach the Gospel to every creature, but that it was also unconstitutional. He thereby continued to conduct street meetings, regardless of the by-law, and forthwith was arrested and haled before the Fitzroy Police Court.

Before the case was tried, the oldest magistrate, Mr. Marsden, stated that he believed that the by-law was unconstitutional to fundamental British principles of civil and religious liberty. The prosecutor permitted him to withdraw from the case. The remaining magistrates that sat on the case were patently hostile to the young preacher. With some reluctance, they permitted Dr. Dowie to plead his own case. He proceeded and showed that he was acting in obedience to the distinct command of the Lord in Mark 16, that he had conducted the meeting in an orderly way, that he had done so in that city for the past two years, and had taken part in similar work in many parts of Great Britain and the Australian Colonies.

However, Dowie perceived that the justices were taking little or no note of what he was saying. One of them, in an angry manner, blurted out that he had broken the law, and must be punished, and the other magistrates were ready to concur with their colleague. So without opportunity to present his case, he was summarily fined five pounds and costs. Dowie gave notice that he would appeal. Refusing to pay the fine, he was placed in jail where he suffered imprisonment for thirty days and nights.

Years later, Dr. Dowie related further details of this incident, which we here present:

GOING TO PRISON FOR OBEYING GOD

There came a time when the Liquor Ring got the upper hand in Fitzroy, Melbourne; they passed a municipal by-law that we should not be allowed to go upon the streets and sing, and also tried to hinder our

workers from going into the saloons, and bringing those who visited them, out. I said, "If you pass that by-law I cannot obey it; I must obey my Lord, Who said, 'Go ye out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.'" Luke 14:21. They threatened, "If you persist in doing so, you'll go to prison, sir." They fined me; I would not pay the fine; I sold every stick I had on earth; they fined me again, and threatened they would send me to prison. I said, "Very well." The day came for trial and I stood before the court; I gave my reasons for my course. The law of God and the law of England were in my favor, but there was a corrupt petty court judiciary; and the infidels had gotten hold of the Supreme Court.

We had been doing this work of seeking the perishing for years; and do you think I was going back one single step? No, the Salvation, Divine Healing and Gospel Temperance work went on all the time. They said, "Why, a gentleman in your position should not go to prison." I said, "I shall pay no fines. I will not give up our street work, I will obey God first, and man next." They hated me; but it was without a cause, unless it was that I had by the grace of God brought thousands out of the dark pit of intemperance. I have worked against the saloon all my life. They hated me. They said, "We obey man first and God after." I said, "Let it be recorded that this is your position; that is the position a godless man would take."

"You are sent to prison for thirty days," was the sentence. I had my valise packed and I stepped into a cab and went up to the Melbourne jail. For thirty days and thirty nights I lay in a stone cell ten feet long, eight feet high, and four and a half feet wide. It was winter, and the nights were dark and cold. I was in that cell sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. I would not accept my liberation except they would set me free without terms. My people followed me to prison; seven strong men left their several homes and went to prison for Christ. Over five hundred men and women stood up in our Tabernacle prepared to follow us there for His sake. I came out and I went on as before, and they sent me to prison again. But I had not been there two days before the whole country had been aroused, and a great pressure was brought upon the Governor, Sir Henry B. Loch, and he said, "I am ashamed; I shall exercise her Majesty the Queen's royal prerogative." He telephoned at last down to the governor of the jail that I should be set free instantly, and I walked out of prison. ("Praise the Lord," from the congregation.) My companions, beloved brethren in Christ, followed. Many thousands flocked to hear our preaching when we came out of that prison, and many were saved.

Released from prison, Dr. Dowie's work continued to grow and prosper in Melbourne. The anger of the rebuffed liquor interests was what might be expected of frustrated men who were enemies of all that is good. Moreover, to their further dismay, they perceived that as a result of the

publicity he received while in prison, his work, instead of receiving a check, was progressing by leaps and bounds, and crowds were attending his tabernacle in such numbers that the facilities available were not sufficient to take care of them. Dr. Dowie, ever alert for an opportunity to strike a telling blow against the liquor industry, now continued his attack against the saloon, denouncing it in vigorous terms as “the vilest institution this side of perdition.”

His enemies exasperated beyond measure by the turn of affairs, and now powerless to stop him by legal methods, determined to employ desperate means, which this time they believed would forever end the activities of their tormentor. Secret plans were laid to dynamite the tabernacle at a late hour when most of the people would be gone from it, but while Dr. Dowie as was his custom, yet remained to work with his secretary. The conspirators determined exactly what time they might expect him and his secretary to be alone in the building. On a fateful night while the services were in progress, they surreptitiously entered his office from the rear and placed a box of dynamite near the chair where he would be sitting. All was arranged with diabolical cleverness and the timing of the bomb was set with precision.

As had been anticipated, that night after the service Dr. Dowie went into his study, sat down with his secretary, preparing as usual to work until a late hour. Minute by minute, hidden from view, a menacing glow crept ever nearer to the infernal contraption located only a few feet from where sat Dr. Dowie, serenely unaware of the horrible death-trap that had been prepared to take his life. Apparently no earthly power could now prevent the cruel murder of the man of God. But we shall let him tell the story of this dramatic incident:

BOMBING OF THE TABERNACLE

On the morning of September 1, 1886, I was asleep in my bed, and at a very early hour, just at the dawn of the morning, I was awakened. Now that is a continual thing with me to be awakened at dawn. No matter when I go to bed, I will always wake when it is sunrise, even although I go to sleep again, should I not want to rise.

I had been very profoundly asleep, and everything was quiet around. Suddenly I was out of the body. That is no unusual experience. But suddenly I saw the bed on which I was lying—I saw on it a human form. It was a dead body. I lifted the sheet and saw my own face—dead.

Immediately, I came to consciousness, and found myself lying in the bed; it was only a vision. I chided myself for having overworked, and said: “Now you see what strange fancies will come to a man that overworks.” And I asked God to forgive me for I had overworked. I looked at my watch, and went to sleep again, very soundly.

Presently, I was again out of the body. I again saw the bed, and the white sheet covering the form. I lifted the sheet; it was my own face. I said, "Now, there is another trick of my mind, and this is all nonsense." I chided myself again and went to sleep. I had evidently slept, very deeply, because it was much later when I awoke for the second time. I again looked at my watch and found that I had been sleeping for over an hour. Then a third time, I saw the vision, lifted the sheet, and again saw my own face. I knew then that I was going to be killed, or die suddenly, or that my life was in danger.

I took a bath, then went to the study, wrote out the incident, and put it into my bureau in case anything happened. I also wrote a short will; during the day I had it witnessed, and put it with a statement concerning my vision in case anything happened.

During the morning a gentleman, who was a good Christian preacher, came to me and said: "I had a vision last night that you had been killed, Doctor. I want you to take care of yourself and to insure your life." He told me about a vision, and it was different than mine, but a vision in which he dreamed my body was dreadfully mangled. Then I thought, God has sent this additional confirmation. I told him the story of my vision, and I told my wife.

That night, I delivered a long discourse and had a great many signatures to the Christian Temperance pledge. A great many persons gave up drink that night, and I had to meet with candidates afterwards. There were many going to join the church that month, and I was to see a group of them that night. The church meeting was to be on Thursday; this was Tuesday. Suddenly I saw the candidates gather, some twenty or thirty of them, I do not know exactly how many. I went to my door and said to them: "Would you be able to come night, Wednesday, just as well?" They replied that it would be quite convenient. So I said good night to them and went away.

I took the church secretary and went to my room. It was behind the tabernacle, and the window looked upon a back lane. I went down, and took my valise, took out my papers, and began to dictate to my secretary. Meanwhile, all the lights had been put out in the large tabernacle.

As I sat there dictating to the secretary, I was stopped. I looked at him". "Did you hear anything, George?" "No." "Then I did." I heard a voice say, "Rise, Go!" and I thought it was my imagination playing a trick on me. I had been trying to forget the vision of the morning, thinking it might not be of God. Nothing happened during the day, and I was in very good health. Everything was very still. I went on with my dictation, and had uttered the first word, when in tones most impressive and acute the voice came: "Rise! Go!"

I turned to my secretary and asked, "Did you hear a voice?" He looked at me with a smile. "No, why?" he asked. "Then it is all right. I thought I heard a voice." I started again, and had only gotten a word out, when it was just like thunder in my ears. "Rise! Go!"

It was imperative. I said to my secretary, "Go up to the meter, George, turn out the gas, and we will finish this work at home. I will obey that heavenly voice."

I would not stay any longer. I quietly put the things in my valise. When he came back, he helped me on with my overcoat. It was a dark winter night, not a star to be seen in the sky, and there had been some rain. I let myself out the back way, and went to my home, about six or seven minutes walk away.

Our house was a stone house, and I was in an inner room. All had gone to bed, and I was with my secretary dictating, when I thought I heard a thud, a strange thud, outside, as if there were an explosion. I asked, "George, did you hear a noise?" He said, "What do you mean?" I told him that I thought I had heard a noise like an explosion.

"Why," he said, "I do not think there was any such thing. I did hear a little noise, but I thought it must be a door shutting."

But a thud had happened. Dynamite had been placed underneath my feet; it had been attached to a fuse up the back lane, and it exploded in the tabernacle within about ten minutes after I had left. It had been placed upon an iron plate underneath my desk. They had known exactly where I would be sitting. The fuse burnt slowly, otherwise I should have been killed. But that voice was imperative, and I had gotten away in time. That whole part of town had awakened, and people ran out to see what had happened. The police thought the tabernacle was being set on fire, but there was no sign of fire. It was a very dark night and the people did not know where the explosion had been.

There was no flame; nothing had caught fire, and everything settled down. In the morning I came somewhat early, and tried to get in at the back gate. I saw, to my astonishment, that the side of my room was blown out, and I found that pieces of weatherboards had been driven into the fence, and right through it. I could not open the gate which was broken off its hinges. I went around to the front door, opened it, passed through the tabernacle, and could not open any of the doors of my room, though there were three doors to it.

At last I pushed violently, and the door fell in. It was off its hinges. Then I saw the scene of confusion—all my chairs broken, and where I sat would have been the place of my murder; for there was a great big hole, and the flooring boards had been broken up into countless splinters.

Those words, "Rise! Go!" were the words of an angel. I have not the slightest doubt in the world about it.

The life of John Alexander Dowie was filled with many such strange providences and coincidences. Often there was but a step between him and death. The incident of the bombing of the tabernacle was but one of these. Once, some time before, while in Sydney, he was crossing a railroad track about five miles from town, alone on a dark night. He was hurrying to the station to catch an approaching train, the rumble of which he could hear in the distance. Suddenly he stumbled and fell on his face and lay on a rail over which the oncoming train was to pass. For a few seconds he lost consciousness or nearly so; but remembering his peril, he managed to roll off in some way, and rose to his feet. In less than a minute the train dashed up to the station which was nearby. Dr. Dowie got to the station just as the train did. He was bleeding profusely from a deep cut, but he bound the wound up as best he could with a handkerchief. When he got to Sydney, he was quite faint, but taking a cab, he got to his home safely. He believed that it was a providential escape for had he remained unconscious two minutes, he would no doubt have been cut to pieces by the train.

Strange as these experiences were, the most dramatic and astonishing events of Dr. Dowie's life were yet to come, and as they unfolded in the swiftly passing years, events in Australia were to be almost forgotten before the amazing developments that were to transpire in this man's ministry in America, a land which he was soon to visit.

CHAPTER 13: DOWIE LEAVES AUSTRALIA FOR AMERICA

IN the summer of 1886, Dr. Dowie, in writing to his wife, tells of certain deeper spiritual experiences that he had received. From the time that he had begun preaching the ministry of deliverance, he had been amazingly blessed both spiritually and physically. There came a revealing of the power of the Spirit, which gave him “new light on the mystery of life in Christ.” With empowering of the Spirit, there came a gift of “discerning of spirits,” which, he wrote, enabled him to “penetrate into the deepest, most secret thoughts of men.” During those days he slept only four hours out of twenty-four; but he was not only well, but stronger than in any former period of his life.

It was at this time that Dowie perceived that the preparatory period of his ministry had passed, and he was now on the fringes of something new and wonderful. His own spirit rose to the challenge, and his vision of reaching the masses for Christ, a dream he had cherished for many years, now seemed to have more than a remote possibility of fulfillment. It was his conviction that a great revival of primitive Christianity could only come through the ministry of healing. It was this ministry, he realized, that had endowed him with authority to challenge the high walls of hide-bound ecclesiasticism, and also, as he happily discovered, gave him the willing ear of the masses.

God had given John Alexander Dowie a great open door in Melbourne, yet he was already beginning to feel the call to wider horizons. For a long time he had hoped to make a tour of America, and from there to go on to London. But he had realized that his work was not finished in Australia. It was during this time that he founded “The International Divine Healing Association” which soon had a number of branches in various parts of Australia and New Zealand.

While at Melbourne he received an invitation to attend an International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness, to be held in London, England. Dr. Dowie prayed earnestly concerning this invitation and he longed to go, but being in the midst of work that he could not easily lay aside at the time, he found it necessary to postpone his visit. In a letter which he wrote to Dr. Boardman, president of the British Association, he declared that within three years, he intended to make a trip to America, and then, God willing, to go on to London. The night that he wrote the letter, his spirit was greatly stirred within him, and walking out under the stars, he asked God if he had made a mistake in making such a promise. Dr. Dowie, in moving words, describes his experience that night in Australia as he communed with God under the canopy of the heavens:

“Looking up again, my heart was awed, my spirit stirred with the solemn beauty of the night. The Southern Cross hung low in the sky. At its foot was the blackest place in all the heavens, like a rent, without a star. As I looked into it, the misery, shame and horror of sin and disease and death and hell seemed to be buried there, at the foot of the Cross. But whilst I continued to gaze, its darkness, its stillness appalled me.

“Then suddenly, the earth seemed to be vocal. I could hear the wail of pain and the cries of the dying, rising from all continents, swelling up from all the cities and hamlets and villages and solitudes, from ten thousand times ten thousand homes where babes in mothers’ arms, and children, lay dying, breaking loving hearts. Oh, how can I tell it? I could hear the cry of the suffering coming up from all the earth, from the millions of beds of weary pain, crying, ‘Oh, Lord, how long, bow long?’ and my heart was broken. I wept bitterly and threw myself down in an agony. Was there no help?

“After a time I arose and looked up again. Now I saw that the Cross was pointing to the Milky Way, that glorious ladder of light, which spans our Southern Sky, where galaxy after galaxy of starry glory led upward to the ‘sweet Pleiades’, the ‘Seven Sisters’, where some say is the center of all things, around which all suns and systems revolve. Be that as it may, as I looked, the ‘sweet influences’ of the Pleiades of which Job sings, stole over me. I thought perhaps the Throne of God is there; but the pathway to it is from the Cross.

“And as I looked I knew that I, too, had to carry the Cross of Christ from land to land, and bid a sin-stricken and disease-smitten world to see that the Christ Who died on Calvary had made ATONEMENT FOR SICKNESS AS WELL AS FOR SIN, AND THAT WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED. I knew that I would never reach the abode of peace except by taking up that Cross and following Him in a life of still more complete denial of self.

“And so the comfort of that peace came to my broken heart that night; and although the cry of the sorrowing and the dying is ever with me, and again and again breaks my heart... yea, a thousand times.... yet I have learned that it is only a man with a broken heart that can carry on this ministry. A broken heart that feels the weight of human sorrow, sin and sickness. I can smile. I laugh. Yet were I to try to speak as I feel, I think I would never speak at all. But God sends joy, and His joy is my strength.

“But the night passed, and as I entered my Australian home in the first hour of the glorious light of day, the stars faded out of the sky, the lesson that I had learned

was with me, and I knew that it was right to leave that lovely Australian land, and go forth on a pilgrimage carrying leaves of healing from the

Tree of Life to every nation I could reach.”

Late in the year 1887, Dr. Dowie resolved that in the spring, he would begin such a tour, intending to stop for a few weeks in New Zealand and then to sail for San Francisco, California. Dr. Dowie has left us a vivid account of his final days in Australia and his parting from the church in Melbourne:

“It seems fitting that this record of our present and future work should have, for a link with our past work for the Lord, some account of the closing scenes of our nearly sixteen years of ministry in Australia. Therefore I will refer to our farewell meetings in THE FREE CHRISTIAN TABERNACLE in Fitzroy, Melbourne. It was no little grief to part from the dear people whose love and loyalty to me had stood the severest tests which Satan could devise. But their love to God stood the strain of my resignation in November, 1887, although they requested that I should not retire for three months. Accordingly, I yielded to their wish, and my resignation, although accepted, was arranged not to take effect until February 19, 1888, on which date I announced I would preach my farewell sermons.

“The last few days were largely spent in all the many duties and toils inseparable from the private affairs of this life, in disposing of our few worldly goods, ‘in doing things honestly in the sight of men,’ and in preparing our little pilgrim band of five for our long journeys and voyages. I may be permitted here to say that our two little ones accompanied us on our travels, my son aged 11 years, and my daughter aged 7. We felt it would be quite impossible to leave them behind us, believing the beautiful words of Joseph (Gen. 50:21), find a sweet fulfillment in Jesus, and are His words to us—‘Now therefore fear not: I will nourish you and your little ones.’

“On midday on Saturday, March 3rd, we went on board the MARANOA, lying at Queen’s Wharf, on the River Yarra, in the heart of the city where we had been so tried and so blessed. Some hundreds of our friends ‘accompanied us to the ship’ where we had a precious time of prayer and praise; and so amidst hymns and tears and blessings from grateful hearts we sailed away down the river and the bay, away out into the ocean hearing the words, floating on the waters, of our sweet singers as we left the shore:

‘Beyond the swelling floods

We’ll meet to part no more.’

“In two days we arrived safely in one of the loveliest of all the earthly heavens I have ever seen—the beautiful harbor of Sydney.

The voyage had been very stormy until the morning of our arrival, but when the sun rose upon the giant cliffs of George's Head, a gentle breeze was beating over the fair face of the deep blue waters, and scenes of entrancing beauty burst upon our gaze, as we sailed onward close to the shores of the charming Illawarra country. Onward we sailed past villages and towns which found fitting place in the ever-changing panorama. Passing the southern suburbs of Sydney itself, we sailed close under the high rocky steeps which front the ocean, and hide the great city beyond them. Then onward to the Heads which open out that wondrous channel, a narrow gateway of divine grandeur, into a harbor of surpassing loveliness stretching away north, west, and south. And how wondrous the effects of sun and sea upon these scenes of beauty which unfold as we pass onward. But now the city flashes forth from every height, crowned to its summits with houses, the homes and business places of hundreds of thousands of busy men and women. A great commercial city is before us, where a hundred years ago, the silence of nature reigned, save for the cries of a few savage, aboriginal tribes — a wondrous transformation."

Leaving Australia, the family made their way to New Zealand, where Dr. Dowie labored several weeks in the interests of extending the ministry of Divine healing. Then as had been planned, they set sail for America, where on June 7, 1888, the family arrived, little realizing the tremendous impact the Divine healing ministry was to have upon that country before many months had passed.

Regarding the years he had spent laboring in Australia, Dr. Dowie wrote the following lines with which we conclude the chapter:

"It is worth all the toil and trial and ten thousand times more, to have the real and unmistakable experiences of the years now passing by, so full of confidence, and so full of hope and love do they make my life, giving me the needed grace for trial and toils and victories yet to come. The sense of all this being a kind of preparatory school, is one that increases steadily in my heart as the years go by. They whiten my hair, and put new furrows in my face, but my heart grows younger and my faith is stronger and simpler, my hope is brighter, and above all, my love is purer. Life has fewer real perplexities, and the solution of human difficulties is so clearly to be found in Christ alone that I have no other thought than just to get to know what He said, and did, and willed, and that is my path, and that alone for me. I never did have any faith in what Tennyson calls 'honest doubt', for I have always felt that to doubt our Lord Jesus Christ for a moment was a mean and dishonest thing, and now I never give it any quarter."

CHAPTER 14: THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

ON June 7, 1888, John Alexander Dowie passed through the Golden Gate at San Francisco, California. He registered at the Palace Hotel, and looked to God to lead him in his plans for preaching the gospel in America. At that time he had only seventy-five dollars in his purse. Reporters looking for a story, heard of his coming and featured something of his work in the local newspapers. Soon the carriages of the wealthy from Oakland and Berkeley, crossed the bay on ferries, and rolled up Market Street to the Palace Hotel. Before long, people were coming from all parts of California, to have an interview and to be healed of the man from Australia.

Dr. Dowie was troubled. Large numbers of fine ladies, some from the circle of “the Four Hundred,” were coming to see him. The preacher was blunt with them. He asked them if they had given up their sins and follies. He told them to get salvation and then they could talk about healing. They went off to say that Dr. Dowie “was one of the most attractive of men up to a certain point and then he was a terror.” Yet others continued to come. From early morning throughout the day, the corridors of the Palace Hotel would be filled with people waiting for an interview.

Yet he prayed for not one, until an old woman from Sacramento came to the hotel. Dr. Dowie tells what happened:

“One morning I had been working with these godless Christian Scientists, and church members, and fine-feathered birds with polluted hearts, and I was tired. It was three o’clock before I could get away. At last I sent a message to my secretary, ‘Clear the corridor. I will see no more until Mrs. Dowie gets some food.’ She was fainting with weariness.

“As I passed along I saw an old woman, with a long white crutch made of pine, common as you could make it. I looked at her face— it was seamed with care, and everywhere there were wrinkles. A bright looking girl was by her side. As I passed along, they said nothing. They had asked permission to be allowed to wait, and my secretary had permitted it. As I passed, however, there was something in the eye of that old woman that went to my heart.

“It was a spirit looking out of the windows of a house of suffering. I could not go to lunch. I came back and stood in front of her, asking, ‘Mother, were you waiting to see me?’ She answered, ‘Thee be the doctor. I know thee be.’ ‘How did you know, mother?’ She replied, ‘I knew it by the kind eye looking at me.’ I said, ‘Mother, come in.’ She was poor— oh, so poor.

She had to borrow the money to come from Sacramento to San Francisco, and it was only a dollar fare or so.

“After a few words of prayer, I found she was a most interesting character. She was a tall, gaunt-visaged, weird looking person, abrupt in manner, without imagination, conscious of her ignorance, and doubtful of her standing in Christ. She presented a most peculiar study as the conversation proceeded. She said, ‘Doctor, I am a hard case; my husband is a much harder case; we are very poor, and I am very ignorant; he read about you yesterday in Sacramento, the capital of this State, about 100 miles from this city. He said, “That is the old-time religion, or else it is all a lie; go down and see if the doctor is what they say he is, and if he is, you will come back cured.”’

‘I stared at him in astonishment, for he was not a Christian man, nor given to believe in such things. But he was very pressing, and said, “Go!” So I have come.’

“‘But are you a Christian?’ I asked. ‘I don’t know,’ she replied. ‘I want to know; I do not believe in saying I am, unless I am sure.’ And then in a few minutes she burst out, ‘Oh, doctor, I want to be sure of salvation; you do not know how ignorant I am; I can’t read or write; I don’t know a B from a bull’s foot; I am poor white trash; do you know what that means?’

“I said, ‘Yes, you were born in the South, were you not?’ She answered, ‘Yes, they talk of slaves—black slaves—but I have been a white-skinned slave all my life, and I am a slave now as regards work. They sent me out when I was only four years old to gather sticks in the woods; I was beaten, half starved and cruelly treated by a drunken step-father; I grew up ignorant. I do not know how to talk even now to such a gentleman as you. Oh, tell me how can I be sure of salvation.’

“I was deeply moved, for she was speaking with a natural, or perhaps I should say, a supernatural eloquence that was irresistible. I gladly responded to her cry, and it was not long before I had the joy of seeing her led into a simple trust in Christ as her Savior. The Holy Spirit had already wrought in her conviction of sin and a fervent love for Christ the Righteous, and she was ready to yield her heart to Him. I realized that Satan was condemned, and she was set free. She looked at me with tears in her stony face, and when I asked, ‘Now will you just trust Jesus as your Healer?’ she again replied, ‘Show me how.’ I said, ‘If Jesus were to enter this room now and present Himself to you, would you ask Him to heal you, believing that He would?’

“‘Oh, yes, Doctor,’ she said, ‘and I believe He would.’ ‘Then,’ I replied, ‘He is present.’ She looked around. I said, ‘Invisibly present, for He has said, “Lo, I am with you always.” If that is true, He is here now in spirit and in power.’

“ ‘Doctor,’ she said, ‘I believe He is.’ Without another word, I knelt at her feet and asked her to put the diseased foot in my hand; I prayed that God would use me by the Holy Spirit in Jesus’ name, and for His sake, in her healing. When I had finished praying, I looked up and saw that she was crying softly. I think my attitude at her feet had deeply touched her; but she was looking upward lost in reverent prayer. I rose and said, ‘In Jesus’ name, rise and walk!’ She looked for the crutch, which I had placed beyond her reach. I repeated the words, ‘In Jesus’ name, rise and walk!’ She arose, and walked several times across the room.

“I said, ‘You are healed.’ She could not speak for emotion, which she tried hard to restrain, but at last gave way, and falling on Mrs. Dowie’s neck, kissed her warmly, and also embraced her daughter, whom she had told me she had not kissed for many years. It was a very affecting scene. The daughter was a backslider, but ere she left the room she was restored to God. As they were going away, I said the old lady, ‘You have left something which belongs to you. She asked, ‘What?’ I said, ‘Your crutch.’ ‘Oh,’ she answered, ‘I don’t need it any more; I am healed.’ I inquired, ‘What do you intend to with it then?’ holding it in my hand. She said, ‘Oh, Doctor, if you would like to take it, I will leave it with you.’ I answered, ‘Very well, put it in the corner.’ And in the corner it was placed, and she walked more than eight blocks to her daughter’s house.

“In two days, on Monday, the 19th of June, she came back rejoicing, saying she had walked about quite well. She told me that she had not for two and a half years rested upon that foot without a crutch, and that for ten months, she thought she had not slept ‘one solid hour.’ I asked her how she slept now, and she said, ‘Like a baby.’ And then she told me she was going home. I asked ‘What are you going to do when you get home?’

“‘I will tell all,’ she said, ‘that Jesus saved and healed even me.

John Alexander Dowie now entered into an intensive series of healing campaigns that took him up and down the Pacific Coast. He held a mission in a Presbyterian Church at Oakland, California, and during that time, among other healings, was the remarkable miracle of Mrs. Delilah King—a woman who had suffered from a chronic cancer, which had eaten into the larynx of her throat, and who had been given up by the doctors to die. When prayer was for her by John Alexander Dowie, the cancer disappeared. Mrs. King at that time was sixty-nine years of age, but she lived on for thirty-four years more as a monument of God’s miraculous healing and keeping power. When she passed away, long after the death of John Alexander Dowie, she was nearly one hundred and four years of age. The validity of her testimony never was challenged or questioned, though it was printed and circulated throughout the world.

In San Jose, Los Angeles, and San Diego, Dr. Dowie went with the ministry of deliverance for body and soul. Great enthusiasm was aroused

by his message, and large crowds attended his services. However, the large audiences excited the envy of ecclesiastical authorities and a persecution began to rise against him. Persecution never daunted Dowie, and his work went forward at an increased pace. Not all church authorities immediately opposed him, and the Congregational Assembly requested him to address their ministers, which he did, and was given a very sympathetic hearing.

The following year, Dr. Dowie held a series of campaigns in the Northwest, including Victoria, Seattle, and Portland. Later he went East traveling through many states and cities, until at last, in the summer of 1890, he made his home in Evanston, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. He was bitterly attacked by the Chicago newspapers which declared he was an imposter, and that he was not wanted in the city of Chicago. Dr. Dowie, who by this time, was a veteran in the art of facing opposition, was not seriously disturbed by these reports.

CHAPTER 15: DOWIE VISITS THE FALSE CHRIST

SHORTLY after Dr. Dowie arrived from Australia in 1888, he heard that a man by the name of Jacob Schweinfurth had allowed himself to be proclaimed the Christ, and that his appearance on the scene was none other than the Second Advent of the Savior. He also learned that Schweinfurth had set up what he called a “heaven- on-earth” on a farm six miles south of Rockford, Illinois. Dr. Dowie determined that when opportunity should offer, he would investigate the claims of this false Christ. On July 29, 1889, while he was in Chicago, he with several companions left for Rockford, arriving there about noon, after which they drove out to the so-called “Schweinfurth Heaven”.

Upon arriving at the farm, Dowie made inquiry whether it would be agreeable with Schweinfurth to have an interview with him. He was invited into the house and introduced to Mr. Schweinfurth. Dowie described the man as being short in stature, of slender build, with hair almost fiery red, a short clipped beard, a mustache, and whiskers. His face was small, his eye dull and seemingly without expression even when “most animated.” A conversation followed the introduction, which continued without intermission for two hours and a half.

The interview had been opened by Schweinfurth asking Dowie his opinions concerning the conditions of the church throughout the world. After answering his questions, Dr. Dowie then took the questioner’s place and held the conversation from that time. It was evident that the false Christ realized that the opening remarks were only preparatory fencing and he was watching Dowie to see how he would open to matters more grave connected with his astounding claims. Schweinfurth showed no eagerness to discuss these claims until the subject was forced upon him.

Dr. Dowie then plunged into an intense and pointed conversation with Schweinfurth which he observed soon broke up the man’s “cool restraint.” As the latter wiped the sweat from his brow, it was evident that the conversation was noticeably affecting his alleged habitual composure, and “the tell-tale blood that flowed to his face showed that he had been hard hit.” Accurate notes were taken down of the following dialogue that ensued.

Mr. .Dowie: You will now pardon me, Mr. Schweinfurth, if I at once ask you to enter upon the subject of yourself and your claims, and the public declaration of which, has caused me to make this visit to you today.

Mr. Schweinfurth: Certainly Doctor, I am willing that you should ask me

any questions that you please.

Dowie: Is it true that you claim to be the incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Eternal Word which became flesh and dwelt on earth nineteen centuries ago, Whose life is recorded in the four gospels, Who died on the cross, rose from the dead, and re-ascended into the heavens? Do you declare that you are the Christ Who came to the earth, and that who I am speaking to is He? (While Dowie uttered these words with great solemnity and fastened his eyes upon him, Schweinfurth drew himself together in almost fear, it seemed. Rapidly collecting himself, but yet with great effort, he paused for a few brief seconds before he answered.)

Schweinfurth: I am he. (For fully half a minute Dowie looked at him and then said:

Dowie: Then if you are the Christ, you must also claim, as the Second Person of the Godhead, that in you dwells all the fullness of the Godhead, bodily, and you are the incarnation of the Eternal Father and the Eternal Spirit?

Schweinfurth: I do.

Dowie: Then as Christ, you ought to know more about me than I know about myself.

Schweinfurth: Perhaps I do.

Dowie: Very well. Now tell me where I was born, what my life has been, where I have labored, my age, the name of my wife. In short, prove to me your knowledge of my outward life, and I will ask you about my inward and spiritual life.

(At this point, a Mrs. Tuttle, who had been the one who had first proclaimed the false Christ, who had been sitting very uneasily fanning herself, and observing the sweat which had broken out upon the false Christ's brow, interposed.)

Mrs. Tuttle: O Doctor Dowie, you entirely misunderstand. The Christ never witnessed for himself. He never proclaimed himself. I (she said, drawing herself proudly and pointing to him patronizingly) proclaimed him to be the Christ. He knew it not, but I proclaimed him, for God revealed it unto me.

(This interruption had given Mr. Schweinfurth time to recover himself from Dr. Dowie's rapidly and earnestly asked string of questions, to none of which he ever ventured an answer and with an affected calm and an assumption of dignity, he said with diabolical coolness:)

Schweinfurth: I witness not for myself and no man can come unto me except the Father draw him.

Dowie: Yes, you are quoting the words of Christ, but you must remember that He manifested His divinity by His words and works, and appealed to both as justifying His claims. Now, by what words or works do you justify your claims to divinity?

Schweinfurth: (With almost ludicrous solemnity) I am He.

Dowie: Well Mr. Schweinfurt, if you are He and you are the Eternal God manifest in the flesh, you will have no difficulty whatever in satisfying me as to your claims if you can only present me some adequate proofs—I will leave you to decide of what nature these shall be—only let them be manifestly divine.

Schweinfurth: I witness not of myself.

Dowie: O, that is utter nonsense. Christ manifested Himself before and after His resurrection by many infallible proofs He changed water into wine; He miraculously increased the loaves and the fishes, and fed the multitude; He calmed the stormy sea and conquered the winds and the waves; He healed the sick of every kind. He raised the dead and even made His enemies to say, “Never man spake like this man.”

Schweinfurth: (Sneeringly) Ha, Ha, you are in the kindergarten stage of your conception of Christ. Healings and such things as you speak of are of small account to me. These are the kindergarten methods. Now there is a higher.

Dowie: Suppose it to be so; then show me the higher. I have asked you questions concerning my external life, and you admit your limited knowledge by your inability to answer them. Speaking freely, do you not admit that you are a man of limited knowledge?

Schweinfurt: I admit that there are limits to my knowledge.

Dowie: That fact at once proves you are not the Christ “in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge”, to whom “all power is given in heaven and on earth”, and “no creature is hidden from his sight.”

Schweinfurth: You do not understand.

Mrs. Tuttle: He knew it not; I proclaimed him to be the Christ.

Dowie: But if you are the Christ, you must know me from a child. If you were the Christ, I should say to your face: ‘You know that I have loved You. You know that every day, despite my short-comings, my thoughts have been of Thee, O Christ. You know that I have consecrated my life to

Thee, and have proclaimed this Gospel to multitudes and in Thy name have laid hands on sixteen thousand sick persons.' But you do not know me, and I say to your face you do not. I must either believe on you as my Lord and God or proclaim you as an imposter and a liar, and diabolical representation - not of Christ but of some cruel devil who is deluding not a few to deep depths of shame and misery here and to destruction hereafter.

The rapidly and earnestly delivered appeal by Dr. Dowie caused the false Christ great uneasiness. The minister drew his chair closer to him and he spoke his words with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon the man. Mrs. Tuttle, seeing that Schweinfurth was greatly disconcerted, rushed to the rescue, and declared that Dr. Dowie did not understand. Dowie replied by asking her to make him to understand, and said, "If you have knowledge that enabled you to reveal the Christ, and he has the knowledge, he will not be perturbed by these questions and observations. Dowie then asked her if she were not the wife of a Congregational minister, to which he received the reply, "I was."

The fact was that Mrs. Tuttle had left her husband and had taken up with Schweinfurth. The party noted that there were two children in the home that bore a remarkable likeness to the false Christ, and there were several more born recently in the home, whom the mothers (there were several women in the home) blasphemously called "the offspring of the Holy Ghost."

Dr. Dowie continued to deliver a rapid fire of questions which greatly disconcerted the man who sat before him. It was soon found that the one who said he was Christ knew nothing of the Greek or Hebrew or original tongues from which the Scriptures were translated. His quotations of the Scriptures were often incorrect. By this time it was apparent to those in the home, that on the basis of wisdom and knowledge, they were conscious that they had failed to make any impression whatever. Mrs. Tuttle then burst out in a long rapturous testimony that Mr. Schweinfurth was the Christ and that nothing that Dr. Dowie might say would in the slightest degree shake the faith of their people in him. (At this point we resume a portion of the dialogue.)

Dowie: Who are his people?

Mrs. Tuttle: The church militant.

Schweinfurth: Oh!

Mrs. Tuttle: Oh I forgot; I should have said the church triumphant.

Dowie: (Laughingly) O you don't seem to be agreed. How many members do you suppose you have in the church triumphant?

Schweinfurth: I cannot tell.

Dowie: But “the Lord knows them that are His.” You ought to be able to tell if you are the Christ. It seems strange to me indeed, to hear a man pronouncing himself the Eternal God, who ought to know all those who serve him truly, unable to tell the number, seeing that “the very hairs of our head” could all be numbered in a moment of time by Him and there are no limits to His knowledge.

By this time the false Christ was much discomposed and Dowie hastened on with his questions as he saw that the interview might suddenly be brought to a close without giving him the opportunity of closing it as he deemed best. Some of Dr. Dowie’s party gave testimony to their being marvelously healed, and he asked Schweinfurth why he called Divine healing “the kindergarten stage.”

Mrs. Tuttle: You do not understand. Mr. Schweinfurth has power, but he does not exercise it. It would be needful for you to listen to his teaching.

Dowie: I think now we have come to the end of this, and it becomes my duty as a minister of the Gospel, to warn you faithfully, and to declare my convictions of your claims.

Schweinfurth: Oh it does not matter what you say. It will not affect anything.

Dowie: It will free my conscience of all guilt concerning you, and it is my duty. In the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I now warn you to repent of your great wickedness in making such blasphemous claims, and in pursuing a course of deceptions and demoralization, deluding many others and preparing for them harvests of bitter shame and misery. I declare that you are not the Christ, but a blasphemer and a deceiver, and that through your sinfulness you have become completely controlled by Satan, and are now given over to a strong delusion to believe a lie— if indeed you believe what you assert.

Mrs. Tuttle: Dr. Dowie, take care what you say. He is the Christ; he is the Christ.

Schweinfurth (Who by this diversion had been enabled to recover himself) I dreamed of you, Doctor, last night, and that you sat there and said just the words that you have spoken, and that I said, “You lie.”

Dowie: Is it needful for the Christ to dream? And if you dreamed that I was here and said these words, how came it that you manifested so much surprise when you knew my name, and did not recognize me at all?

Schweinfurth: (In apparent confusion) Oh, the dream has only just come

to me.

Dowie: You remind me of Mohammed and other false prophets who used to get revelations on the spot and had dreams convenient for all emergencies.

Schweinfurth: You shall answer for your denunciations of me before the judgment seat of God.

Dowie: I will gladly do so and thank God as I stand before the judgment seat of Christ that He permitted me to denounce you as an impostor and deceiver.

Schweinfurth: You will repent of all that you have said.

Dowie: I shall never repent for having done my duty, and I have only a few more words to add in closing this interview. They are these: I am glad that I have come and glad that I have seen you and for these two hours and a half have spoken with you. I had thought before I came that you might be an exceedingly dangerous man, but I have no fear that you will be able to affect much, and I venture to prophecy in the Name of the Lord that you will wither away.

(With these words Dr. Dowie rose to his feet and all in the room followed his example.)

Mrs. Tuttle: You will need to repent, Dr. Dowie, for having said such dreadful things.

Dowie: I have said my last words and will say no more except to thank you for giving me this interview and the opportunity of doing my duty. I have no other feeling than one of intense desire that you should repent of your great sin, and shall be glad to have you call upon me, should you be in Chicago or its neighborhood. I shall be glad to give you an interview at any time in my home in Evanston.

(With these words, Dr. Dowie grasped the hand of the false Christ, bowed to the lady and retired.)

CHAPTER 16: DR. DOWIE GOES TO CHICAGO

IT had been the original intention of John Alexander Dowie to go on to England after he had concluded a series of healing missions in America. However, as it turned out, circumstances developed that altered his plans. He was delivering the concluding address at a Divine healing convention in Chicago, Illinois, on August 7, 1890, when a lady present in the congregation made a request that he pray for Mrs. Jennie Paddock, a lady who was lying at home suffering from a fibroid tumor—the doctors having abandoned the case because mortification had set in.

John Alexander Dowie took this as a test of whether he should begin a work in Chicago. He prayed for the dying woman; she was instantly healed and lived many years. The tumor, according to the description of a doctor, was almost as large as a cocoanut. It had grown fast to the blood vessels, and the spine, and protruded into her stomach so that she was unable to take food. The healing was so remarkable that a complete account of it appeared in several of the Chicago newspapers.

Dr. Dowie continued to fulfill engagements for healing missions in various parts of the country. But from that time, he considered the possibility of making Chicago, America's second city, his headquarters. Plans were under way at that time to have the World's Fair there. Dowie felt that with the opening of the Fair, and with people coming from all over the world, it would be an auspicious time to begin a permanent work in that city. With this in mind, he built a small tabernacle not far from the gates of the Fair, opposite the camp of Buffalo Bill. The opening service in the new building was held May 7, 1893. However, the response to his first endeavors in the tabernacle for which he had set high hopes, was rather disheartening. People hurried by, and gave only a casual glance at what was sarcastically referred to as "The Little Wooden Hut". Some years later Dr. Dowie from his pulpit recalled the story of his early beginnings in Chicago:

"At the World's Fair gate in 1893 we built our despised 'little wooden hut.' If anybody noticed it, they simply noticed it with supreme contempt and passed on through the gates into Vanity Fair.

"The world passed on, and the church passed on, for the church was robed with the world and had not time to stop and pray. I know of many contemptuous things that were said from day to day as people saw a flag with the words, 'Christ Is All' floating over our humble 'little wooden hut.'

"But there were some that looked, and there were some that stepped in,

and there were some that listened. They were very few, however.

“The year passed on, and the Fair closed amidst horror, and blood, and ruin, financial and moral on every side. It was followed by that terrible crash which brought to beggary millions of people.

“In the midst of great national disaster, Zion was planted. We held on through that dark winter, the whole neighborhood of the World’s Fair being forsaken as if it were an accursed place; the people wanted to get away from it.

“As the winter of 1893-4 went on, our little tabernacle small as it was, was too large for the small audiences. We had to retire into a small back room and hold on during the first part of the winter. We were only a score or two of people. I have preached to four. I have preached to ten. But I held on. I used to say to myself, ‘Well, now, after all, is this a right expenditure? You used to preach sometimes to 20,000 people in the open air in Australia. Whenever you leave this city you get large audiences in any city of Canada and the East.’ But I said, ‘No. God put me here.’ And that was the first of the series of tabernacles, each larger than the one before.

“People who passed in the train in that dark terrible winter who saw the words, ‘Zion Tabernacle,’ thought perhaps that it was shut up, abandoned like all the rest; but there was not a day in which there was not a service, not one; and scarcely a night in which it was not opened.

“The winter passed on, and ere it was through, the break came. The mighty power of God descended upon us. One after another people were brought from long distances and were wonderfully healed. We moved back into the main part of the tabernacle again. And as many of you know, it was overflowed from the beginning. Long before we opened the meetings the aisles in the tabernacle would be crowded. For months people stood in snow or sat on improvised seats and stood where they could hear if they could not see. God blessed and the revival of His work has been going on from that hour to this.”

As it was in Australia, so it was in America, the ministry of healing and miracles was the key by which Dr. Dowie was able to secure an open door to the city of Chicago and to break through the hard crust of social indifference and apathy to the Gospel message. As soon as it was noised around that miracles were occurring, the crowds began to come.

As one reads through the early volumes of the old LEAVES OF HEALING, he sees in panorama the documentation of a vast number of the most remarkable and amazing miracles of healing. The news of these healings passed from mouth to mouth throughout the great city of Chicago. Moreover, through the LEAVES OF HEALING which began

publication at that time, the reports were carried out to the world, and people began to come from great distances to be healed.

However, the city newspapers were incredulous of the reports of miracles occurring and began a systematic campaign of derision and opposition. In the persecution which followed, the newspapers were joined by a formidable list of allies which included ministers, members of the medical profession, as well as those of the tobacco and liquor interests, the latter of whom Dowie always handled roughly. Near the end of the year 1894, there was a succession of announcements in the CHICAGO TRIBUNE that the State Board of Health was preparing to investigate Dr. Dowie because, so they claimed, he was “practicing medicine without a license”.

The truth was that because of the rapidly growing interest in Dr. Dowie’s ministry of healing, both the ministers of the city and medical fraternity were becoming alarmed. From several sources pressure was being put upon authorities to throttle this outspoken preacher who they considered was nothing but a nuisance and a “trouble maker”. However, officials hesitated to attempt such action, for, as they knew, the American Constitution recognizes the inherent right of anyone who chooses, to preach the Gospel and carry on religious services without interference from the law. But the enemies of Dowie, in probing about for a pretext by which they could invoke the intervention of the law thought they had discovered a vulnerable point when he began the operation of Healing Homes.

Hundreds of people had been coming into the city to be ministered to for healing and often they had experienced difficulty in finding a convenient place to lodge. Therefore, in meeting a need that seemed to have developed, Dr. Dowie leased and furnished several large rooming houses to be used as Healing Homes, where the people could secure their meals and lodgings at a nominal charge, receive spiritual encouragement, and be conveniently located to the evening services. Of course, no medical treatment of any kind was given. It was against these Homes that the newspapers thought that they had found a fair target, and each seemed to outdo the other in their persistent and derisive attacks against them. No particular attention to the truth appears to have been considered and the reporters who wrote the articles, in describing the alleged objectionable and “unlawful” features of the Homes, drew liberally of their imagination. Below we give a typical example of their writings, this report appearing in the CHICAGO DISPATCH:

DR. DOWIE’S LUNATIC ASYLUM

“In connection with the homes of Dr. Dowie, according to his own admission, is a private lunatic asylum where gibbering idiots are confined and from whose keeping Dowie derives a handsome revenue.

He solicits this class, and at present a score of patients pass the weary hours before the bars of this chamber of horrors. When their friends' nicety gives out, the unfortunates are thrown into streets to wander at will, to court their own destruction, and jeopardize the lives of the citizens.

"The citizens are wild and their rage increases as fresh villainies are exposed. The neighbors are active in assisting the police and reporters in their work, and were instrumental in giving publicity to one of the most obnoxious features of the case. A delegation visited the City Board of Health, and made the following kick: Dowie's homes are a haven for low prostitutes from the avenues of sin. Dowie uses them to advantage at the home, and then sends them out into the country as proselytes to recruit victims, giving them a certain per cent of the swag. Now we know this to be a fact, and are willing to swear that numerous women of lost reputation have made Dowie's home as their home, not as converts but as accomplices.... (one) woman Dowie presented as a pure country girl, was one of the most unblushing Cyprians who ever added their charms to the coterie of girls in the house of a well-known Dearborn Street madam. It is these women who flock along Edgerton Avenue, brush against the pure wives and daughters of the residents, and contaminate the air with their abandon, that forms the most objectionable feature of Dr. Dowie's aggregation of freaks."

The same newspaper, on December 13, 1895, carried the following account:

"The death record of John Alexander Dowie's hospitals has increased by one. To the long list of persons who have lost either life or reason in the infamous Woodlawn heavens, the name of another victim has been added. The horror usually attending tragedies in the faker's resorts was not lacking in the present case. Dowie, knowing the woman would die, sent her away in the sleet and drizzling rain of Monday night to a cheap hotel where a dance was in progress. There to the strains of 'My Pearl's a Bowery Girl' and 'Daisy Bell' a life went out, sacrificed on the altar of fanaticism and hypocrisy. Mrs. Sarah A. Black was the woman's name. She was well and favorably known in the little suburb of Hermosa as a devout Christian.

"Afflicted with consumption in a mild form, she was naturally anxious that relief should be secured. The anxiety was shared by her daughter. The couple heard of Dowie and attended one of his Sunday afternoon matinees. The testimony of the women proselytes was accepted as gospel. The visitors' innocence was such that they could not imagine it possible that even a convicted law breaker and ex-convict would prostitute religion for his own gain and call to his aid purchased testimony to support him.

“Both parties became inmates of the death houses. Deprived of the nourishment necessary, chilled to the bone by the cruel blasts that blew in from old Lake Michigan and whistled through the Edgerton Avenue dens, the mother grew rapidly worse. Monday, her condition was such that concealment from the daughter was no longer possible. She was dying. The bogus Christ said she had not sufficient faith. The police say she had not sufficient care.

“Dowie is wise. Dowie is foxy. Death has no terrors for Dowie if he has secured the dying person’s money. But Dowie’s wisdom and foxiness tells him that death must not occur at his homes. The patient must be thrown out, bundled away, for all are not imbeciles and there are those who are sufficiently worldly-wise to penetrate the mask of religion and see the criminal behind.

“On Monday, December 10, 1895, Mrs. Sarah Black was sent from the ‘home’ through the sleet and blinding snow, through the mud and the slush of the streets, to Hotel Lenora. A dance was in progress, and to the strains of concert hall songs, and coarse jests of the dancers, the woman died.

“The body of Mrs. Black was taken to the home of the daughter at 893 North Lincoln Street. By a strange coincidence the undertaker’s wagon passed along Edgerton Avenue. Through the windows of Home No. 1, the shining pate and flowing beard of the prince of hypocrites could be seen. He was exhorting other victims to pay him money, to add to that of the poor occupant of the passing hearse.”

Dr. Dowie read this article before his congregation on the following Sunday, and then called the husband of the deceased to the platform. The latter testified that Mrs. Black had never been inside one of Dr. Dowie’s homes, and he denounced the whole article as an infamous lie.

All such reports as these were, of course, made out of whole cloth and without a shred of foundation in truth, but had been conjured by the agile minds of reporters, who, believing that Dowie was fair game, and incapable of defending himself against the overwhelming opposition, supposed the concocting of such fanciful tales would make zestful reading for their subscribers and increase sales at the newsstands.

But the leaders of the opposition stung by Dr. Dowie’s sharp castigations realized that words alone were having no effect in getting him out of town, nor in diminishing the size of his audiences. They increased pressure upon the State Board of Health to make a charge against him that he was “practicing medicine without a license”—a charge which, of course, was obviously untrue, since Dr. Dowie would have been the last person in the world to have introduced medicine into his Homes. The threatening storm of persecution which was to rival anything of its kind

in America since the days of the prosecution of the “Salem witches”, was now ready to break. But if Dr. Dowie made any attempt to avert it by toning down his preaching, or deviating one iota from his course of action, it was undetectable to friend or foe. Certainly it is possible that had those of the opposition known the grim determination of the one who was the object of their persecution, as they were to know it a year later, they would have called off their campaign then and there, and that gladly.

CHAPTER 17: THE RISING STORM IN CHICAGO

JOHN Alexander Dowie was fully aware of the opposition that was rising against him, and of its extent and seriousness. A more diplomatic man would have sought some way to soften the blow. But persecution rather than intimidating him, had the peculiar effect of bringing into vigorous action his great variety of talents and resourcefulness. His reaction to what was taking place is shown in his editorial in *LEAVES OF HEALING*, January 18, 1895:

“We expected stormy times and they have come. We have no right to complain nor to be surprised. We sought the conflict with the powers of hell and we have found it. The hellish forces in Chicago are arrayed against us. The devil honors us by howling in his pain.

“Thousands upon thousands of sinners have been convicted of sin in Zion Tabernacle, and have been openly repenting, confessing and forsaking the filthy pleasures of sin. But the devil missed them, and so do the saloon-keepers, the drunkard manufacturers. So do also the ‘stink-pot makers’, the tobacco vendors. So also do the theaters, the dance rooms, the secret society haunts, and the gambling hells and places of shame. The card table knows them no more in the drawing rooms, and they have no time, taste, nor money for operas, concerts and lustful music. Hymnbooks have taken the place of the dance and the sentimental music. Homes are happy, children are loved, and neglected wives grow young and beautiful again to eyes once bleared with drink and smoke. Howl on ye fiends in every form—your anguish is our joy, and your despair our hope for the captives yet in your dungeons of death.

“The druggist mourns: for his patent medicines and pills, his plasters and his poisons are in danger of becoming a drug on the market, instead of misery in the stomach of his victims. The doctor mourns his patients, and cannot be comforted, because they are healed and shall seek his face no more forever. Neither the allopath, nor the homeopath, the psychopath, nor the hydropath, nor any of the other well-trodden paths of pain to poverty, misery, and despair, shall see these sufferers any more, for they have found the path of Divine healing.

“Poor doctors, who will comfort them? Poor surgeons, who will comfort them? For their victims are hurling the lancets and the forceps after the poisons and the pills. They have rushed to their comrades of the State Board of Health, they have summoned their henchmen—mercenary lawyers, the policemen, the press, and the pulpit to save them from the wrath to come of a disillusioned people. But it is all in vain. The

beginning of the end has come. Soon ‘the dead must bury their dead’, and the drugged must administer drugs, but those who follow the living Savior, will no longer ‘seek the living among the dead’, nor healing from deadly poisons and murderous knives.”

As has been intimated in the previous chapter, the enemies of Dr. Dowie had hoped that the unfavorable publicity would discredit his activities and compel him to discontinue the operation of his Healing Homes. But to their undisguised disappointment, they soon discovered that their efforts had apparently only advertised his work the more, and that his healing ministry was now drawing respectful attention from an ever-increasing circle of people. At length the opposition prevailed upon the Board of Health to swear out a warrant for his arrest on the charge of illegally “practicing medicine”. Forthwith, Dr. Dowie was arrested early in January, 1895. Appearing before a magistrate, he posted bail after which he was given a summons to appear on the fifteenth of the month before the court of Judge K. Prineville.

Dr. Dowie retained the services of Attorney Anthony Stubblefield. Actually, Mr. Stubblefield, a brilliant lawyer, merely assisted Dowie by keeping him informed of the legal requirements of courtroom procedure. The latter did most of the speaking in his own defense, and his astuteness under cross-examination often gave the appearance of putting the attorneys for the prosecution on the defensive. On the pages which follow, we give the exchange of conversation between Attorney Williams for the state and Dr. Dowie when he took the stand to witness in his own defense. In the LEAVES OF HEALING, Volume I, we have complete records of a number of his court appearances. The following condensed account of his first appearance in court is typical of the many others which followed, during the course of the year 1895.

VERBATIM REPORT OF THE TRIAL OF JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE BEFORE JUSTICE PRINEVILLE IN CHICAGO

MR. WILLIAMS. We claim that the charge against Mr. Dowie is that he is “treating, operating upon people or prescribing for persons who are under physical disability, without license from the State Board of Health.”

MR. DOWIE. We want to know what we are charged with. It is not enough to say that we are guilty of operating or prescribing. We want to know the names of any persons, so that we may be able to deal with specific cases.

Q. What was your business in Australia?

A. My business was the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Q. What classes of persons are received in your Homes?

A. They are many classes. Sometimes doctors are my guests. Doctors! Doctors of medicine! Ministers of the gospel. Lawyers. (I have not had the pleasure of receiving you yet, and I do not know that I could receive you; you do not come within the proper requirements.) Doctors, ministers, lawyers, merchants. I think I have had some judges. I had a general once and his ladies.

Q. A general in name or fact?

A. A general in fact. Persons in all classes of life. Remember, I wish to give you the fullest information.

Q. Do you take any persons that have a contagious disease?

A. No sir, not under any circumstances.

Q. Mr. Dowie isn't it a fact that there are patients that have—

A. We object to the word “patients”. We call them guests.

Q. Oh, guests. Now I know what you mean. Now Dowie, are most of these cases considered by the medical profession incurable?

A. A very large number. They spent all their living upon medicine, and did not get better, only worse.

Q. What arrangements do you make with your guests that come to your Divine Healing Home?

A. Every guest who enters Divine Healing Home No. 1, does so with the distinct understanding that he is to receive no treatment whatever in the medical sense of the term.

Q. Is your treatment confined entirely to Home No. 1?

A. I don't treat at all.

Q. What do you term it?

A. I pray for the sick. I pray to God for the sick in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I object to the word, “treatment.”

Q. I don't know what word to use in its place: I am not so well versed in the English language as you are.

A. I don't want to be personally offensive, simply to say it is a term I very much object to.

Q. Do you pray with any person privately?

A. I never pray with a lady unless Mrs. Dowie is present.

Q. Do you lay hands upon the guests in your treatment ?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Show the court the manner.

A. I have explained to you that I am a minister of the Gospel—

Q. I want you to answer that question. We understand that you are a minister of the Gospel.

A. I understand your question. I will answer it in my own way. Judge, may I answer this question my way?

COURT. Let him answer.

A. As a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ I obey His commands. He said: "These signs shall follow them that believe. In My name they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." I pray for recovery.

Q. You do this for the purpose of curing the person of that disease?

A. No sir. I do not heal anyone. I do it for the purpose of obeying God, Who uses me in the healings.

Q. You do it for the purpose of effecting a cure?

A. Of God effecting a cure. I have never healed anyone, nor claimed that I did.

Q. Dowie, what—

A. Is that the proper way to address me? "Dowie!"

MR. WILLIAMS: I apologize.

MR. DOWIE. It's time you did sir; you have spoken to me in that way several times. You are very rude.

Q. Do you ever pray for anyone for healing who has not professed the doctrine of Divine healing?

A. Certainly not.

Q. If he came and offered you ever so much money would you accept it?

A. If any man came and offered me money to pray for him, I should reject the case at once, and have nothing to do with it. I should consider it a

personal insult to he offered money for healing.

Q. Do you lay hands on these persons with the expectation that the act itself will have any special effect upon them?

A. No sir, and I say that the act itself may be entirely ineffectual, and often use the expression: "If you are not right with God, and are attempting to deceive me and God you will get no blessing."

Q. In your preaching do you preach Jesus Christ and Dowie?

A. No sir, I preach Jesus Christ, and not Dowie. I say Dowie is nothing and Jesus Christ is everything.

Q. Do you receive anything from any person?

A. Free-will offerings are received in the institution and out of it.

Q. They are welcome?

A. Quite welcome. I should be glad to receive a million dollars from you.

Q. You are on the wrong track.

A. I guess I am. You will never get on the right track unless you repent. There is no chance of your getting there until you do.

Q. Do you print your testimonies in the newspapers?

A. No sir. I would not print them in some of the vile papers of this city. I only print them in my own paper.

Q. What is the nature of your evangelistic work ?

A. I preach the gospel of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, and with it the gospel of Divine healing. I also preach true holiness through faith in Jesus Christ.

Q. I will now ask you: Is it a fact that many sermons you preach have no bearing on the doctrine of Divine healing?

A. Yes, for Divine healing does not come first in my ministry. Many people are saved through Divine healing, and our sermons are largely connected with it, but we aim to get the people to give up their sins first of all. If you were there, I should want you to give up tobacco.

Dr. Dowie acting as his own counsel spoke as follows after his prosecutors rested their case:

"The case at this stage ought to be dismissed. There is not a single proof

before the Court that I undertook treatment of any kind, but the contrary. How very strange is it that not one of the thousands that have passed through our Homes has been brought here to testify against us. The State has attempted to prove its case in a most extraordinary manner, out of the mouth of the person it has accused. They placed me as their first witness upon the witness stand. They placed two of my secretaries there, and failing to prove anything by them, they bring a solitary man as a witness, who has nothing really to say against us.

“Every citizen of the United States, and every resident of this country, though a citizen of another country, is protected by the laws of the United States, and has a right to teach and preach and practice all that the Bible permits him to do. Christianity is protected by the common law. Christianity is protected on every side by the law, in Great Britain and America.

As a minister of the gospel, it is not only my privilege, but my duty to preach the whole gospel for Spirit, for soul and for body.

In proclaiming the Gospel I teach that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, forever. I further declare that He is therefore the same Cleanser, the same Keeper, the same Almighty Friend and Benefactor of humanity. I also declare that the ‘prayer of faith shall save the sick’. I also declare that the Scriptures declare that ‘these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover’. I declare that until a man has quit his sins, he cannot be healed; until he has repented of his sins, and made restoration for wrong against his fellow man, and made things right with God. I further declare that repentance toward God must be followed by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that salvation is precedent to healing. I persistently and continually refuse to see persons, no matter how much money they offer me, who are not saved. I always say to persons like the learned counsel here, chewing and spitting it out on the floor, ‘you are sinning by defiling your bodies’. I call them ‘stinkpots’. I say to them that you may call yourself a Christian; but you do not smell like one. You have no right to ask me to ask God to heal you, whilst you are creating disease by your bad practices.

“We are commanded to anoint the sick in the name of the Lord. (James 5:14-15) Many have been healed by my touch. I do not allow the word ‘treat’ to be used. If I wanted to treat, I should say that I treated; but simply object to the word and I have objected not only now, but at all times and under all circumstances for twenty years. I have simply prayed with the sick as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If the Lord Jesus Christ should appear in Chicago today laying hands on the sick as He did nineteen centuries ago, He could be indicted and brought before the court and charged with violation of the State Board of Health Act. This is the

first time in all my ministry that I have ever been charged with violating any medical practice act.”

Judge Prineville was patently hostile to Dr. Dowie, and the issue was foreseen from the beginning. The judge rendered a decision on the fifth day of the trial which called for a hundred dollar fine in favor of the plaintiff. Dr. Dowie refused to pay, and Attorney Williams presented an order committing him to prison. An appeal was made to the County Court and the defendant gave a bond for two hundred dollars. The case of the State Board of Health against Mrs. Jeanie Dowie was then called. Dr. Dowie demanded a change of venue and got it. In his LEAVES OF HEALING, he had this to say concerning the attempt to prosecute his wife:

“Truly the vendors of poison and pills, and the hordes of surgical butchers in Chicago are proving their cowardice in a very significant manner when they want to fine or imprison a Christian lady for praying for the sick in the name of Jesus. Where are the human serpents who are lower than the beasts if they are not to be found in the skins of these degenerate creatures? Where are your mothers, your wives, your daughters, that do not shame you from your task of persecuting a noble and devoted wife and mother, who has devoted her life to the cause of Christ, and the succoring of the poor and the sick, the sinful and the sorrowing? Call off, for shame’s sake, the legal curs whom ye have employed to drive her into the courts and to the prison!”

As it turned out, the case against Mrs. Dowie was dropped, the prosecutor simply failing to appear when it was called. It was evident that Dr. Dowie’s adversaries had supposed that when he was called upon to pay a fine of one hundred dollars with the possibility of having to pay a similar one each time he was called into court, he would become discouraged and close up his Homes. They could hardly anticipate that he would go to the trouble of appealing to a higher court, which would and actually did entail expenses of thousands of dollars. It was an understandable miscalculation upon their part, but not the only one that they were to make in the course of events during the year.

The opposition realized that their charge that the defendant was “practicing medicine” was patently phony, and though as they had foreseen, the local magistrate who was under their thumb, had found the defendant guilty, they knew full well, if the case should go to a higher court not under their political sway, the decision would be immediately reversed. For this reason the case pending against Dr. Dowie was dropped.

Though annoyed by this unexpected turn of affairs, the opposition had by no means spent itself. They now cast around for some legal method by which they could “drive Dowie out of Chicago”. But in no way could they

find a law or statute that he was violating. Following the pattern of Daniel's persecutors, they sought to have an ordinance passed by which they could get at Dowie on legal grounds. A few days later, the conspirators persuaded the city council to pass a so-called "Hospital Ordinance". Dr. Dowie, hearing about it, sent word that such an ordinance was unconstitutional and he would not consider himself bound to obey it. For the sake of appearances, invocation of the "Hospital Ordinance" was delayed for the time. In the meantime, the opposition explored other possibilities of effecting their purpose of arresting Dr. Dowie's work. They did succeed in securing a temporary cancellation of his Second Class mailing privileges, which laid an extra financial burden upon him, but could not prevent continuing the publication of his LEAVES OF HEALING, the story of which is told in a succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER 18: ARRESTED ONE HUNDRED TIMES!

Spring in the year 1895 had appeared but a little over a month, when one morning Dr. Dowie, upon opening his personal mail, found a brief letter from the Commissioner of Health. With the letter was an application blank to be filled out. From the contents of the letter, it was evident that the so-called "Hospital Ordinance" was now to be invoked! If Dr. Dowie failed to fill out the enclosed form and return it to the Commissioner, he could be arrested and charged with breaking the law. The letter read as follows:

Chicago, May 1, 1895

To the Responsible Head of International Healing home for the Sick,

Enclosed please find printed blank for application for permit required, by ordinance of January 28, 1898, for the conduct and maintenance of "any place used for the reception or care, temporary or continuous, of the sick, injured or dependent, including women waiting confinement, or used for the treatment of mental or physical disease or bodily injury." See copy of ordinance on back hereof.

Arthur R. Reynolds, M.D.

Commissioner of Health
Arthur Reynolds, Esq., M. D. May 9, 1895

Dr. Dowie's reply follows:

Commissioner of Health

Dear Sir:

The Divine Healing Homes are not hospitals in any sense of the word. No "medicine" is used. No "treatment" is given. No nurses are provided and there are none of the arrangements of a hospital. The Home in which I personally reside is my own private home and all the inmates are treated as my private guests. Services of praise and prayer and teaching of the word of God are held at least twice daily in the large assembly room when I gather the guests of three Homes and pray with them in accordance with the direction of our Lord Jesus Christ in St. Mark: "These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Nothing more is done in these Homes than may be done by every Christian minister in the homes of his people, or even by

Christian people in their own homes without the presence of a minister.

Divine healing has no association with doctors and drugs, or surgeons and their knives. Thousands and tens of thousands of persons have within the last two years, passed through these Homes and Zion Tabernacle with its healing rooms, and a vast number have been wonderfully healed, even of the incurably sick who have been abandoned by all physicians.

A long series of persecutions has already resulted in nothing but shame to the persecutors and without injury to God's work. If this is to be taken as the first movement in a new series of persecutions, all that I have to say is that we shall, by all lawful means, resist the cruel endeavors of self interested men to destroy the work of God and to keep back the sick, and the sorrowing from Christ as their Healer and Comforter. It is a pitiful sight to see the State Board of Health and the City Health Department moving against a good work at the instance of a lying press and a concealed band of interested doctors who feel that their craft is in danger because of tens of thousands of persons who are abandoning medicine and seeking and finding healing through faith in Jesus Christ. .

I am, Very Respectfully,

John Alexander Dowie

Dr. Dowie had not long to wait before the second storm burst upon him in its fury. On June 14, 1895, just as he was ready to conduct an afternoon service at his tabernacle, four men were at his door to serve a warrant for his arrest, on a charge of violation of Section Six of the new Hospital Ordinance. Dr. Dowie took two of his people and went down to the Hyde Park Police Station. The Justice was not there and the lock-up keeper was about to thrust him into a cell. Dr. Dowie demanded that he at once be permitted to see the officer in charge of the station. Upon this, the keeper reluctantly agreed to permit him to remain at the desk. Soon a justice appeared and a bond of two hundred dollars was presented, and Mr. Dowie was permitted to go.

Actually the one who had sworn out the warrant was a spy, by the name of Zach J. Kehoe, who had come as a guest to the Home, having been hired as a detective by the opposition. During his brief residence in the Home, he had furtively avoided meeting Dr. Dowie. A private individual had uncovered these facts and communicated the information to the doctor just as he left the station house. Apparently the opposition discovered that Dr. Dowie had learned that the man who had sworn out the warrant was a spy. At any rate when he went to the Court on the following morning, the prosecution failed to show up.

Now it was at this point that the plan of the persecution began to emerge.

Dowie's adversaries, having not a little respect for his skill in defending himself, and not certain that they could get a verdict to stick, were recruiting a band of stooges who would swear out warrants by mass production, as it were, which were to be served in succession. By this method, if by no other way, they hoped to wear him out, so that sooner or later, through sheer exhaustion, he would be compelled to give up the fight.

On the next day, Dr. Dowie was again summoned with a warrant, this time in a most unpleasant manner. In the paragraphs following, he gives an account of the events attending the arrest:

ARRESTED FOR THE SECOND TIME WITHIN TWO DAYS

"Whilst we were engaged in praying for the sick about 8 o'clock this evening in the Healing Room of Zion Tabernacle No. 2, the Hyde Park Police Patrol Wagon drove up to the door, and a number of police officers entered the building. Finding that the editor was engaged with the sick they were shown into our private room, next door to the Healing Room, and when we entered an officer read a warrant for our arrest. It was issued at the instance of one of our neighbors, Mr. Geo. W. Riggs, 225 61st street, whose home is within a few yards of the Tabernacle, charging us with the offense of 'maintaining an hospital without a permit'. This was the same charge on which we had been arrested the previous day, and to answer which we had appeared at the Police Court this morning.

"It was at once apparent from the insolent and brutal tones and conduct of the officers that every particle of indignity possible would be shown to us.

"We were rudely informed that the 'wagon was waiting,' and when we asked to be permitted to go down to the Police Station in a private carriage which was at the door, we were rudely refused. We induced one officer to telephone to his superior at the Police Station for permission to ride there as we had requested, and after reference, this was also refused by Inspector Hunt, the officer informing us that the Inspector had sent the wagon for that purpose. Our good wife who wished to accompany us in the 'wagon' was roughly spoken to and pushed aside and told that the 'wagon was for officers and prisoners only,' and yet at that very moment the Tribune reporter who so much reminds one of Poe's Raven, stepped into the 'wagon'. We called attention to that fact, and were rudely answered and pushed by the brutal man who conducted the 'wagon'.

"It was now nearly dark; but the 'wagon' was driven with clanging of bells around the little residence block in which our Divine Healing Homes and the houses of our local enemies are situated in Edgerton Avenue, the object being apparently to make a parade of me as a prisoner.

“This was quite out of the way for the ‘wagon’, and was evidently a part of the ‘instructions’ which the Inspector had given at the instance of the vile man who swore out the false charge. We were followed by the carriage containing our good wife and son, and a number of our friends who were ready to become our bondsmen.

“The ‘wagon’ was driven westward on 60th street, after leaving Edgerton Avenue, the proper route being directly northward on Stony Island Avenue, and then, after crossing the Midway Plaisance it was driven rapidly eastward, and in and out through various streets, the object being apparently to get away from the carriage in which our friends were following.

“Where that ‘wagon’ might have gone and what might have been done with its one solitary ‘prisoner’ no one can tell but God, had the two horsed carriage which was following us, not been driven up rapidly and close behind, after having been out of sight for several blocks. We heard the policemen’s muttered expressions of rage when they found that the ‘wagon’ was in full view of the pursuing party of friends.

“At last, it dashed into the stables of the Police Station, and we were roughly told to ‘go that way’, and taken at once into the cells, where we were booked, ‘searched for concealed weapons’, so the man said that thrust his hands into our pockets, and then almost pushed into a cell, with ribald criminals in the next compartment for companions, and told we were to ‘stay there until the Judge saw fit to release us’.

“Of course when our friends entered by the front door of the Station, we were already behind the prison bars. Eventually of course, Mr. Justice Quinn, whom we were assured was ‘waiting in his office’ could not be found. Mrs. Dowie and friends started out on a search for him at his residence, but he could not be found there. However, when the officers of the prison knew that our attorney had been telegraphed for, Justice Quinn suddenly appeared, and was compelled to accept one of the many bondsmen amongst our friends who were waiting to offer themselves; for by this time there were a score or two of our friends who had gathered at the station, and there were more gathering every minute.

“It was therefore time for Justice Quinn to appear, as the likelihood of our being kept in cells all night was likely to be frustrated:

for sooner or later some ‘justice’ would be sure to be found who would accept bail. Hence, with a bland smile, Mr. Quinn appeared and accepted bonds. We asked if there were any more warrants out for our arrest that night, and were told that he knew of no more.

“Comment upon these facts is needless.

“Now the question is where are these things to end?

“One thing is certain, by the grace of God we shall continue our work where we are, until the time comes for us to remove to our Zion, outside of the city, from which we can do better work for Chicago, and even in Chicago. There are not demons enough in Chicago, let alone in Edgerton Avenue and its neighborhood, to drive us sway, until we are ready to go. God is mightily with us, and we shall prevail through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord.”

On the following week-end, Saturday, June 22, there were seven warrants issued for Dr. Dowie's arrest. He learned from the justice, to whom he presented bond, that actually 37 warrants had been issued altogether, and that they were to be served in batches of ten the following day! The purpose was ostensibly, to prevent his preaching at the three services on the Lord's Day. Fortunately, the justice allowed him to give bail, and his adversaries' plans for the next day were thwarted.

Persecution in that manner went on until the total number of warrants for arrest had reached no less than a hundred! On one occasion he was thrown into the “wagon” where smallpox patients had been, in hopes he would get small pox. On more than one occasion John Alexander Dowie was arrested on his own platform and roughly taken to the Police Station. But those of the opposition were becoming exasperated, for although they had succeeded in getting all these warrants served, yet they saw they were not attaining their objective. As soon as a verdict was secured in the petty court, Dr. Dowie would appeal to a higher court where in every instance the sentence was reversed. Of more serious import of which the persecutors themselves were becoming aware was the fact that public opinion was beginning to turn against them.

In certain ways the persecution had worked a serious hardship on Dr. Dowie, causing him to find it necessary to work late at night in order to fulfill his necessary duties. But the opposition while succeeding in giving him all the trouble of the arrests and other vexations, had little idea that their persecution would eventually give Dr. Dowie the opportunity to put on court record, the great healings that were taking place. But that is exactly what happened! To the dismay of the prosecution, the judge ruled that such testimonies should be accepted as part of the evidence. Bitter as their hatred of Dr. Dowie was, those of the opposition were intelligent enough to realize that the amazing documentation of these miracles of healings in court was of such a nature as to place those of the persecution in a most unfavorable light before the people. Moreover, they noted with increasing alarm that more and more of the respected and solid citizens of the city, including lawyers, professional men, police officers, judges, and city officials were coming to have confidence in the work that Dr. Dowie was doing.

Hour after hour, testimonies of miraculous healings were presented in a Cook County Superior Court. A jammed courtroom listened with intense interest to the affidavits as they were being read. Dr. Dowie had this to say concerning the presentation of the affidavits:

“This is probably the first time that Divine healing has been demonstrated in this manner and for this opportunity, we have to thank our adversaries. Not one of these affidavits has been impugned, either by our opponents or by their allies in the Chicago press. As long as the Archives of the Court shall be preserved, these affidavits will be found upon its files. It was evident that the reading of them impressed the judge, and the ill-concealed fears and hatred of the opposing counsel could not be covered by the sneering laugh which occasionally broke from his lips. But there was no sneer upon the lips of other persons, except for the few enemies of God and of this work, present. As the reading went on hour after hour, it was evident that incredulity and surprise were giving away to genuine interest, and the fact was being steadily established under oath, in a Superior Court of law, that Jesus Christ is the same Healer in wicked Chicago in this present day as in wicked Jerusalem and Capernaum nineteen centuries ago.

“The affidavits are cool statements under oath of persons of all conditions of society — business men, lawyers, doctors, workmen, honest Christian men and women of all occupations well-nigh. Who has the right to declare them false? Even our enemies dare not enter upon proof that they are. If they are false, every one who has sworn to them can be punished for perjury and they know it.”

The opposition was fast losing its thunder and, chagrined at the developments, was now looking for a way of retreat, but was not finding it. There was an added jarring note to the disappointment. Popular opinion, once in its favor, was turning toward a sympathy for the persecuted preacher, and even the fickle newspapers told the persecutors that they had better call it quits. A few more cases pending went to the superior court, where the verdict was reversed or the case thrown out of court. Finally, the so-called Hospital Ordinance was declared unconstitutional, and that decision practically ended effective opposition. Not long after, the police force that had treated him rather shabbily, were to become his friends, and later on, even went out of the city to rescue him from the hands of assassins who laid wait for him at Hammond, Indiana.

But before we close the story of the Great Persecution we must relate something of how his enemies tried to suppress the publication of the LEAVES OF HEALING by influencing the Chicago Post Office to revoke his Second Class mailing privileges, and how Dr. Dowie eventually won that battle also.

CHAPTER 19: BANISHMENT OF THE “LITTLE WHITE DOVE”

DURING the year 1894, Dr. Dowie began the publication of a weekly periodical called THE LEAVES OF HEALING, which he fondly spoke of, as THE LITTLE WHITE DOVE. There had been some earlier issues published at more or less irregular intervals, but in 1894, it became a regular publication, and through it Dr. Dowie's sermons and writings became available to readers all over the world. Needless to say, its editor never minced words, and without a care for consequences, he denounced sin and wickedness in high places and low, with a force and vehemence that was sure to incur the wrath of many, though at the same time rapidly increasing the circulation of his LEAVES OF HEALING publication.

John Alexander Dowie's persecutors, in casting about for ways and means by which they could hamper and embarrass his work, learned of this new publication. That acquaintance came under unpleasant circumstances, for in scanning the pages, they discovered that Dr. Dowie, master of the invective, had exposed their illegal persecution in terms exceedingly uncomplimentary to themselves. This naturally left them in a most unhappy frame of mind. It occurred to them it would be highly gratifying if they could prevent the publication from being sent through the mails. This they rightly judged might best be accomplished by securing revocation of Second Class mailing privileges for to be denied these privileges would immediately increase the costs of mailing some fourteen times—a serious, if not disastrous blow, to any publication struggling to get established. The conspirators soon found that they had a willing ally in the Chicago Postmaster, who being Catholic, had only to read one of Dr. Dowie's frank articles on the subject of Papal infallibility to be persuaded to send him the following letter:

ACTION TO CUT OFF MAILING PRIVILEGES

Sir:

At the time your paper was entered at the post office, it complied with the law and was accepted by the department; since then, it has been changed and is now recognized by us as an advertising sheet. We will demand of you a deposit of third class postage on future mail, pending decision of the department.

Postmaster, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Dowie sent the post office the following reply:

Mr. Postmaster Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Your memorandum of yesterday received. In reply, I beg to say,

First: The character of our paper has not changed in the slightest degree since the first issue, upon which and upon later issues that permission was granted by the Postmaster General to send it forth as second class matter.

Second: It is in no sense an advertising sheet. In fact, any one can see at a glance we have refused all advertisements, and only one column out of thirty-two is given to announcements concerning meetings in our mission.

Third: With reference to your "demand" for a "deposit for third class postage on future mailing pending a decision of the department", I am, of course, powerless to dispute any such demand any more than I could a demand for my money at the point of a revolver. I consider your action is disgraceful in the extreme, and is simply a part of the disgraceful persecution which I am receiving at this time in the city of Chicago. I emphatically declare and shall prove to the Postmaster General that your allegation as to the character of this paper is entirely unfounded, and that your present action can only arise from the desire to please the press of this city, which is filled daily with absolute falsehoods concerning ourselves.

Very Respectfully yours,

John Alexander Dowie

The Chicago Post Office, of course, turned a deaf ear to Dr. Dowie's entreaties for restoration of Second Class mailing privileges, without which it was necessary to pay fourteen times the postage fee he had been paying. Dowie did not resign himself to the situation, but at once requested all his subscribers to send petitions to the Postmaster General at Washington, D. C., and moreover enlisted the sympathy of several Congressmen to send protests to the department. Finally, upon invitation from the Postmaster General, he made the journey to Washington,

D. C., where he was in conference with that gentleman for an hour and a half.

It is interesting to note that as usual, Dr. Dowie not only presented his own case, but got in a few licks at the work of the devil besides. In this instance, he brought to the Postmaster General's attention some of the lewd, lascivious literature that was circulating in Chicago, and using Second Class mailing privileges. Dr. Dowie's account of his trip to Washington was as follows:

“We took occasion to show the Postmaster General some of the immoral and obscene publications which the Chicago Postmaster allows to pass through the mails at Second Class rates, and his remark was, as his face flushed with indignation, ‘It is not a question as to whether such papers should be allowed to pass through at Second Class rates, but whether they should not be denied the privilege of passing through the mails at all.’ Perhaps the enemies of God and of all purity who persecute our LEAVES OF HEALING may find that it has led to results which they have little expected. We will not pollute these pages with the names or quotations from the vile sheets to which we refer, but we think that there is a gentleman in charge of the United States Post Office who will not permit the mails to be used for the promulgation of the vile announcements of houses of ill-fame, etc.

“We desire to thank the many friends in the Capitol, and in every part of the country who are determined to see that justice is done. Final and complete victory will be the Lord’s. At the same time, our experience goes to show that there are powers of evil at work in this nation that are difficult to overcome: for when an injustice is wrought, it is difficult to reverse the decisions of persons in official positions when they are backed by party politics.”

Joseph Dunlop, editor of the CHICAGO DISPATCH, and leading figure in the persecution had no idea that when Dr. Dowie went to Washington, D. C., the handwriting was on the wall as far as he was concerned. Nor did Dowie himself anticipate the seriousness with which the Postmaster General was to take his revelations of Dunlop’s scandalous conduct of his newspaper. Dunlop had resorted to blackmail and other nefarious practices, and because he was sheltered by local politics, had managed for a long time to evade the arm of the law. However, the post office department was not awed by him as were the city politicians, who perhaps were more or less glad to see the government step in and deal with the man whose wickedness and perfidy was despised by the entire city. Eventually tried in U. S. Courts, and proven guilty, Joseph Dunlop was sent to the Joliet penitentiary, his influence and career ended forever in Chicago. It must have been a bitter blow to this man, that when his own evil persecution had failed in its purpose, and when Dowie was exonerated of all charges against him, he should be found guilty and sentenced to the state prison. The September 20, 1896, issue of the CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD carried the following report of his conviction:

JOSEPH DUNLOP ARRAIGNED

“Washington, Sept. 20—A severe attack on Joseph R. Dunlop, who was the editor and publisher of the CHICAGO DISPATCH, is made in the annual report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. He declared:

‘There is no more contemptible member of society than the professional blackmailer. Joseph R. Dunlop, the editor and publisher of the CHICAGO DISPATCH, by this sort of journalism earned for himself contempt and bitter hatred, and at the same time cleared a handsome fortune. His paper was published solely for money, and he pandered to the most depraved tastes to attain his ends. Constantly did he transgress the laws of decency in his publication. He, however, made a fatal mistake when he undertook to prostitute the United States mail service to his nefarious purposes by making it a carrier for his objectionable and obscene publication, and when criminal proceedings were made against him in the United States courts, which resulted in his conviction and sentence to the penitentiary for two years and to pay a fine of \$2000 and costs, there was much rejoicing among the better elements of society in those localities where his blackmailing medium had been circulated.’”

Although the Postmaster General had acknowledged Dr. Dowie’s right to have Second Class privileges restored to his LEAVES OF HEALING, as is often the case in Washington, D. C., red-tape and other political expedencies retarded the dispensation of justice. The administration then in office was soon to be superseded by the McKinley administration, and during the change, Dr. Dowie’s plea got shelved in the labyrinth of pigeon-holes in Washington. After the new administration had time to get established in office, Dr. Dowie again petitioned Washington for redress in the wrongs committed against his “Little White Dove”. His petition was favorably received, and he not only met with the post office officials in Washington, D. C., but was granted an interview with President McKinley. It is startling to note in Dr. Dowie’s account, how his keen eye immediately discerned that President McKinley was not properly guarded, and with strange prophetic insight, practically predicted what actually took place later—the death of McKinley by assassination.

Dr. Dowie’s mission in Washington was successful and we will let him tell the interesting story of events that took place, and how THE LEAVES OF HEALING was freed from the burden of unjust postage, and restored to the privileges of Second Class mail:

DR. DOWIE RELATES HIS TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am very grateful to God during my twelve days’ absence to Washington that I have so much to thank God for in connection with that visit. I was completely victorious and thank God for it. Without going into a great many details, I want to say that I am indebted to Postmaster Gary for his courtesy, whom I saw twice. It puzzled the Attorney General to know how the department had acted against us without cause.

I told him the Story of Washington Hesing, whom we washed (put out of office) so completely lately. I told him the story of Dunlop who had fought

us for a year or two, and whom the Lord has put where we can find him for the next two years. It was a peculiar coincidence that my previous visit to Washington was to call Postmaster General Wilson's attention to the wrong then done, and I took down with me a copy of the DISPATCH. It was the first copy Mr. Wilson had ever seen, and I said, "Mr. Wilson, I want my paper liberated, but whatever you do, I want this paper thrown out of the mails; this infamous paper that gives the address and the advertisement of the harlots' homes of Chicago; the gamblers' hells of Chicago.

Mr. Wilson looked at me. He said, "You do not say that this is going through the mails in Chicago?" I answered, "I do; but if you, Mr. Wilson are going to do right, it will not." He said, "God helping me, it will not go through the mails. I will see that it goes out and its publisher is punished."

That is the only good thing I ever knew him to do, but he did it. He handed it over to proper authorities, and from that moment they went for the DISPATCH, and the result was, as you remember, that Dunlop was indicted before the Federal Court here. If I remember correctly, there were 4,500 separate distinct charges of publishing obscene and vicious and unclean advertisements, and of course he was found guilty, and is now in the State's prison at Joliet for the term of two years.

I told the Attorney General the story of Mayor Swift, and his fight against me. Nobody knows where to find him now, and his administration. I am told he is growing pineapples in Florida.

I said, "No adequate reason was ever given for refusing Second Class rates to the LEAVES OF HEALING." I said, "The records do not show why it was refused, and all that I can tell you is this:

You look into an old Book which contains Eternal Law, and the Everlasting Gospel, and you will find it written there of One Whom I humbly serve, and 'They hated him without a cause,' and this Little White Dove was hated without a cause, excepting the cause for which the Master himself was hated."

"Yes," he said, looking at me very earnestly, "I can see how this might happen; because there is one of two things. Either one has to believe it, or else look upon it as a mass of abominable lying, or humbug."

Well all that is passed, and the Attorney General gave a decision, as a matter of law, entirely in my favor, to the Third Assistant Postmaster General Thomas. I was introduced to him and found him a very pleasant gentleman. He took a little time to consider it, and then gave a perfect decision in my favor.

About the time I got through all my fighting I received a very kind letter from the Executive Mansion, and the White House, and I then waited upon the President; J. Addison Porter, his secretary, was very kind, and arranged that I should see the President privately.

Of course there are many thousands of callers upon the President, and a great majority of them have to be seen publicly, just as they pass to shake hands; that is inseparable from any person who has a large number of persons to see. But the President on Friday afternoon, although engaged with Attorney-General McKenna, who is the political head of the Law Department, apparently on important business, was kind enough when he knew that I was in attendance, to inform his messenger to bring me in, and I had a very pleasant talk with Mr. McKinley, not very long but very pleasant. The Attorney General retired to another part of the room, and I had a few words with the President. He was kind and very cordial. He has a very engaging manner, and is a very dignified gentleman. He holds your hand, or did mine, in a rather soft hand, and he has a way of emphasizing his pleasure in what he says as he holds your hand, by just a little pressure.

As I said to the President "We feel that the best thing that we can do for you is to pray God to sustain you in your high office, and enable you to administer it for good." He grasped my hand just a little tighter and said, "Thank you Doctor, and I know these prayers will do me much good."

I saw a great deal of Washington, but I cannot enter into it fully just now, but I tell you one thing, the great army of office seekers are getting desperate. The President is very quietly and steadfastly going about his work. He is not allowing himself to be agitated or moved by mere consideration of party.

But I can understand now better how Guiteau murdered President Garfield, as I saw the look in the eyes of some of these disappointed office-seekers who were hanging around the White House, a look of hatred because they were not getting what they wanted. One man who had a soldierly bearing, a poor fellow, had one arm off, had evidently thought that the fact that he was a soldier in the army, and possibly an officer of some rank, entitled him as an absolute right to this, that, or the other thing. And that man spoke in such a tone of bitterness when he was told that the President had refused to see him that I could not help remarking about it, as he ground his teeth and said. "He will have to see me, or I will know the reason why," and put his hand upon his hip pocket. I saw that it would not take very much to draw out a revolver and use it. I can stand why Mr. Cleveland protected himself, and all I ought to say about that is, I think President McKinley ought to protect himself a little bit more than he does.

I feel that we ought to pray for President McKinley we ought to pray that

God will guard his life among other things, as well as give him wisdom. It is no simple thing to be in the White House. No man need covet that place. It is a place of tremendous responsibility, and gross ingratitude is shown on all sides.

CHAPTER 20: SIGNS, WONDERS, AND MIRACLES

PERSECUTION was no new word in John Alexander Dowie's vocabulary. He had met it constantly almost from the beginning of his ministry. But whereas before, the outcome had been defeat and disappointment, this time the battle had resulted in glorious victory. What made the difference? The answer stands out boldly. This time he had discovered and had used the tools that God had provided for defense against the kind of foe arraigned against him. Signs, wonders, miracles! They were now occurring in such profusion that the hosts of hell and their human dupes were being put to confusion. In the Great Commission given by Christ in Mark 16, the "signs following" were to be the credentials of the believer. And when these take place, the people are quick and willing to recognize the authority of the minister. Despite all the flood of persecution that followed him, the people flocked to Dr. Dowie's standard in ever-increasing numbers.

The hundred affidavits testifying to healing presented in the Superior Court— affidavits of the healing of prominent citizens such as Amanda Hicks a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and Miss Jean Harrison, a niece of President Harrison, not to mention many others of note, were a revelation to the city of Chicago and confounded the opposition. The testimonies were so highly documented that citizens perceived that the possibility of fraud was not to be seriously entertained.

We cannot tell of the multitude of healings that were daily taking place, for Dr. Dowie often prayed for as many as a thousand people a week. But our story would not be complete unless we related a few of the outstanding instances of the healing of people, some who were well-known persons of that time, and whose deliverance was the wonder of thousands. One such case was the healing of Sadie Cody, niece of Buffalo Bill. We gather the story of this from an early issue of the LEAVES OF HEALING. It is told partly in the words of Dr. Dowie, and partly in the dramatic testimony of Sadie Cody:

THE STORY OF THE HEALING OF SADIE CODY, NIECE OF BUFFALO BILL

The name of Colonel W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill", is known throughout Europe and America, as that of a daring, dashing soldier, Indian scout, proprietor and conductor of "The Wild West Show". Kings, princes, and millions of people have seen and heard the remarkable spectacle of American Indians and "rough riders" of the world in that show. Sunday

and week day alike it was our misery to be compelled to hear the yells of the Indians and the shouts of tens of thousands of spectators in the great amphitheater constructed for that show, throughout the whole period of the World's Fair: for Zion Tabernacle was exactly opposite on the other side of 62nd Street. Oh what agonies we suffered all these long months. In defiance of law, the Sunday was the maddest, wildest day of all the week: for the mayor and the police authorities protected Cody in his disobedience to the laws of God and man. There was no rest for us or anyone near the howling hideous cries of Indians who "massacred Custer and his cavalry" or "attacked the stage coach." Whilst reading or praying, showers of small shot would fall on the tabernacle, or the strains of the Wild West band playing "Marseillaise" or "Yankee Doodle" would break forth, in on our hymns.

For six long months Zion Tabernacle floated the flag, "Christ Is All", and held almost daily meetings amidst all this diabolical din. In front was Cody's Wild West, behind us the Midway Plaisance with its carnival of lust, on the left the Vanity Fair of the world, the flesh and the devil, and around us thieves and gamblers and shouting hucksters of every kind. But Zion Tabernacle held its own, though the crowds swept on to pleasure and pain. And now the Dream City has departed amidst blood and fire and smoke, and all the transient hosts of human vampires have disappeared, their haunts swept away, and Zion Tabernacle and homes are left amidst the most peaceful and pleasant surroundings, untouched by the hatred of the hellish host who impotently howl at them from the "Habitations of Dragons", in the center of Chicago, seven miles away.

But what of this quiet, earnest-faced young woman of twenty five years, who stands there patiently waiting to tell her story. Ah! She is a Cody; a relative of "Buffalo Bill Cody", and we have had our revenge on him and the Wild West show! He captured Indians and hung their scalps at his belt. We have captured a Cody from the murderous demons of disease, and here she stands as a witness for God, testifying in the very place where Cody's Indians "massacred Custer" daily.

On November 21st last, four men bearing a cot came out of a house in Rensselaer, Indiana, and lying on that cot, in mortal agony was this witness, Sadie Cody. Following the mournful cortege were a number of relatives and friends including her father and sisters, who were told by the drug defenders, "Sadie Cody will be brought back a corpse".

Transferred to a Pullman sleeping car, she was brought to Chicago, where the police ambulance received her, and in it she was carried to the Divine Healing Home, accompanied by her sister.

It is a wonderful story to simply contrast this picture with the sorrowing cortege which passed through the streets nearby four months ago, bearing her prostrate quivering body, with a diseased spine, abscess,

tumor, internal disorders, and her right leg three inches shorter than the left. There she stands—God’s witness, justifying Him and justifying His servant, in that every one of these miseries have passed away through the power of God, in answer to the prayer of faith and the laying on of hands in the name of Jesus

SADIE CODY’S TESTIMONY STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED:

“I have touched the hem of His garment, and I stand before you free. A year ago last September I was taken sick at the World’s Fair. Nine months ago I became perfectly helpless. I was attended by four physicians and my uncle, Dr. David (brother to Buffalo Bill) an eminent physician in this city. They decided that nothing could be done except put me in a plaster-of-Paris cast. Five of my vertebrae were worse than useless, and an abscess as large as my fist was at the base of my spine; a large swelling was developing into a tumor; my limb was three inches short; and in that condition I was brought to Chicago. The day that they were to put the cast upon me, one of the physicians was called away by a telegram— a providential interruption. That same day a copy of the LEAVES OF HEALING fell upon my bed. ... I was brought to Chicago, and Dr. Dowie prayed for me. After he had laid hands on me in the name of the Lord, there commenced a great struggle, as if something inside of me that held my breath, were tearing itself away. It seemed to me as if I went to sleep, but immediately almost I awoke—and what a blessed awakening; I felt new life in me. There was no pain and no aching; I had really awoke to health.

“From that moment I have been rapidly improving, and now I stand before you with both limbs of equal length, my spine which could not be touched with a finger without me fainting can now be rubbed as hard as anyone can rub it; the swelling from the abscess and the tumor are gone. I cannot find words to praise the Lord for what He has done for me. I will give Him my life’s service, but that is small compared with what He has done. I consider Dr. Dowie the greatest blessing God ever sent to Chicago, and I hope Chicago will appreciate it.”

DR. DOWIE. And so I have had my revenge on Buffalo Bill in a very nice way, through the healing of one of his relatives, Sadie Cody, being healed through our agency.

THE HEALING OF MISS AMANDA M. HICKS, COUSIN OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Carried four hundred miles on a bed, in intense agony, and healed in a moment, was the story of the healing of Amanda Hicks, cousin to President Abraham Lincoln. She was carried from her home in Clinton, Kentucky, where for a number of years she had been President of Clinton College. The cot was made by one of her pupils, after measuring the width

of the door of a Pullman sleeping car, so that she might be carried in and transferred to bed, since she could not be lifted.

Weeping, and fearing that they should see her face no more, her scholars and friends bade her a sad farewell. On January 30, she reached Chicago, and was brought in an ambulance to a room on Ellis Avenue. Her companion, leaving at once to inquire for Dr. Dowie, and locating him, told how Miss Hicks had suffered paroxysms of pain, for long months, night and day, and had been only temporarily relieved by large doses of morphine. Physicians failed to diagnose the case, saying it was “wrapped in mystery”. The lady further explained that they had been impressed to come to Dr. Dowie after a young student, very skeptical concerning the miracles of the Bible, had come to Chicago to investigate Divine healing and was so impressed that he returned to Clinton, Kentucky, and stood by the sick woman’s bedside urging her to come. Miss Hicks, after carefully reading her Bible, was convinced of God’s way of healing and as a result had come to Chicago.

The first thing that Dr. Dowie did was to demand that she give up morphine and drugs at once. It was a terrific battle; Dr. Dowie and his wife visited her from time to time, from mid-afternoon until midnight, fighting against the terrible power of the morphine drug. Dr. Dowie describes the battle in the following words:

“We saw that she must be removed to our home, if we were to help her effectually, and to be used of God in the healing. The case was one of the gravest and most immediate peril. Death hovered hungrily over its expected victim, and Satan hoped to destroy a noble and useful life, which longed only to live for Christ and humanity. Therefore, we took the risk of having her removed on a bitterly cold day, with the frozen snow lying deeply on the ground. But disease was to be the victim and Christ was to be the Victor in the fight. That day, we prayed, and laid our hands upon her in the name of Jesus. In a moment, the terrible agony of months departed, and later in the evening she rose and walked freely. Several days of cleansing followed, gallons of cancerous matter passing away, and she was reduced by six inches in circumference. Strength came quickly, good appetite, good food, and above all the infinitely good God, gave her power to go out and to walk even in the snow.”

THE CLINTON DEMOCRAT OF MARCH 8, 1894, gives further interesting details of the healing:

“More than four months ago, Miss A. M. Hicks, President of Clinton College, was attacked by a malignant disease, which defied the best efforts of several skilled physicians to extirpate it. During those weary days, certain friends of Miss Hicks began to tell her of the ‘Divine Healer’, Dr. Dowie, of Chicago, and to urge her to go to him. At first she would scarcely listen to these advisers, but she couldn’t wholly repel them. She

read upon the subject and studied her Bible, and at last yielded an assent to go to Chicago.

“It seemed out of question to undertake such a journey, but deadening her sensibilities with opiates, she was assisted on a couch in the train, where she was made as comfortable as possible in a sleeping car berth. Thus Miss Hicks began her fateful journey. When she arrived, and her companion had visited Dr. Dowie, he informed her that she must take no more morphine. That next day, Thursday, she had a terrible struggle—as she said, ‘a hand-to-hand struggle with the devil’— and when her poor pain-wracked body, about midnight on Thursday night, had reached the very pinnacle of human misery, Dr. Dowie and his wife again came to her and prayed that she might be permitted to sleep and that her pain might cease. Relief came to her, she asserts, instantaneously and she fell into a sweet and gentle sleep, from which she did not awaken until the morning.

“Refreshed and with slight pain remaining, on the next day, she moved five miles to Dr. Dowie’s home. The doctor then prayed for her that she might be healed, and then told her to get up and walk. She answered him that she knew she could, and she did so at once, crossing the room backwards and forwards four times without the slightest inconvenience or pain. He then explained to her that though the disease was dead, its products still remained in the body, and that the body would be cleansed in a few days—

“She returned to Clinton last Saturday, and was received by a great throng of her loved ones, with bounding hearts and warm greetings, at the depot, whence she walked to the college - a distance of about a mile - and her step was elastic, her eye as bright, and her carriage as erect as ever in the days before her illness.”

Her testimony created an outstanding sensation, throughout all the region where she lived, but at length, as might be expected, the false-shepherds of her denomination, removed her from the office of president of the college she had largely made; because she would tell the story of her healing and teach Christ as the Healer of His people. She resigned and arranged a trip to Europe, and wherever she went, she told the story of the great things the Lord had done for her.

THE HEALING OF DR. LILLIAN YEOMANS

Many people have heard of Dr. Lillian Yeomans, and have read her excellent books on Divine healing, including *Healing From Heaven*. They have read that she was healed of a terrible drug habit, but few know the whole story.

Lillian Yeomans came from a family of physicians. Her father was a physician and surgeon in the Civil War. Her mother was also a physician

and Lillian became a regular physician, graduating from Ann Harbor in 1882. She was a Christian but as she testified, she was like Peter, following afar off. Needless to say, she did not intend to become a drug victim, but being engaged in very strenuous work, practicing medicine and surgery, she occasionally resorted to morphine, to steady her nerves and enable her to sleep. Then one day she made the terrible discovery that drug had become her master, and what anguish of soul was hers when she realized she had not power to break its grip. We shall let her tell the story, as taken from Volume IV, page 350 of the LEAVES OF HEALING, and also from her own book HEALING FROM HEAVEN:

“When by tremendous exercise of will-power, I abstained from the drug for twenty-four hours my condition became truly pitiable; trembling with weakness, my whole body bathed in cold sweat, heart palpitating and fluttering, respiration irregular, my stomach unable to retain even so much as a drop of water, intestines racked with pain and tortured with persistent diarrhea, I was unable to stand erect, to articulate clearly, or even to sign my name. I could not think connectedly, my mind was filled with horrid imaginings and awful forebodings, and worst of all, my whole being was possessed with the specific, irresistible, indescribable craving for the drug. No one that has not felt it can imagine what it is. Every cell in your body seems to be shrieking for it. It established a periodicity for itself in my case, and I found that at five o’clock each afternoon I had to have it.

“Like a skeleton with a devil inside”, one of my nurses said, and I think that her description if not flattering, was accurate enough. My friends had lost all hope of ever seeing me delivered, and far from urging me to give up drugs, advised me to take them as the only means of preserving the little reason that remained to me. They expected my wretched life to come to an early close, and really could not desire to see so miserable an existence prolonged.”

(Miss Yeomans fails to mention in her book HEALING FROM HEAVEN that she received her deliverance under Dr. Dowie’s ministry, but it is true. We quote her testimony from page 350 of LEAVES OF HEALING.)

“Well my reason for coming to Zion was not that I had lost confidence in the efficiency of means, but because it seemed to me, God told me very clearly that He would not deliver me from this by means. God seemed to say plainly, ‘I am the

Lord that heals thee’, so I came down to Zion, and brought a large quantity of morphine and chloral with me which Dr. Speicher promptly took away.

“Now I am perfectly free from that craving for morphine. I have gained fully twenty-five pounds I think, and I have a ravenous appetite. I have

been sleeping well for fully ten days, and I feel I am completely delivered from morphine and chloral, for which I give God the praise.”

HEALING OF THE SONG WRITER, REV. F. A. GRAVES

Rev. F. A. Graves, the famous songwriter, composer of THERE’S HONEY IN THE ROCK, and other familiar hymns, was once a victim of the dread affliction, epilepsy. He was an orphan boy, and added to this misfortune, he never knew what hour during the day that he might be thrown to the floor, wallowing, foaming, and gnashing his teeth from a spell of the epileptic demon. For twenty years he endured this horrible suffering.

Evangelist Graves happened to attend one of Dr. Dowie’s meetings when he was in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The evangelist’s friends had gone to Dr. Dowie and had talked to him at length about the affliction of this evangelist-singer. The following day, word was sent that he had met with a serious accident and was dying. Dr. Dowie immediately got in a carriage and drove as rapidly as possible to that part of the city where Rev. Graves was staying.

The evangelist had been taking a bath in a friend’s home, had shut the bath door, and locked it. He had just filled the bath tub, which was a deep one, with water, when he took a fit and fell over with his head in the water. The noise of his fall was heard outside, the people of the house rushed to the door and tried to communicate with him, but they could not. They tried to break the door down but were not strong enough. Someone ran outside for help and a large heavy man who was passing was summoned in. He managed to break down the door, and they got into the room to find Mr. Graves not only suffering from a fit, but also almost drowned from the fall in the water.

The people worked with him, brought him back to consciousness, but he suffered from a hemorrhage, and lost a great quantity of blood. It was evident that he was injured seriously from his fall. At that moment, Dr. Dowie arrived, and he laid hands upon him. Immediately the flow of blood stopped. He also prayed that the attacks of epilepsy might cease. The next day, Evangelist Graves realized that he was delivered and rushed over to where Dr. Dowie was to tell him that he had been healed. A few times afterward the enemy tried to take possession of him again, but his deliverance became perfect, and for many years he testified all over the nation of being healed from one of the most terrible forms of epilepsy.

After Rev. Graves’ healing, it seemed that God specially endued him with a gift of song writing; a number of his hymns are still sung today, and find a place in many hymnals.

HEALING OF THE CONGRESSMAN’S WIFE

Late in the year of 1895, a gentlemen came to Dr. Dowie in great distress saying, "I have one of the nicest little wives in the world, but she is dying of cancer. Can you do anything for her?" The man was Colonel W. V. Lucas, member of the last Congress from South Dakota, and now in charge of the Old Soldier's Home. Dr. Dowie hesitated because he knew of the fierce attacks which would be made upon him if anything should happen to this woman before relief came to her. But with the agreement that she was to abandon every means but faith in God, he received her and prayed for her. Instantly the blessing of God came upon her.

Mrs. Lucas who testified of her healing on Dr. Dowie's platform spoke the following words: "I want to testify," she said, "to what God has done for me. I put my whole trust in Him and He has healed me. I am a matron of the Old Soldier's Home, and I call the old soldiers 'my boys', and they call me 'mother'. A rich harvest awaits my return; they have promised that they will turn to Christ if I come home and tell them that He has saved me from death."

In passing, we believe that it would be in order to point out the significance that the Healing Homes had in the ministry of John Alexander Dowie. Every evangelist who ministers to the sick in large city-wide campaigns, realizes his greatest handicap is the fact that people coming from considerable distances, usually because of expense involved, plan to stay only long enough to get prayed for and then to return to their communities. Because of this many do not get sufficient of the Word of God to give them the proper faith for healing. The Healing Homes made it possible for even the desperate cases to receive a repeated ministration of the Word, or until their faith mounted to that degree that the miracle took place.

CHAPTER 21: FOUNDING OF THE CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

FOR all practical purposes, the battle to get Dr. Dowie out of Chicago by his adversaries was over. A few futile gestures were made during the year 1896, but the power of the opposition was broken, and some of the leaders involved in the persecution were discredited, others were dead, and one had been sent to the penitentiary. The most bitter reflection of Dowie's enemies must have been, not that their efforts had gone for nought or that large sums of money had been spent to no avail, or even that popular opinion had swung against them, but their most painful thought must have been the realization that their persecution had, instead of permanently harming Dr. Dowie, resulted in giving him free publicity to the extent that he was able to move from the "Little Wooden Hut" to one of the largest auditoriums in Chicago, and that the crowds flocking to hear him were now rivaling or exceeding those of any other speaker in America.

When Dr. Dowie had come to America in 1888, he read in the newspapers that President Benjamin Harrison had opened the finest auditorium in the world in Chicago, Illinois. At that time he had a feeling that he would "one day speak in the building for Christ". So it turned out that in the fall, with interest in his work rapidly increasing, Dr. Dowie felt the time had come for him to secure this great auditorium. Accordingly, he leased it for a period of six months during which, he proposed to speak there every Lord's day from October 27, 1895, to April 21, 1896.

An audience of four thousand people which included a number of Chicago newspaper reporters attended the first service, and on the Monday after, the following report appeared in the editorial section of THE CHICAGO EVENING POST:

"When John Alexander Dowie went out of town, after a lively experience bordering on persecution, he said prophetically that when he returned, he would hold a meeting in a hall downtown which he would fill with a large and respectful audience. His words were laughed at at the time, but yesterday they were vindicated. Four thousand people collected in the auditorium to welcome him, and at the end of the impressive services, hundreds came up to him and grasped his hand, half knelt beside him and kissed the hem of his coat. Is it cause for wonder that he was deeply affected and that tears streamed down his cheeks?" (This latter statement was a newspaper inaccuracy as Dr. Dowie left immediately after the benediction.)

“In the fact of this popular testimonial it is useless to deny that John Alexander Dowie is vindicated by at least a formidable proportion of intelligence. What this power is, is not necessary to analyze here. But it is a power that rises superior to ridicule, to scoffing, to all sorts of charges of humbug and imposture, and that brings together thousands of persons of intelligence with faith unshaken and confidence unimpaired. Perhaps some people are attracted to these meetings through curiosity, but this is true only of a few, and even if the number were increased by this motive, it would argue nothing to discredit. The point is that Mr. Dowie has the faculty of drawing a tremendous audience and of holding it in respectful attention. With that fact prominently in view, it is only fair to challenge his opinions and teachings with the dignity of argument and not with mere ridicule and laughter.”

Interest in the Sunday services at the auditorium continued to mount, and the magnitude of this enterprise was only limited by the seating capacity of the auditorium which was about six thousand.

Robert G. Ingersoll, the notorious infidel, delivered a speech in Chicago at this time in which he made the blasphemous charge that “God must perish, because He is useless, and never answers prayer . John Alexander Dowie took Ingersoll up on his indictment that God never answered prayer, by assembling an impressive array of testimonies of people healed of the most outstanding afflictions, and with documented proof of their healing. This was perhaps the only time Ingersoll was ever effectively challenged in his blasphemous assertions. The infamous agnostic was well aware of the Bible teaching concerning healing and miracles, and in his lectures it was customary for him to point out that these promises were not fulfilled in the ministry of the Church. Until this time, Ingersoll had gotten by, because the Church was impotent to answer his challenge. However, Dr. Dowie, after assembling many witnesses who testified to miracles of healing, called Ingersoll’s bluff. The infidel ordinarily would have been quick to accept a challenge of this nature and thus expose Christianity further to his blatant ridicule, but learning of the nature of the challenge he would have to meet, he decided not to accept it and quickly left town, thus revealing that his professed search for truth was only pretence. Not long after, Ingersoll died a miserable death and as one of old, “he went to his own place”.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

The time had now come when John Alexander Dowie believed it propitious to initiate what he had long dream of doing, the organizing of a church on apostolic principles. Dr. Dowie firmly believed that the same principles laid down by the apostles for the Early Church should be valid even at the present time. He had no sympathy with the generally accepted teaching that the days of miracles were passed or that the Gifts of the

Spirit had been withdrawn. It was his desire to bring

God's people back to the principles of the Early Church. On January 22, 1896, he held the first General Conference of Believers interested in the organization of the Christian Catholic Church. His message at that service dealt particularly with the subject of apostolic succession, which we cannot report on these pages. (Those who wish to read this sermon may find it in the recently published book entitled, "THE SERMONS OF JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE". Incidentally the term Catholic has no connection with the Roman Catholic Church, but simply means "Universal".)

On Wednesday evening, February 5, 1896, the Second General Conference of Believers of those interested in the organization of the Christian Catholic Church was called. The service this time was thrown open for questions. We believe that in considering the answers given to these questions, the reader can the more quickly secure an idea of the plan in Dr. Dowie's mind, when he set about organizing this church. We shall for obvious reasons find it necessary to condense to an essence, the answers:

OPENING REMARKS OF DR. DOWIE: "I propose in the Christian Catholic Church to carry out in the letter and in the Spirit the organization of the New Testament. I propose to train Seventies, by the grace of God, who thoroughly understanding the work and prepared first in Zion, shall go forth two by two into all parts of the city, and do their work from house to house. I shall carry forth the work by deacons and deaconesses and elders; by pastors, teachers, and preachers. I propose to carry forth the work upon New Testament lines, by ordaining such persons as I believe God has called and qualified. I propose to carry it forward in a very thorough manner in Sabbath and week-day schools, where they shall not only be taught the letter of the word but its Spirit, and where they shall get a thorough Christian education from the kindergarten to the college, and from the beginning be trained to carry forward the work of God in all parts of the city.

"We shall use the printing press extensively, and by books, newspapers, pamphlets, and tracts in all the various languages which are spoken in this city, until at least we have something in every language for every person within Chicago.

"In things that are essential we demand unity, in things that are not essential we give the fullest liberty, and we must do all things in charity.

"The meeting is open now as a conference for general discussion upon the basis set forth in my address of January 22nd. Feel perfectly free in the Lord to speak anything that God has given you to say.

REV. MR. JONES—May I not ask if there were not some other offices in the primitive church, supposing that we grant your position that the Apostolic Office is permanent, is there not at least one more in the primitive church that in the very nature of things must have been limited, that is to say, the Prophetic Office? Now

can there be that office now - giving the power of foretelling future events such as Paul exercised, and also embracing inspiration?

DR. DOWIE: The contention of Dr. Jones is not correct. The Prophetic Office is permanent, as is also the Apostolic and Teaching office; it is as permanent as both. The words are clear in I Cor. 12:28. "And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." There is no limitation there as to the time of the duration of the offices of either apostles or prophets or teachers. The word "set" is "etheto" and it means "to build into," as a permanent part of a permanent organization. As regards our brother's suggestion as to the continuation of the Apostolic Office, I would say that the suggestion of its temporary nature is not correct, and that the Prophetic Office continued after Christ's Resurrection.

There were a number of prophets and a number of prophetesses.

There was Agabus, narrated in Acts 21:10-11. Philip the evangelist had four daughters that prophesied. Acts 21:8-9.

I see no reason whatever why the Gift of Prophecy should be limited, and I believe too that it is in existence. The Prophetic Office was a very large one, and a prophet might hold other offices, such as that of teacher, and every apostle was a prophet. The apostolic power was prophetic as well as apostolic; it was didactic, or teaching, as well as apostolic. It included all the gifts and it is possible and probable that one of the "signs of an apostle" was that God used him in the exercise of every one of the gifts set forth in I Corinthians XII. If you take prophecy out of one of the nine, you have simply denied the word of God in one of the most important points of teaching, namely "that the gifts and the callings of God are without repentance." Romans 11:29. If you admit as you must, that the Gift of Prophecy is a perpetual gift to the church, then the office of prophet must be.

REV. MR. JONES: There is one question in regard to inspiration—

DR. DOWIE: With regard to the question of inspiration. There is no doubt that inspiration continues; but such inspiration must be in perfect accord with the Word of God as it now stands. But I believe that every day that I, or any other faithful minister of Christ, utters a word that is from God, it is inspired.

MR. MARCH: But it makes no addition to the inspired words of the Bible?

DR. DOWIE: Precisely so, and any man that would add or take away from the words of the prophecy that are in this book would come under the declaration of judgment of Rev. 22:18-19.

While I would never allow any man to bring me anything in addition to the Word, yet the Gift of Prophecy has of necessity a very large place of exercise within the limits of Divine revelation as it is now given, and the application of the principles and the teaching of the New Testament. The application of these principles to the Church of God gives a tremendously large room for inspiration in word, teaching and prayer, and in the Prophetic Office. Within the bounds of the constitution of the United States, there is and there ought to be, ample room for the application of every principle of liberty, and so, within the bounds of the Word of God, there is ample room for the explanation of and the application of it to present day conditions.

REV. DR. BURNS: It seems to me as regards the foundation of the church that we are built upon the foundation of the apostles and the prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Cornerstone. It seems to me that there can be but one laying of the foundation, and the foundation once laid, we cannot build a new church.

DR. DOWIE: There never can be a new church unless it be a false church. That which is true, in regard to church organization is not new, and that which is new is not true. We need the old time Christianity of the first century, and therefore we are seeking for the old time organization of the church and hope to find it in the Christian Catholic Church.

REV. DR. BURNS: Are we to understand that if there should be some future apostles, that we are to be built upon them as upon the first apostles?

DR. DOWIE: The Church of God in each generation must be a building whole and complete in itself, and must be such a building today in this Nineteenth Century, on earth as it was 19 centuries ago. It is as necessary for His work that it shall be just as perfectly equipped and organized today as it was then. Since this is clearly true, and since the organization of the Primitive Church was apostolic and prophetic and didactic, and so on, that same organization is just as necessary today as it was then. That is the position.

MR. CALVERLY In regard to one point: I remember Dr. Dowie saying in a kind of a sad and gloomy way, "I don't know that I can see any of the apostles yet." But I think I can see one, and I think he is the chief of modern apostles. (Looking to Dr. Dowie amid great applause.)

DR. DOWIE: I have not the slightest idea but that our dear Brother Calverly spoke with that perfect honesty which has always characterized him, and that he would not have been guilty for a moment of flattery. But I too am perfectly honest when with no mock humility, I say to you from my heart, I do not think that I have reached a deep enough depth of true humility; I do not think that I have reached a

deep enough depth of true abasement and self-effacement, for the high office of an apostle, such as he had reached who could say and mean it too, "I am less than the least of all the saints, and not worthy to be called an apostle." But if my good Lord could ever get me low enough, and deep enough in self-abasement and self-effacement to be truly what I want to be, and hope in a measure I am, "a servant of the servants of the Lord," why then I should become an apostle by really becoming the servant of all.

In becoming an apostle, it is not a question of rising high, it is a question of becoming low enough. It is not a question of becoming "a Lord over God's heritage," but it is a question if a man shall be called to be an apostle whether he can get low enough, low enough to say from the depths of his heart, to say the words that Paul said, "It is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners of whom (not I was chief but) whom I am chief."

I do not know if any persons here have a notion in their minds that the Apostolic Office means a high pompous position, wearing a tiara, and swaying a sceptre. If so they are entirely wrong. It means a high position truly, but the power of one that can take the lowest place.

I think some of you have got a very false conception of power in the Church of God. Power in the Church of God is not like power in the government of the United States, where a man climbs to the top of the pyramid of his fellows to the acme of his ambition, and there makes it fulfill his personal pride and purpose. Power in the church is shown in this, that a man gets lower and lower, and lower and lower, until he can put his very spirit, soul and body underneath the miseries and at the feet of a sin-cursed and a disease-smitten humanity and live and die for it and for Him who lived and died for it. That is what I understand by the Apostolic Office.

As the convention came to a close the following statement of the basis of fellowship was presented to the audience for their acceptance:

First: That we recognize the infallible inspiration and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as the rule of faith and practice.

Second: That we recognize that no persons can be members of the church who have not repented of their sins and have not trusted in Christ for

salvation.

Third: That such persons must also be able to make a good profession, and declare that they do know in their hearts, that they have truly repented, and are truly trusting Christ, and have a witness in a measure of the Holy Spirit.

Fourth: That all other questions of every kind shall be held to be matters of opinion and not matters that are essential to church unity.

As will be seen, by those familiar with the later history of Zion, John Alexander Dowie's plan for reviving the apostolate did not prove successful. Some years after the death of Dr. Dowie, the church he founded abolished that office altogether. Other organizations which have created the apostolic office, have found that it is a simple matter indeed, to appoint "apostles," but alas, such appointments do not create by the act, the power needed by an apostle. What is needed today is an apostolic ministry of men, who will neither seek nor accept the title of an apostle—a title which has the effect only of embarrassing their ministry. An apostolic ministry is what made Dr. Dowie's ministry what it was, but when he ultimately adopted the title of an apostle, his ministry did not increase but declined.

CHAPTER 22: ORGANIZATION OF THE SEVENTIES

THE story of the organization of the Zion Seventies and their work of carrying the Gospel to the unchurched multitudes of Chicago is not without interest. The labors of the Seventies in the streets and the slums of Chicago were marked by many a dramatic incident revealing the redeeming love of Christ.

This onward movement of Zion in the Year 1898, was occasioned, as told by Dr. Dowie, by the story published in the Chicago press of a youth about twenty years of age, named Butch Hutchins, who having committed many crimes, even that of murder, but a short distance from the Zion Tabernacle on Michigan Avenue, was at last sent to Cook County jail, and when sentenced to be hung, cried out, "I never had a chance." He had been born of criminal parents.

When Dr. Dowie read the pathetic story, he said, "That cry comes to me. He lived within a stone's throw of my home, and I never gave him a chance. That shall not be said of me again in Chicago." Before that week was past he began sending out Zion Seventies, and he began just where poor Hutchins had committed the murder.

It was on Lord's Day, September 18, 1898, in Chicago, that Zion Seventies were first organized and given their commission after the reading of the Tenth Chapter of Luke. Dr. Dowie in sending out the Seventies spoke as follows:

"For long years it has been our great desire to see this moment when having trained some hundreds of God's own children, we should have the joy of sending them forth two by two into every street of this city of Chicago, knowing that the Lord wants to come into every street, and enter into every house in this city. We have not been idle as individuals, but we have been looking forward to the time when the church could organize its bands, and send them forth to do this work. Those that serve in this way must be called, chosen and faithful . . . You are not to look at your weakness, your ignorance, or your inefficiency, but you are to look to Jesus, every step of the way . . . You can enter no house, and tread no land, and no weary street and no hard climbing stairs, and no cellar or den in this city, where you will not find Jesus with you.

"You are witnesses as to what God has wrought in this Christian Catholic Church. You must carry to this people a Gospel of facts, not nineteen hundred years old, but living facts today in this city and land. The Spirit of God must enable you to know how to listen in patience, and how to

answer in love. How to deal in prudence, how to deal in sympathy, how to deal in tenderness. Remember it is courteous and it is right to patiently listen to those that speak. In this fight no feeling of enmity against man must be in your heart. Take with you the holy fire of love Divine, and in these darkened homes of poverty, and of sin, and of sickness, bear with you the living water. Take with you the living bread, carry with you the living Gospel of the Living God, and a great multitude will rise up and call you blessed.

“Hand your little message and say, ‘Peace be unto this house,’ and if they say, ‘Thank you,’ you say, ‘Would it be convenient for me to enter; will you let me tell you about Jesus?’ And if you can get an entrance, go; and if you are shut out, go away, but be sure to come back again. Always come back, no matter how you are sent away. I charge you before God to be ‘faithful unto death.’ I charge you to lead them who are unsaved to repentance through faith, to hope, to love, by the Grace of God, to their Father, that they may receive the blessing of eternal life. I charge you to carry to the sick the message: ‘I am the Lord that heals thee.’ I charge you to carry the message of Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life, and to bid men to know that in Him there is salvation, healing, and holiness and everlasting life, and may God go with you.”

This was the substance of the commission given to the army of six complete Seventies organized that day and sent forth into the homes of the City of Chicago, which had been divided into districts, so that each person in the district could be visited by two people of the Seventies during the week. The number of the Seventies soon increased to 3000 men and women who devoted a part of their time each week in active Gospel work of going from house to house. Millions of tracts were distributed to the homes of the people in Chicago, and LEAVES OF HEALING were given a wide circulation. As a result of the personal work done by Zion Seventies, many people were brought to the meetings to hear the preaching of the Gospel. Within but a few years the entire city of Chicago was stirred to its utmost depths. As a result of the work done by the Seventies, prayer meetings were organized in many parts of the city of Chicago. Branch Tabernacles were started in various parts of Chicago, and also in many others cities, as in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York, and many other large and small centers in the United States. Soon the message of the Full Gospel was reaching to many other countries, and branches were being started in Europe, Australia, South Africa, England and Scotland.

CHAPTER 23: THE HOLY WAR

AFTER the organization of the CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, Zion enjoyed a period of remarkably rapid growth. After the six month's lease on the Chicago Auditorium had expired, Dr. Dowie secured a building known as St. Paul's, on Michigan Ave. at 16th, which he completely renovated and refitted so that it would seat over three thousand persons. He also leased a large office building which was located and still stands today at 12th St. and Michigan Ave., just across from the Illinois Central Railway Station. His offices and residence were located in this building, and it also provided space for many people who came to Chicago to be healed.

The period of 1896-1900 might be called the golden years of Zion. During this time of phenomenal growth, the number of adherents to the CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH multiplied into tens of thousands. It was a period of comparative quiet when Dr. Dowie was formulating his plans for the building of a city. This period of quiet came to an end when in the fall of 1899, John Alexander Dowie suddenly announced a three month's Holy War. And war it turned out to be on more occasions than one. The General Overseer, by which title he was now called, had more purposes than one in invoking his Holy War, and one of these which was obscure at the time, we shall mention presently.

On the third week of the Holy War, the students of the College of Physicians, upon hearing that Dr. Dowie had announced that he was to preach on the subject, "Doctors, Drugs, and Devils", a subject title obviously unflattering to them, instigated a riot at the Zion Tabernacle, the story of which is graphically told by Dr. Dowie himself in his editorial of October 21, 1899:

Truly we have drawn upon us the fire of the enemy: for the doctors of this city, who have subsidized the press, took counsel together and determined that they would stop the rising tide by the most disgraceful and riotous proceedings within their power—hoping, doubtless, that they could in the confusion and darkness seriously injure, or perhaps, destroy our life. With the full knowledge and consent of the professors of several medical colleges, notices were posted, summoning the students to riotous proceedings. We give the following copy of the notice posted in the Rush Medical College as quoted in the Chicago Tribune, of Thursday, October 19:

All Students of Rush Medical are requested to meet at the corner of Harrison and Wood Streets to attend (Dr.?) Dowie's lecture at the hall at the corner of Madison and Paulina Streets, Wednesday evening, October 18, at 7:15

P. M. Subject: "Doctors, Drugs, and Devils." WE WANT TO GIVE HIM A HOT RECEPTION.

By Order of Committee. Note—All medical and dental students should go.

The result was that for several days the students of these institutions engaged in the manufacture of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbon bisulphide, and other bad smelling compounds. They arranged to meet very early in the evening and occupy the new Zion Tabernacle, immediately the doors were opened. The consequence was that the building was filled, with the exception of about one hundred seats, with the great part of a thousand noisy, yelling rowdies in the form of medical students.

But this left fully two thousand of their number outside, since the Chicago Tribune carried an estimate of 2900 students. Immense crowds were attracted by the continuous yelling of the students, and when we arrived at the entrance at 7:30 o'clock, there were probably six or seven thousand persons in the streets.

By this time Lieutenant O'Hara, with a large number of men from the Twenty- eighth Precinct, had arrived, and was doing his best to keep a passage way open for us when we reached the tabernacle. We left our carriage amidst a storm of yells and curses and the throwing of bottles containing filthy smelling liquids. None of these however, touched us, and we entered the tabernacle amid the derisive cheers of the congregation of students whose pockets were filled with noxious chemicals, and whose hearts were filled with fierce and murderous passions.

However God gave us glorious victory, for during the two hours that we spoke, although the attempts to interrupt us were frequent, we did not lose five minutes. God compelled these young men to listen to His Word and to our exposure of pharmacy, medicine and surgery as being wholly unscientific. After we spoke, Elder Mason and Overseer Piper spoke briefly and the audience was dismissed quietly.

But during those two hours the riot in the street reached fever heat, and the shouts and the shrieks and the cries of the students, punctuated by the crashing of stones through the numerous windows of the tabernacle, made the Holy war seem a great reality.

Never in all our years of ministry have we felt so supremely joyful and happy, even though sad and sorrowful for those who were doing the devil's work, because we felt beyond all question the lecture had been magnificently illustrated by the facts which all could see, hear and smell. No arguments or facts that we could adduce were half so potent as those which these foolish doctors and students supplied. The foulness of their arguments fairly stank the young men themselves out of the building, for

they emptied their vials on the floor and were compelled to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses to escape suffocation, and were glad at last to retire. The diabolical nature within them was illustrated by their blasphemous and foolish remarks and actions.

Meanwhile out in the streets, the police, who had been largely reinforced until they were the greater part of one hundred men, under the command of their officers, were charging the crowd and using their batons freely upon them in every direction. When the resistance of these young doctors, assisted by a number of their professors, reached a height, the patrol wagons were summoned from all parts of the west side of the city, and large numbers of the rioters were arrested, pushed into wagons and taken to police cells.

When we left the building there must have been nearly fifteen or twenty thousand people congregated in the streets. But the gracious protection of our God never was so signally shown to us as in the fact that neither in the building nor in leaving it did we or any of our people, so far as we know, receive the slightest injury. It was with difficulty however, that the police literally cut a way through the crowd, for our carriage, which was attended by a patrol wagon filled with stalwart policemen detailed for our protection, as far as Jackson Street bridge crossing the Chicago River.

On the following day, the morning and evening papers were filled with many columns and illustrations devoted to the riotous scene. But the students had gone too far and public indignation was aroused by their actions. When a similar riot was attempted a few days later, it was nipped in the bud and some were taken to jail. Inspector John D. Shea sent out word that any further provocation would be dealt with severely. He declared, "These would-be doctors must behave themselves or the entire lot of them—I don't care how many—will be bundled into patrol wagons and locked up. They will not get off so easy as they did before."

The Holy War continued, and while there were no further riots in Chicago on any large scale, it was only a week later when apparently a direct attempt at murder was committed by an unruly mob who set against Dr. Dowie in Hammond, Indiana, a city located to the south of Chicago. It appeared that the enemies of Dowie, convinced that any further attempts upon his life where the Chicago Police Force had jurisdiction would be frustrated, changed their field of operations to smaller cities, where the police forces were small and largely influenced by petty local politics. We shall take from the November 4, 1899, issue of LEAVES OF HEALING, the story of the attack by the mob in Hammond and the determined attempt at assassination of Dr. Dowie in Oak Park four days later:

ATTEMPT TO MURDER MR. DOWIE AT HAMMOND, INDIANA

"When the meeting had ended, a gang of murderous-looking thugs

gathered in the stairway leading down to the front street, their evident purpose being to close in upon the General Overseer as he started down the stairway, and in the melee, to strike him several blows upon the back of his head with sharp railroad spikes, thus cruelly murdering him in such a way as to make detection of the murderer difficult, if not impossible.

“Divining their dastardly intention, the General Overseer continued calmly making his preparations as though he were going out by the front stairway. Then he quietly slipped out by a side door, thus doubtless saving his life. His presence on the street was soon detected by the bloodthirsty mob, however, and he was quickly surrounded by a half-thousand fiends incarnate. Hissing through their clenched teeth the most terrible execrations and shouting, ‘Kill him!’ and ‘Do the old fakir up!’ and other cries of similar criminal import, they hurled heavy bricks, stones, pieces of iron, railway spikes, mud and sticks at the man of God.

“The distance of several blocks had to be traversed before the waiting electric cars were reached. The scenes enacted during that short walk baffle description. With a living wall of loyal men and women ready to lay down their lives all about him, the General Overseer walked calmly, amidst a perfect pandemonium of yells and curses and a shower of mud and missiles. Attempts were repeatedly made to drag away the guards, but God gave strength and the little band of men and women held closely together. When the bridge was reached there was a shout, ‘Throw him over into the river,’ but the structure was being repaired and so narrow a passageway was left that the little Zion band quite filled it, thus keeping the murderers away.

“At last the electric car was reached, and quickly the General Overseer and his people got on board. Realizing that their prey was thus slipping through their fingers, the criminals who thirsted for life, redoubled their furies. Every pane of glass in the car was broken, and it was here that some of the most serious injuries of Zion People were inflicted. The conductor of the car was also slightly injured.

“But here again the brave men and women of Zion rallied around their leader, and by their own bodies shielded him from harm.

“And all unseen by that howling mob, the hand of God was in that fierce conflict, and the death-dealing missiles were turned aside, so that mortal injury was not inflicted on the General Overseer nor any of the brave Christian heroes and heroines who surrounded him. Of serious and painful wounds there were a few, and of slight bruises and cuts a large number. The General Overseer was struck a heavy blow on the head, inflicting a bruise, a cutting blow behind the left ear, breaking the skin and stunning him, for the moment, and also a painful blow on the back. In answer to his prayers however, God quickly healed him and removed

all pain and all harmful effects, so that he was enabled to spend the remainder of the night working upon THE LEAVES OF HEALING.”

THE ATTACK AND RESCUE AT OAK PARK

But the enemies of Dowie were not through yet. They learned that four days after the incident mentioned above, he was to speak at Oak Grove. Careful plans were laid by a band of desperate men to take his life immediately after the close of the service. Accordingly some two hundred assassins gathered early in that village, and laid in wait to assassinate him, when he left the meeting. THE LEAVES OF HEALING give a detailed account of what followed.

“Failing in Hammond to carry out their craven designs, members of the mob seized with eagerness upon the opportunity presented by the General Overseer’s widely advertised visit to Oak Park. That a determined attempt would be made upon his life by hired assassins, the General Overseer received very plain and well-grounded warnings for several days before time set for the meeting there.

“Nevertheless, he set out upon his mission, confident that God, in Whose name he went, would graciously protect him, as in the past. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dowie, who knew of the danger to her husband’s life, and was determined to share it. Alexander Gladstone Dowie, their only son, also accompanied his father and mother. Many members of Zion choir and ordained ministers of Zion, with numerous members of the church were there. Probably three hundred in all came from Chicago.

“Early in the evening, and until about midnight, the majority of the crowd, which was variously estimated from two to six thousand, in the streets, was composed of High School boys and girls and other young people, who evidently knew little of the meaning of it all, but simply screamed and blew their tin horns as a Halloween prank.

“During the course of the evening, some of the bolder spirits in this youthful mob were inspired to the highly intellectual amusement of smashing the windows of the tabernacle and pelting Zion’s faithful guard with eggs, stale bread, and vegetables.

“In spite of all the pandemonium which was raised by the horns and the crashing of windows, the meeting proceeded with scarce an interruption, every word of the General Overseer being easily heard by the five hundred present, and listened to with the closest attention.

“At midnight a great portion of the crowd dispersed, including all the boys and girls, and young men and women. But a determined band of men, whose number is variously estimated at from one to two hundred, refused to leave the field. They left the vicinity of the tabernacle, but

remained near, hiding in the dark corners and in alleys in group of ten or a dozen each.

“Zion’s guard did scout duty again and again, and each party brought back reports that these suspicious characters were still skulking about. With this knowledge in mind, and remembering the insistent ‘warnings which he had received from several reliable sources, the General Overseer wisely decided that he and his people were far more safe inside the Zion Tabernacle, surrounded by Zion Guard, than in an open street in a carriage. He accordingly respectfully declined to act upon the advice of the Chief of Police of Oak Park, who assured him that the crowd had all dispersed, and those that were left were mere ‘curiosity seekers’. Curiosity seekers do not stand all night in disagreeable weather, despite the efforts of the police to send them home.

“The General Overseer accordingly announced an all-night of prayer and praise. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm by the three hundred faithful Zion people.

“When all was very quiet and some splendid testimonies were being given, following the prayer, at about a quarter before three, suddenly, the sonorous peal of a police patrol gong came ringing up from the streets below. On this occasion, if on no other it had to the ears of the prisoners of Zion a most musical beautiful note. Accustomed to remaining unmoved in the midst of outside confusion, the audience kept its seats, only a few of Zion’s guard leaving the room. Then there was a heavy tread on the stair, and a moment later the door opened and a tall splendid looking sergeant of the Chicago Police, followed by a few broad-shouldered officers, stepped into the room.

“Respectfully saluting the General Overseer, who had remained upon the platform, Sergeant Muldoon said, ‘Doctor I report myself and my command from Chief Kipley, with instructions to protect you and escort you home.’ Instantly there was a burst of applause after which the General Overseer expressed his appreciation of this graceful act on the part of the Chicago Police Department, briefly but warmly.

“This squad of policemen, from the Forty-third Avenue Station, had been waiting for hours, ready at any news of danger to ‘the doctor’—as they affectionately call the General Overseer—to come to his defense. They had driven rapidly to Oak Park as soon as word had reached them that it was dangerous to leave the Tabernacle.

“Guarded by the greatest care by these strong men and by Zion’s Guard, Dr. and Mrs. Dowie and their son entered the carriage, and followed closely by the police patrol wagon, they arrived home at five o’clock A. M.”

It will be noted that this friendly protection by the officers was in sharp contrast to the circumstances of the illegal arrests he had suffered several years before at the hands of the police. The political party that had been in power had been overthrown some time before, and Dr. Dowie was popular with the present administration. The previous election had been very close, and Dr. Dowie had advised all his people to vote for the candidate, who, as it turned out was declared mayor. He had also exacted a promise that Joseph Kipley his friend be retained as Chief of Police.

CONCERNING DR. DOWIE'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Readers will have noted that Dr. Dowie severely criticized and took to task the medical practice of his day, which it must be admitted, was rude and elementary in comparison with the status of the medical profession today. While the Scriptures plainly teach that the child of God, if and when, sickness comes, should look to God rather than to man (II Chron. 16:12-13 and Luke 8:43), there is no wholesale condemnation of those who minister to the sick by natural means. (Luke 5:31; 10:33-34) Apparently Christ during His ministry, showed a friendliness to the physicians as He did to all who would receive Him. Indeed Luke, "the beloved physician", wrote a Gospel that bears his name. It was in Divine healing that Christ, as the Great Physician showed men "a more excellent way".

Yet we must bear in mind that it has often been the case that when God seeks to re-establish some great truth in His Church, those instrumental in accomplishing this, seem impelled by human necessity to almost over-emphasize certain phases of the truth, in order to awaken people and to counteract the damage caused by centuries of neglect or under-emphasis. There was certainly no ulterior motive in Dr. Dowie's hostility to the doctors. He was well aware that his opposition to them brought great persecution upon him from many quarters. His motive seems evident and sincere. He believed that those who desire Divine healing must definitely transfer their faith in "the arm of flesh" to that of faith in the Living God.

CHAPTER 24: THE DREAM CITY OF ZION

THE three months of Holy War proclaimed by Dr. Dowie were drawing toward a close. Day by day, the newspapers of Chicago as well as those of many other cities had carried a running account of events that were taking place. The riots, the attempts by assassins to take the life of the General Overseer, his outspoken crusade against the evils of the city—all these things had kept the news reporters busy. They had no time to take note of a man dressed in the attire of a tramp who was seen on several occasions strolling about from farm to farm in a certain section of the country north of Chicago. The newspapers, indeed, had heard rumors that someone was buying up farms in that area, but the project was of such a vast scope that it was inconceivable that any purchaser, other than a great corporation, was involved. The fact was that public attention had been so focused on Dr. Dowie's Holy War, that the reporters could hardly be blamed if they failed to associate the land buying with one of the most astounding of religious undertakings in the history of America.

Actually the person seen in the shabby clothes was none other than John Alexander Dowie, masquerading as a tramp. His special agent, sworn to secrecy, had been quietly buying up farms all during the fall, in anticipation of securing intact a tract of land about ten square miles, in the area north of Waukegan. It was here that Dr. Dowie planned on building his dream city. Secrecy had been required else farmers hearing about the plan would be tempted to raise the selling price of their properties. So it was, that while public attention had been diverted to the Holy War, the large estate of well over 6000 acres in extent was successfully secured by option.

Thus it had come to pass as the year 1900 drew nigh, Dr. Dowie was ready to launch into the greatest venture of his life—the building of a dream city where drugs, tobacco, liquors, theaters, brothels, dance halls, and the like were to be forever barred. The General Overseer had spoken of his plan many times, though, of course, the location of the proposed city was kept secret. Nevertheless, popular interest among the members of Zion had gradually increased in the project, until it had reached a pitch of feverish excitement. The idea of living in a community where the grosser sins and the temptations of the large cities should be barred had captured their imagination. Here, at last, was a chance to have a little heaven on earth. It was an alluring prospect and many reveled in the anticipation of the time when they would have a home in this dream city.

On the eve before the New Year, 1900, the members of Zion thronged to their large tabernacle at 16th and Michigan Avenues, for the scheduled

watch-night service. There had been whisperings that the General Overseer had some important announcement to make, and the people were filled with expectation and wonder. As they entered the building they observed a mysterious sheet of canvas, twenty-five feet square, suspended over the choir gallery behind the platform. Veiling the canvas was a curtain.

What did the curtain hide? No one was certain. Interest and speculation gripped the audience while the dying hours of 1899 sped away. As midnight drew near, the Communion of the Lord's Supper was observed, and following that, the congregation repeated after Dr. Dowie the prayer of consecration.

The hands of the clock crept to the hour of twelve. Across the city, whistles and horns began to blow. But within the tabernacle, at that moment, the fascinated members of the audience were oblivious to all except the drama that began to unfold before them. For at the striking of the clock, Dr. Dowie reached up and pulled a slender cord. The curtain rolled back from the canvas. And lo! There revealed was a great map which showed the site of the dream city, located forty miles north of Chicago and on Lake Michigan.

Before the people could scarcely recover from their surprise and pleasure, they were to witness something more. This time Dr. Dowie's hand took hold of another cord and now the map slid away, and there, stretched out, was a huge painting of the proposed city of Zion, in the center of which stood the towers of the dome of Zion Temple! The audience gasped as they began to grasp the magnitude of the project unveiled before them. Long into the wee, small hours of the morning, the congregation lingered as Dr. Dowie talked and discussed plans for their city of the future. Darkness had gone and the flush of dawn had spread across the sky when the last member of Zion left the tabernacle that New Year's morning.

It was not Zion alone that was impressed. Real estate men and others took a new view of Dr. Dowie's business ability. One big-scale operator, who specialized in suburban cities, offered to give Dr. Dowie a million dollars profit if he would sell the land that he had acquired. Money poured into the Zion Land Investment Association. Popular interest was so great that it appeared urgent to hasten the opening of the subdivisions so that building of homes could get under way.

The Zion project was no doubt one of the most stupendous ventures ever conceived and entered into by a minister of the Gospel. It envisioned the expenditure of millions of dollars. Everything about the plan was unique. The land was not to be sold, but to be leased for a period of some eleven hundred years. The terms of the lease strictly forbade the possession or use of tobacco, liquor, and swine's flesh anywhere within the limits of Zion. No drug store or doctor's office was to be located there. No

gambling house, theater, nor dance hall was ever to receive a license to operate within that community. Parents were to be provided with a clean atmosphere in which they could bring up their children without their coming into contact with corrupting influences such as existed in Chicago and other large cities. All in all, it was an alluring prospect to many Christians whose souls abhorred the omni-present evil of the cities where they were forced to dwell.

On July 14, 1900, members of the Zion congregation made an excursion to the site. (An earlier one had been made on Washington's birthday.) Dr. Dowie turned the first sod on the proposed Zion Temple. During the afternoon, the General Overseer preached a sermon depicting the future of Zion, in glowing terms. Arthur Newcomb who writes unfavorably of Dr. Dowie, sums up the message delivered on that occasion:

"In the General Overseer's prophetic sermon, vision paled before brighter vision, emotion mounted to higher emotion. This little band of a few thousand people saw themselves the favored instruments in the consummation of the plan of the ages, nucleus of the chosen company of kings and priests of God, which ere long should rule the whole world. Here upon this consecrated land should rise the first material evidence of their universal empire. Other Zion cities would be built near all the other great cities of the world until, at Jerusalem, their work should be crowned by the city of Jesus the Great King, with Whom they should reign over a world from which all evil, all sickness, all poverty, and all unhappiness should be purged."

Through the balance of the year 1900, until the winter season set in, surveyors and road crews pushed the preliminary work. With the opening of spring of the following year, crews were put to work in large numbers on various projects; some surveying, other grading streets, some planting trees, still others working on a draining system. All work was rushed in anticipation of the expected stampede to secure lots by the many families who had declared their intention of moving to Zion as soon as the property was put on the market.

Plans had been set in motion to get a variety of industries into the city. This was important as a means of support was necessary for the population when it arrived. A modern lace factory was imported, personnel and all, from Great Britain. This, as a matter-of-fact, represented the introduction of an altogether new industry into America.

It had been planned also to lay out a civic center, residential zones, and landscape architecture, but before these plans could be properly executed, the pressure of thousands of people, impatient to build before the summer was gone, was so great that it was decided to make the lots available at once.

So it was that on July 15, 1901, several subdivisions of the Zion estate were thrown open and the lots offered for lease. As was expected there was a stampede at the Zion Land Office. Building operations commenced almost immediately. People pitched their tents and went to work. Some of the houses were of excellent construction; others were ugly makeshift shacks. But the boom was on, and the hammers and saws could be heard at all hours during the summer days.

It is not the purpose of this volume to go into detail in the recording of events attending the building boom. Suffice it to say that while it did not proceed altogether according to plan, it nevertheless moved forward at a tempo that was very gratifying to Dr. Dowie. Even to his enemies, it appeared that his dream of a city was actually coming true. Lots in the subdivision were being snapped up by the hundreds. Tens of thousands of dollars poured into Zion Batik by investors anxious to secure the high rate of interest that was promised. Enthusiasm in the project continued to mount. Newspapers, far more respectful than they had ever been before, carefully followed and reported the progress that was being made.

Winter forced a temporary lull in operations, but with the coming of spring of 1902, the work was resumed at an unslackened pace. In a short time several of the administration buildings were completed. The Elijah Hospice, one of the largest frame buildings in the country, was finished and made ready to take care of guests. The lace factory had been built and that establishment was already busily turning out fine lace, which Dr. Dowie proudly proclaimed, and with truth, to be very acceptable to American markets. By the time the summer of 1902 was over, many houses had been erected and the semblance of a city was taking shape.

CHAPTER 25: AN UTOPIA ON EARTH

THUS we have traced the history of John Alexander Dowie up and until the winter of 1901-02. His star of destiny as far as the casual observer might see, seemed to be well in the ascendancy. Despite some unpleasant circumstances that had arisen, the General Overseer was satisfied with the progress that had been made. "In the next five years", said he, in a burst of enthusiasm, "there should be 50,000 people living within the boundaries of Zion". He called attention to the foresight that had been exercised in securing enough land to take care of a city of 200,000 inhabitants. Already, however, Dr. Dowie was looking beyond the Zion on Lake Michigan. Flushed with success that he believed was already his, he began dreaming of more Zions to be built in other parts of the world.

Thus far the dreams and plans of John Alexander Dowie had been startlingly fulfilled. He now had a congregation consisting of many thousands of devoted members, most of whom were solidly behind him. Some, had they been given the opportunity, would have laid down their very lives for him. The people had a feeling that they were part of a great crusade that was about to inaugurate a new era on earth, and they were ready to labor, toil, and to put their all into the venture, which they were sure only end in success. That there could be any other alternative was unthinkable.

But a few in Zion had a presentiment that all was not as it should be. These were not enemies of Dr. Dowie. Some were numbered amongst his most devoted friends - people who had been healed under his ministry and who loved him dearly. For various reasons they had become vaguely uneasy, and their feeling of anxiety increased as the days went by. There were certain developments taking place that were impossible to altogether ignore and, frankly speaking, they were disturbed. Unknown to them at the time, another event was about to take place that would more than disturb them—it would actually cause alarm. We shall speak of this presently.

One thing that troubled those who had more experience in the affairs of life than others, was the manner of administration proposed by the Overseer. At first it had not been certain how the government of the new city was to be administered. Dr. Dowie had not fully revealed his plans. Gradually, however, the blueprints became clear. The rule of Zion was to be held firmly and absolutely in the hands of the General Overseer. There was to be no balance of power such as is ordinarily exercised in democratic institutions "Zion is to be a theocracy, not a democracy", so declared the leader. It soon became evident that Dr. Dowie intended not

only to guide the major issues of the great enterprise, but also planned to assume personal control over the smallest details of the community's existence. Those who knew something of the limitations of human beings asked themselves whether any man, who was flesh and blood, could achieve so formidable a task.

Nevertheless, as concerning Dr. Dowie's plan for the establishment of a religious city, certainly the proposition was not to be dismissed as an irresponsible dream. His desire to shield the families of his congregation from the unspeakable degradation and wickedness that existed in the great cities was something which any godly person could only view with sympathy. All during the past church age there have been many of God's people who have longed to insulate themselves from the sin and iniquity of the world. Indeed, the first act of the early Christians was to sell their possessions and lay the money at the apostles' feet. These people, blessed with the indwelling power of a mighty baptism of the Spirit, thought only of "eating their meat with gladness and singleness of heart", and sharing with their neighbor their temporal blessings in a Holy Ghost fellowship.

But this spiritual Utopia could not, nor did it last long. Hypocrites immediately sought to join themselves with the communal church, and were detected and eliminated only because the Gifts of the Spirit were powerfully in operation—as happened in the case of Ananias and Sapphira. The plan of a Christian community worked for a short time, though because of the inherent difficulties of the system, it soon ran up against real problems. The Grecian widows thought they were being discriminated against, and perhaps were, since the apostles found it necessary to reorganize the method of ministration. The leaders of the Early Church realized that more and more of their time was being taken up with temporal responsibilities. After counseling with one another, they decided that they dare not neglect their prayer life and the ministration of the Word. So they turned over the whole communal problem to seven deacons whom they did not appoint, but who were elected by the people.

Actually the Scriptures do not seem to favor any plan of insulation of Christians from the world. The duty of the Children of Light is to let their light shine in the world—they were to live in the world, though not to become identified with the world. At any rate, in the providence of God, a great persecution was allowed to rise against the Early Church at Jerusalem, which resulted in the scattering of the Christians in every direction. Significantly we read that those scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word, thus fulfilling the Great Commission. (Acts 8:1, 4) So ended the communal system in the Early Church. History does not record that the plan has ever been successfully revived, at least for any length of time. That it held together as long as it did (Bible scholars believe it lasted only about a year), was not an argument in its favor, but a signal evidence of the unusual spiritual grace of the converts

of the Early Church. There are basic reasons why a communal system, even one greatly modified such as Dr. Dowie's proposal (he did not advocate all things in common), has little chance of succeeding in the present state of society. We cannot enter into a detailed discussion of this, but as a matter of fact, such a system ordinarily is maintained for any length of time only by force, such as is employed in the slave state of Soviet Russia.

As we have seen, John Alexander Dowie was not satisfied to build a city and turn the temporal affairs over to business men to run. In this he took the opposite course of that of the apostles, who refused to be involved in temporal matters and who turned the administration of such to elected deacons. Dr. Dowie sought to guide and control every phase and department of the city's life. The chances of achieving success by such a method were slim indeed, and as the interests and involvements of the community continued to expand, the more impossible it was for one man to guide and direct efficiently every department of such an enterprise.

Incidentally, the writer's parents came to Zion about the time of the founding of the city. Thomas A. Lindsay, then a young man, was much impressed by Dr. Dowie's ministry of healing and the remarkable testimonies that he heard. When Zion city was opened, he decided to move there, and in the course of time met a young woman, daughter of Charles Ramsay, who worked in the local department store. Later they were married and established their home at the southern end of Emmaus Street. In that home the writer of these pages was born. As a matter of personal interest, Jennie Paddock, whose remarkable healing Dr. Dowie regarded as a sign to initiate his work in Chicago, attended his birth.

The reader may pardon the above diversion, as perhaps we have not gone far afield. It was testimonies such as that of Jennie Paddock which attracted wide attention to Dr. Dowie's ministry and were, in fact, the cause of the writer's parents and many others, moving to Zion. But it was not long after locating in the new city that they began to notice signs of dissatisfaction. The difficulties which appeared in the communal system of the Early Church also began to appear in Zion. People, for real reasons or fancied, became dissatisfied. Some left the city, but others remained to join in an undertone of discontent. All these problems diverted Dr. Dowie from his healing ministry which had been the vital force that had given him success.

Aside from what has already been mentioned, there was another fundamental weakness in Dr. Dowie's conception of establishing a purely religious community. The experience of the new birth does not pass from father to son by natural generation. To every man who would be a Christian there must come a personal revelation of Christ's Lordship as well as of his own sinful condition. It is the sad experience of many, of

whom Dr. Dowie was not excepted, that the son of godly parents develops a decidedly less spiritual outlook on life. In a Christian community, the leavening process goes on rapidly. A heathen religion may be propagated from father to son, and the more pagan a religion is, the more natural the process. Not so with Christianity, the vital principles of which are at variance with unregenerate human nature. The latter must be subdued by the power of the Spirit of God before a man can become a true Christian.

Parents moving into Zion whose children were unsaved, entertained the hope that the influences of Zion would have a beneficial effect upon their sons and daughters. In this expectation they were to be sadly disappointed. Actually in some cases the youngsters were already out of parental control, and in their unconverted state they naturally had little sympathy with the purpose for which the city was founded. The subsequent financial difficulties and other problems that multiplied in Zion, definitely hindered the spirit of revival that had formerly prevailed, which, had it continued, might have caused these young people to receive a real religious experience. The rigid rules and regulations governing conduct, formulated by Dr. Dowie and imposed by his deputies, were looked upon with hostility by many of the young people who, as might be anticipated, evaded them as often as possible.

A true Christian community, if it ever has existed since the brief period in the Early Church, must certainly have been short-lived, for it inherently lacks the power to perpetuate itself as such. Historically, a communal system has never flourished for any length of time, much less proved a successful means of spreading vital Christianity. Against Scriptural and historical precedent therefore, the plans for Zion City were conceived and set in motion. Under the most favorable circumstances it is exceedingly doubtful that the sanguine hopes for the dream city could have ever fully materialized. That is not to say, however, that had not certain ill-fated circumstances of another nature transpired, the subsequent history of Zion might not have been vastly different. Unfortunately, circumstances of sinister import, which we must shortly examine, were emerging, and it was these unexpected developments that distressed and put ill at ease the minds of those whose hearts were burdened for the welfare of Zion.

Actually Dr. Dowie's plan for Zion City on Lake Michigan was just the beginning of his greater project for establishing Zions all over the world, with Jerusalem as the final objective, which he envisioned becoming the capitol of all his cities. He had come to believe that God's plan for Zion as outlined by the prophets, was to be fulfilled by the church. The material glory that was to be ultimately enjoyed by Zion, Dr. Dowie therefore believed was for his church, and he set his plans accordingly.

Thus it was that one of the main purposes that John Alexander Dowie had in mind in building Zion City was to pave the way for the eventual

purchase and control of Jerusalem. In the LEAVES OF HEALING of June 7, 1902, he said, bearing on this subject:

“ZION WILL BUY UP JERUSALEM FOR THE KING. If we can establish three, four, five, six, seven or more Zion cities, and can get a million dollars a year, we can buy out the Turk, we can buy out the Mohammedan, we can buy out the Jew, we can buy out the infidel, and we can get possession of the sacred site of Jerusalem, and build it up in preparation for the Coming of Christ our King to His holy hill of Zion.”

His belief that the Zion that he was engaged in building was the Zion of prophecy, is shown in his editorial in the May, 4, 1901, issue of THE LEAVES OF HEALING:

“They shall call thee the City of the Lord, the Zion of the holy one of Israel.’ These words form a part of the glorious prophecy concerning the Zion of the latter days, which God gave to Isaiah the seer. ‘The little one shall become thousand and the small one a strong nation.’ Its time has come. We have become a thousand. We have become ten thousand. We have become ten thousands. The small one shall yet become a strong nation. We tell with joy the apostate church, Zion has come. With joy we send forth the message to God’s people in every land, Zion has come... It is not as yet the fullness of the flower; it is not the fullness of summer, but Zion has come.”

Strange as it may seem, to John Alexander Dowie was given a premonition of the danger that he might suffer as the result of going on with this new venture of building a city for God. It was on a Lord’s Day in 1899, in Central Zion Tabernacle, at a communion service while giving one of his family talks to the church, that he stood with uplifted hands, and while weeping with copious tears: “I sometimes fear that I shall be like Moses, having led this people on, I shall be set aside—yea God Himself setting me aside and choosing another to lead the people on. I fear that I shall sometime say: Dowie did something, when Dowie never did anything. I shall thus grieve God by taking some glory for myself, when it all belongs to Him.”

Anton Darms writing of this says: “This premonition may have been a Divine warning to drop the project of building of the city of Zion and devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel, and especially to the teaching of Divine healing, and exercising the ministry of praying for the sick in the Name of the Lord. However he believed that by building of a city for God named Zion, he would be preaching a greater sermon than he had ever done before.”

CHAPTER 26: THE ELIJAH DECLARATION

IT was usual when people entered Dr. Dowie's tabernacle for the first time, to be deeply impressed with his services. Standing in the pulpit with long, flowing white beard, thundering against the sins of a careless and sinful generation, John Alexander Dowie was the veritable picture of a prophet. His appearance inspired confidence, and his words had the ring of authority. Newcomers looking about the tabernacle witnessed a unique and arresting sight—a display of crutches, casts, braces, and canes of all kinds, discarded by people who had been healed. Emphasizing the authenticity of the display were the testimonies of those who had been delivered from these very instruments which hung upon the walls. Others would testify of healing from serious afflictions, and some would relate how that in their deliverance they had been snatched from the very jaws of death. And so, as the days went by, new members were being added to Zion's rolls by hundreds and even thousands. And it should be mentioned that these people who united with Dr. Dowie's church were not just "joiners", but, for the most part, were intelligent Christians who were devoted to their leader with a loyalty and love rarely found in so great an enterprise.

Many things could be said concerning the amazing career of John Alexander Dowie, but the compass of this book does not permit. His prophetic insight was remarkable and he predicted things which only recently have come to pass. For example in a meeting held in Chicago, on Sept. 5, 1897, he prophesied of radio in the following words:

"Am I going to speak to 300,000 people every Sunday afternoon? Why, we are going to do it. Do you not know that one day in the big Zion Temple that we will have, we are going to have a great big thing to catch the sound and I am going to have them **TURN ON ZION TO ZION'S FRIENDS IN NEW YORK**. See! And by the beds of sick and sorrowing, some day, I am going to have them hear the testimonies that they cannot hear except from dying beds. Going to get it some day. It has to be done. It is going to be done, because the mouth of the Lord spoke that a long time ago. Do you know it?"

At another time he prophesied of the advent of television, speaking of its possibilities in a sermon preached October 16, 1904.

"I know not the possibilities of electricity. It is possible that it may yet **CONVEY THE FACE OF THE SPEAKER**, and, by photo-electricity, show the man as he is talking. Perhaps a discourse delivered here may be heard in every city of the United States. **SOME DAY THAT WILL BE SO AND**

THE WORD SPOKEN IN SHILOH TABERNACLE WILL BE HEARD EVEN IN THE FARTHEST CORNERS OF THE EARTH.” (Leaves of Healing Vol. 16, No. 1, Page 15.)

The only miscalculation on the part of Dr. Dowie was his part in the fulfillment of the prediction. Actually years later, Zion built a 50,000 watt station that carried its message over a wide area. Though that was long after Dowie passed from the scene, this fact does not materially detract from his remarkable apprehension of future world development. The keenness of his prophetic perception was unrivalled by any minister of his time.

But those who knew Dr. Dowie from the earlier years of his Chicago ministry, and had associated with him most intimately, were vaguely conscious that something was happening to their leader. A change was taking place, yet a change so exceedingly subtle as to be almost imperceptible. Yet although it was difficult to lay a finger on the tangible evidence of the change, one thing was certain—the John Alexander Dowie who lived in the Twentieth Century was not the same John Alexander Dowie who had preached in “The Little Wooden Hut” outside the gates of the World’s Fair in Chicago.

When at the time that the organization of the Christian Catholic Church was being consummated, it will be recalled (note Chapter XXI) that one of Dr. Dowie’s admirers made the statement that the latter, in his opinion, bore the marks of an apostle. The reply that Dr. Dowie made was a classic answer of humility and grace: “I do not think that I have reached a deep enough depth of true humility; I do not think I have reached a deep enough depth of true abasement and self-effacement, for the high office of an apostle, such as he had reached who could say and mean it too, ‘I am less than the least of all the saints, and not worthy to be called an apostle.’...In becoming an apostle, it is not the question of rising high, it is the question of becoming low enough. It is not a question of becoming Lord over God’s heritage, but it is a question if a man shall be called an apostle, whether he can get low enough. I think some of you have a very false conception of power in the church of God. Power in the church is not like power in the government of the United States, where a man climbs to the top of a pyramid of his fellows to the acme of his ambition, and there makes it fulfill his personal pride and purpose. Power in the church is shown in this, that a man gets lower and lower, and lower, and lower, until he can put his very spirit, soul, and body underneath the miseries and at the feet of a sin-coursed and disease-smitten humanity and live and die for it and for Him who lived and died for it.”

The man who uttered these words was the John Alexander Dowie of 1896. They had been spoken sincerely and extemporaneously from his

heart as a direct answer to a statement which sought to attribute to him an honor which he did not consider himself due. They reveal a man possessed of a clear insight into the dangers of self-exaltation and who wanted none of it. But the man who spoke those words in 1896 was not the Dowie of 1900. Something deep within him, something fundamental in his nature, had changed. There had been a peculiar erosion of a certain vital quality in the faculties of John Alexander Dowie, of which he himself was unaware, but which resulted in a definite altering of his outlook and judgment. As to the causes which were responsible for this circumstance, we shall inquire directly. But first let us notice how this mental metamorphosis led to a strange declaration that Dr. Dowie made in June, 1901, just before the building boom got underway that was to cause a city to rise where meadows and pastures had existed only shortly before. The declaration was so startling in its nature as to leave his own people, when they heard it, almost breathless with astonishment. For it was nothing less than an avowal that he, John Alexander Dowie, was Elijah, the Restorer, whose return to earth was spoken of many centuries before by the prophets!

It had so happened during the earlier years of Dr. Dowie's ministry in Chicago that certain unnamed persons had approached him with what they claimed was a direct revelation from God. In confidential conversation, they solemnly affirmed that the Lord had revealed to them that the man to whom they spoke was none other than Elijah, the Restorer, whose coming to earth just "before the great and terrible day of the Lord" was prophesied in the last two verses of the Old Testament. For their trouble, Dr. Dowie promptly and unceremoniously administered a sound rebuke to these self-appointed prophets, and abruptly dismissing them from his presence, warned them never to mention such things to him again. But there was a strange aftermath. Ever and anon the suggestion that had been planted that fateful day, kept ringing in his ears. According to his own testimony, he tried to rid himself of it, but could not. A voice seemed to say, "Elijah must come, and who but you is doing the work of Elijah?" Time passed. Then one day there came flooding into his consciousness a strange and intense conviction that he was indeed Elijah—the one spoken of by the prophets who was to come and restore all things. The impression came with such overwhelming power, that his entire personality became absorbed with it. From that hour John Alexander Dowie was convinced that he was verily Elijah, that his mission was that foretold in the Scriptures, and that he must at once set about the task of restoring all things as spoken by the prophets.

In the following chapter we shall speak of the causes which brought about these strange developments, but at this point we cannot refrain from asking this one question, without attempting to answer it: Was it possible that the great success enjoyed by John Alexander Dowie, made possible by the ministry of healing, which gave him unprecedented power and

authority to move and influence people, a ministry into which he had entered as no other man of his day had done.... was it possible that he mistook this as a sign from heaven to attempt ventures and enter into enterprises which were dispensationally and prophetically unwarranted?

About the same time that Dr. Dowie made his statement of the Elijah identity, he also declared that this same inner spiritual compulsion had revealed to him that he was the fulfillment of the prophecy of Moses in Deut. 18:18-19, which says, "I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him." As the reader may verify for himself, this prophecy unmistakably was applied by Peter to the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 3: 20-23), of whom the apostle was passionately preaching to the Jews as their Messiah.

Still one thing more. Dr. Dowie went on to add that this same spiritual intuition also declared him to be the Messenger of the Covenant as foretold in Malachi 3:1- 3—a prophecy which practically every Bible commentator agrees, as referring to Jesus Christ.

Dr. Dowie therefore regarded his prophetic office as three-fold: as Messenger of the Covenant; as the Prophet foretold by Moses; and, as Elijah, the Restorer.... and thus the office was described in the Vow taken by each member of the Zion Restoration Host which Dr. Dowie organized just before the New York visitation.

We shall not discuss further Dr. Dowie's personal interpretation of the two above mentioned prophecies, for it was the Elijah Declaration that really drew universal attention. This astonishing statement made in June, 1901, that he, John Alexander Dowie, was Elijah, the Restorer, was immediately challenged and denounced by religious leaders all over the world. From hundreds of pulpits Dr. Dowie was declared an imposter and a mountebank. Others who had believed in his ministry, with sadness of heart were convinced that he had become a victim of a paranoiac delusion. Nevertheless, the majority of the people of Zion though with some hesitation and misgivings, followed along with the Declaration.

It is not the purpose of this volume to judge the truth or the falsity of the Elijah Declaration. The reader will no doubt have little difficulty in reaching his own conclusion on this. However, it must be acknowledged that in some ways, Dr. Dowie's ministry had a startling resemblance to the ministry of Elijah. Certainly in the matter of miracles, it was more like that of Elijah's than the ministry of John the Baptist, whom Christ said was "Elijah which was to come". For John did no miracles. Certainly Dr. Dowie was used of God in a most unusual way to bring a return of faith in God as the Jehovah-Rapha, Healer of His people. Moreover, as Elijah of old, he challenged, and with great effect, the apostasy of his time.

But, had he been the very Elijah, what an unfortunate mistake was made, in proclaiming himself as such! John the Baptist was satisfied in declaring himself “a voice crying in the wilderness”. When they asked John if he were Elijah, he said he was not. Yet Christ later said that he was! (Matt. 11:14) Jesus commended the humility of John who said, “He must increase, but I must decrease”, and declared that none born of women was greater than he.

It would appear therefore that Dr. Dowie had begun his Zion City venture by committing a tragic error. The whole proposition of the Declaration has an unscriptural flavor. In contrast, notice the remarkable reserve of even the Lord Jesus Christ when revealing His Mission. Instead of publicly declaring His Messiahship, again and again He forbade His disciples to reveal His identity. (Matt. 16:20) Attempts by those of the multitude to proclaim Him Israel’s king— which He indeed was—He deliberately thwarted by eluding them and escaping to the mountains.

To what purpose or gain were the proclamations of John Alexander Dowie? He already had a firm hold on the affections of his people. The Elijah Declaration was not needed to strengthen that grip—if anything, it weakened it. The people were devoted to him. Families living as far away as Australia eagerly pulled up their roots and came all the way to America to invest and risk their all in Zion. Moreover, the declaration gave real ammunition to his enemies and they made the most of it. It aroused intense opposition everywhere, and caused Dr. Dowie to be denounced as an imposter and a fraud. From that time on, Zion’s growth which previously had been phenomenal, slowed to a snail’s pace. Regardless of the validity or falsity of the claims, the fact must stand unchallenged that John Alexander Dowie’s decline began at the hour that he made that declaration.

For if Dr. Dowie were not Elijah, in not making such a declaration he would have saved himself from a horrible delusion. And if he were Elijah, just as much and more would have been accomplished without the declaration. For John the Baptist, who came in the spirit of Elijah, as witnessed by Christ, did not declare himself as Elijah, yet who will contend that his ministry was not eminently successful? John Alexander Dowie, in withholding such a declaration, had everything to gain and nothing to lose. History shows that before Dr. Dowie made this avowal of his supposed Elijah identity, his ministry had many marks of an Elijah ministry. But as soon as it was made, the marks began to disappear.

The John Alexander Dowie of 1896 would have opposed such a declaration with might and main. What had happened that caused the Dowie of 1901 to seize upon it, embrace it, and risk all, that he might advertise it to the world? Certainly there was no insincerity in the announcement. The Dowie of 1901 believed in his Elijah identity

positively, and with intense tenacity. The question, therefore, that confronts us, is what cause, or series of causes, produced this strange metamorphosis in the character and mental processes of a man who had been used of God in a measure that few men have ever been? To this inquiry we address ourselves in the following pages.

CHAPTER 27: SHADOWS OVER ZION

THE reader who is not familiar with the whole Dowie story, after following the record of a man of God who was blessed as few men have been, may be, perhaps, a little bewildered by these developments in Dr. Dowie's life. How could a man so used of God, make such a mistake as to impair so great a ministry? In answering this question, we must not forget that the Scriptures abound with illustrations of men who were greatly used of God, but who afterward failed.

There was Balaam whose inspired prophecies marked him as the possessor of a beautiful gift of prophecy. Yet he was found a teacher of false doctrines (Rev. 2:14) and finally perished as a soothsayer. (Joshua 13: 22) Saul at the time that he was anointed king, was of so retiring a nature that it required the services of a prophet to locate him and to bring him forth before the people. (I Sam. 10:21-22) Nevertheless, pride and jealousy brought him to a suicide's grave. David, his successor, the sweet singer of Israel, lamented for Saul saying, "How are the mighty fallen". (II Sam. 1:19) And David himself, a man after God's own heart, through spiritual neglect, sinned grievously, even to committing adultery and murder. (II Sam. 11) The story of the failure of some good kings such as Solomon and Asa are all warnings which only the foolish will ignore. Of course, their final judgment rests with God, who, no doubt will fully consider the light and responsibility involved. Our own judgment of John Alexander Dowie is, that this man of God with all the mistakes that he made, died with the peace of God in his soul.

Nevertheless somewhere along the line, John Alexander Dowie made fateful decisions that had far-reaching effects. It is important as we examine this man's life that we find just what the causes were that brought such a sad termination to so extraordinary a career and ministry.

Coming events cast their shadows before. Effects must have their causes in a world governed by law and not chance. The life of John Dowie affords perhaps the most solemn object lesson of any character in Church history. And, if studied dispassionately for the purpose of learning the secret of his success, and again the cause of his failure, one will perhaps have learned the most valuable lessons that the life of one man can teach another.

In the days of adversity, John Alexander Dowie learned to lean heavily upon God. When every other resource failed him, he abandoned his life to the mercy and graciousness of God. But after success had come, when thousands of people almost idolized him, he apparently did not feel so strongly that same need. He allowed himself to become so very busy.... A fateful mistake! How many sorrows would John Alexander Dowie have

saved himself had he taken the time to get the mind of God on decisions which were so all important? How many fatal mistakes men of God have made because they did not pause to take counsel with the Lord when they had some vital decision to make? The LEAVES OF HEALING, which carry a detailed picture of Dr. Dowie's activities, show him as a man given to ceaseless toil. Often he labored all night to finish work he had laid out for himself. We search in vain for scenes such as had occurred in Australia, when he spent those hours alone with God under the starry canopy of the heavens.

A Christian warfare is truly a prayer warfare. John Alexander Dowie antagonized all the powers of hell by his bold ministry of faith. But as long as he dwelt in the secret place of the Most High, demons gnashed their teeth in impotent rage. Errors of the centuries were being uprooted, and the kingdom of hell trembled in frustration. But what? For Satan it was too good to be true. John Alexander Dowie had now engaged himself in a multitude of secular activities that were gradually absorbing every spare moment of the day, and often much of the night. He took not the time to make certain that the Divine Hedge about him was intact—a Hedge that had made him previously invulnerable to the most desperate attacks of the enemy. (Job 1:10) Of course John Alexander Dowie was not the only minister to make this mistake. Middle age is a dangerous period and not a few succumb to the temptation at that time of life to spiritually relax (something quite different to physical relaxation). The great difference between Dr. Dowie and others was that he had become a world leader whose actions were watched by the eyes of multitudes. Others who make mistakes may quietly fade into obscurity, unnoticed by the pages of history. But this can never be the case of one whose ministry achieves world prominence, such as Dr. Dowie's had.

Continuous toil without interruption can cease to be a virtue, and may even be a sin against the body. Jesus taught the need of physical relaxation. On one occasion He called His disciples to Him, and together they went apart to a desert place where they could be alone and rest. By this act Jesus taught that a certain amount of relaxation is necessary to the human body. Not only will the body break and the nerves suffer if not given the proper care, but the mind also becomes weary, and as a result, the faculties for exercising balanced judgment may become impaired and erratic.

Judge V. V. Barnes, a devoted friend of Dr. Dowie, but who did not overlook his mistakes, declared in the memorial message, that the General Overseer was one of the most persistent toilers that ever lived. He said:

“Dr. Dowie knew no rest, not even one day in seven; for after the conduct of the duties of the business week, in his work in the lines of education, in

editorial work, in ministerial departments, in Divine healing meetings, in instruction of the people, in public addresses, in leading in difficult business affairs of this city, then he went on the platform on the Sabbath day—speaking many a time from four, five, up to six, eight or nine hours in a single day. It was this that caused him to break, and when we began to remonstrate with and tell him he ought to be more temperate in his labors, he considered the matter, and oftentimes made promises to reform—I have known him to work steadily forty-three hours in succession.

“True he was intemperate in his work. He might, I think, have adjusted his work so as to not have exhausted himself; but it is very difficult to prescribe limitations to genius. The time came, however, when he could not exercise one of the most extraordinary faculties given to men—the faculty of sleep... when he could not sleep, disorders began to accumulate upon him and he began to feel the sense of weariness and pain.... There came a time when it could be truly said of him, ‘He saved others: himself he cannot save.’”

Elsewhere in Judge Barnes’ address he spoke of Dr. Dowie’s promise to be more temperate in his work, and he declares: “...Gradually he fell away again and lapsed into the old habits of life. It is a sin to violate law; not a sin involving moral transgression in the ordinary sense, but an infraction of the law of God that must receive its penalty. No man can violate the laws of God by leading too strenuous a life, no man can fail to regard the laws that pertain to sleep and work, with impunity, no more than he can disregard the laws of gravitation.”

There seems to be a unanimity of belief among those qualified to know, that Dr. Dowie’s habit of pushing himself beyond what the human constitution will bear, gradually undermined his physical strength, and made him subject to his own weaknesses and frailties, and finally resulted in an impairment of his faculties of judgment and discrimination.

There was another peculiarity that had developed in the character of Dr. Dowie, which in one respect, had enabled him to move with dispatch in the swift development of his work, and yet in another way was a distinct hazard. That was his habit of taking no counsel with others on important matters. In understanding how this came about we must remember that John Alexander Dowie had spent many years of his life among ministers who were lethargic, and whose ministry was spiritually weak and ineffective. He completely lost confidence in them when he came to understand that they willfully ignored and opposed great gospel truths, such as Divine healing. A lukewarm condition dominated many a church that came under his observation. In the formative years of his ministry, he found few who could sympathetically counsel with him and at the same time help him in his quest for power with God.

It came to pass in the course of time, that the more and more, he was thrown upon his own resources and judgment. For years he stood practically alone as far as he was aware in preaching the Gospel of healing. He was an object of persecution by practically all ecclesiastical authorities. It is not any great wonder that at last he came to the place where he confided in no one but himself, and gradually, he assumed the same complex that Elijah had—a feeling that there was no one left on earth that contended for the true faith, but he himself.

Such was an unfortunate mistake, for it cut him off from the counsel of others—a most serious circumstance. For God had ordained that ministers as members of the Body of Christ should be open to advice one of another. In the Early Church, they did not just depend on revelations. When important circumstances developed which required that a vital judgment be made, the apostles and elders came together in a body, consulted together, and arrived at an official decision. Dr. Dowie made all his decisions, and consulted no one except in subordinate matters. He thus deprived himself of valuable counsel, and removed from before him the ordinary restraints that might have checked him in the making of rash decisions.

He should have known better. A man who had been as completely fooled as he had been by a confidence man, should not have relied too much on his own sagacity, but should have been more cautious and more willing to have accepted the counsel of others. This was a serious defect in the character of Dowie—certainly a contributing factor in mistakes that would have never been made if he had allowed himself to take counsel on important matters.

While Dr. Dowie led the way in reintroducing certain great truths to the church, yet on many of the more simple matters of life, his judgment was faulty and inferior to that of other men. This is often the case with leaders who have obtained eminence in some particular field, but usually such men are wise enough to rely on the counsel of others whose judgment concerning certain things may be more reliable than their own, especially in matters of business.

For a long time Dr. Dowie stood nearly alone in his battle for Divine healing. (There were others, of course, such as Dr. A. B. Simpson, but he attracted only national attention.) When he first came to America, some of the churches accepted his message and he was given invitation to speak before large groups of ministers. Dr. Dowie, in those days, always manifested a graciousness in the pulpit and showed fine courtesy in speaking to ministers of other denominations. But this state of affairs was not to last long. Leaders in ecclesiastical circles frowned on the ministry of healing, and they were convinced that if Dr. Dowie continued to speak in their churches, it would lead to trouble, and sooner or later would

upset the general ecclesiastical equilibrium. Church periodicals began to carry attacks against him and his ministry of prayer for the sick.

When John Alexander Dowie perceived that the church authorities had turned against him, he did not spare them. Master of the invective, he denounced the apostasy that had caused the ecclesiastics to deny God's power of healing. So far, so good. But a man who is master of the invective must be careful that his own spirit is not carried away by the fires of controversy. However, Dr. Dowie who always was sensitive to criticism - which flow rose against him in full flood - began to spend more and more time in his pulpit, especially after the Elijah Declaration, in denouncing and castigating his enemies. As a natural result, his ministry of the Word which had been a great blessing to many, began to suffer. This change in his style of preaching was noted with sorrow by the more spiritual members of Zion's congregation. The situation, however, did not improve. Apparently Dr. Dowie came to the conclusion that God required him to pass judgment on all men. Thus the broad scope of his ministry which had attracted worldwide attention narrowed down to a strongly sectarian character, practically restricting God's program to his own projects. Subsequently, his preaching gradually deteriorated into a denunciation of his enemies, lectures on political views, exhortations to invest more liberally in Zion's business projects, etc. Slowly but certainly, Dr. Dowie was becoming hopelessly involved and entangled in the natural affairs of life.

MRS. JEANIE DOWIE

What part, if any, did Mrs. Dowie play in the mistakes of her husband? Some have felt that she was a contributing factor in his decline. They have asserted that when prosperity came to the Dowie family, she lost her simplicity of life; that she bought gowns in Paris and indulged in extravagances. Some have said that she was given to nagging. Certain it is true that in the last year of Dr. Dowie's life there came a rift between husband and wife which was most unfortunate.

Nevertheless, the evidence shows that there were things in Mrs. Dowie's favor. During the dark years of poverty and misfortune she stood faithfully by her husband and shared his troubles, his sorrows, and his trials without complaint. More than once she witnessed the sale of her household furnishings in order that her husband might obtain money to promote the cause of Christ. Not every wife would agree to as painful steps as these. She spent many hours with her husband while he was visiting and ministering to the sick. She knew what it was to suffer for the cause of Christ. In later years Mrs. Dowie preached not infrequently and ministered from the platform in an acceptable manner. Some of her messages are recorded in LEAVES OF HEALING, and they reveal a woman who had genuine interest in the work of the Lord. Most

significant is the fact that up until the last year or two of Dr. Dowie's life he always spoke highly and devotedly of his wife.

Nevertheless, it seems to be partly true that in later years there was some measure of decline in Mrs. Dowie's spiritual life—a decline that often results when one is thrust into unexpected affluence. At the crucial time of Dr. Dowie's life, when he needed help so desperately, it does not appear that his wife was a spiritual reservoir of strength that he could fall back upon. It was a great opportunity to be a stabilizing factor in the life of a man who had been so signally used of God. Admittedly Mrs. Dowie faced a very difficult problem, and perhaps few women would have been equal to the demands of the situation.

There are those who tell us that having sudden access to money after her husband's success in Chicago, Mrs. Dowie succumbed to the allure of finery and fashion. Some believe that she influenced her husband to spend extravagantly in the building and the appointing of Shiloh House. Yet John Alexander Dowie can not blame his wife for his mistakes—at least, only slightly. Perhaps she failed him in his hour of need, but it is difficult to see that her part was more than a minor contributing factor in his troubles. After her husband's death in 1907, she lived until 1933, and as I am as the record goes, she lived and died a Christian woman.

Whatever the cause, John Alexander Dowie apparently lost the simplicity of the years when he had his greatest power with God. To his credit it must be observed, that in his earlier ministry, he deliberately chose the hard way when he could have enjoyed the comforts and conveniences of a prosperous pastorate. When he left Newtown, Australia, he sold many of his possessions and took a humble residence, that he might accomplish what he believed was God's will for him.

But with the prosperity that came to him in America, eventually the simplicity of his life was altered. He came to the conclusion, and apparently Mrs. Dowie abetted his proposals, that it would be to his advantage to build a costly executive mansion in which he could entertain important personages. This large edifice when finished was elaborately appointed with expensive furnishings.

But the common people of Zion, who lived in their humble dwellings, furnished with the barest of necessities, and who eked out a meager living on ten or fifteen dollars a week, could hardly look upon this imposing structure of several stories without feeling the great contrast, and wondering if there had not been an extravagance. Gradually, Dr. Dowie was losing the sympathetic contact and understanding with his people which had been so marked while he was at Chicago.

All these things were warning signals, for history has shown that when a man of God begins living in a manner that his neighbors feel is

extravagant, his spiritual influence begins to decline.

Those who have attempted to evaluate the life of John Alexander Dowie, have usually followed one of two patterns; either they denounce him as a mountebank and an impostor, or else they contend that he could have done no wrong. We cannot believe that either view is the correct one. After carefully studying the events of his ministry and analyzing the significant portions of his life, we are compelled to believe that he was a man specially raised up to usher in a new era of faith in the church, and that to no small extent he fulfilled that purpose, but that toward the close of his life, due to fundamental causes, to which he no doubt by neglect contributed, his habits of life became unnatural, and he succumbed to impressions that affected the soundness of his judgment.

Some have supposed that Dr. Dowie lost his mind, but this contention is inaccurate, if we consider the term in the ordinary sense that it is understood. John Alexander Dowie's mind even to the close of his life was characterized with remarkable clarity of thought, except for a peculiar impairment of which we shall shortly speak. When a few months before his death he defended his position in a published statement his writing shows the same preciseness which characterized his thinking throughout his entire life.

Nor is there evidence of a so-called split personality in Dr. Dowie, which involves that strange dual reaction of the mind that is commonly known in its extreme form as the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" complex. Such aberrations are not uncommon, but this was not Dr. Dowie's trouble. His nature was the very opposite of one afflicted with emotional stability. In times of stress and tension there was an intensity of purpose that never wavered. Some have thought he had a tendency to a persecution complex, but actually most of Dr. Dowie's persecution was very real, and far from fancied or imagined.

Having made these reservations, it must necessarily be admitted that a very definite mental phenomenon occurred in the life of John Alexander Dowie that was to profoundly affect his ministry. Through some weakness developed by overwork, or other causes which we have mentioned, there developed in the mind of Dr. Dowie a "fixation" which strangely altered his personality. By a fixation we mean that peculiar attitude of the mind by which it accepts a certain impression or fixed idea, of which there is no adequate proof of its reality.

It is not generally realized, but it is a fact that fixations are rather common things, and more people than might be supposed are affected that way, or are on the border-line of such an affliction. Such persons are often called queer or eccentric. Sometimes, however, they hold positions of power and trust. These eccentricities usually are of a nature that they do no one any particular harm, although unfortunately, this is not always

true.

As in the case of Dr. Dowie, the person so affected may be brilliant, highly intellectual, and absolutely rational on all subjects, until the mind strikes a certain channel of thought. Then rationality is lost, being overshadowed and dominated by the fixed idea. In the case where a man holds a position of power and authority, the mental eccentricity is not always immediately recognized for what it is. Especially was this true of Dr. Dowie, whose followers had become used to his venturing into bold and unusual undertakings.

A fixation has that peculiarity that it completely dominates the mind of the individual. It may be compared to the impression that the mind receives when it is asleep. The sub-conscious mind believes whatever impression is conveyed to it by the imaginative powers of the brain. Upon awaking, of course, the conscious mind with its faculty of discrimination instantly dissolves everything but reality. In the case of a fixation the impression persists at all times.

This peculiar mental belief, which we are considering, is therefore something quite different than the knowledge one learns through his senses, which has an agreement with the laws of physical proof. It is also quite different from that which one learns by faith, which likewise is in harmony with the laws of spiritual proof. For example the born-again experience is known by faith—yet, it is not something mysterious, bizarre or incapable of proof. The born-again experience is a reality that can be proved as often as there is a needy repentant sinner who will ask God to save him.

But the mind which has been affected by a fixation needs neither spiritual nor natural proof. It neither requires nor asks for proof. The less sound or reasonable the fixed idea is often has a direct relation to the tenaciousness with which the individual clings to it. The obsession becomes a part of his mind, and its importance overshadows everything else.

Fixations are common things affecting the beliefs of people both in the secular and religious worlds, although not always recognized as such. For example, the theory of evolution so obviously fallacious, is held with an unrelenting tenacity by some, who on other subjects may be profound thinkers. That this incredible theory which assumes that something came from nothing, violating the fundamental law of the natural world – the law of conservation of matter and energy, violating every other law of evidence and experience should be seriously entertained by mature men can only be explained by the fact that their minds have come under a delusion. Such persons hold to the error with an unyielding grip but with a fanatical devotion to it; they insist on imposing their views upon others, even seeking to force the teaching of them in the schools. Such a fixation

is apparently of the order expressed in II Thess. 2 11-17—"a strong delusion" - which is permitted to come on reprobate men, committed to unbelief.

There are lesser obsessions of not so serious a nature, and which do not so seriously affect the soul. Many prominent men who have achieved fame in their respective fields, have had fixations. A well-known example is the late William Randolph Hearst, who became obsessed with ideas which caused him to do extremely eccentric things. Collecting antiques became a mania with him. Once he bought a European castle, had it dismantled and shipped to America. It was never uncrated for he had no use for it. Henry Ford, who built the Ford Empire and through his Model T, in some respects, revolutionized the American way of life, developed in his later years strange phobias. He imagined that phantom enemies were out to get him, and he had his great manufacturing plant filled with spies to guard against the supposed menace. Persistent beliefs which have no basis in reality are fixations. Henry Ford imagined he could stop the great European war, by sending out a peace ship—a gesture so hopeless, considering the magnitude and desperate character of the great conflict, that even a schoolboy would have known it had no hope of succeeding.

The same frailties that exist among men in the secular world have a way of manifesting themselves among believers unless they are spiritually on the alert. To truly understand the mysteries of God, requires a pure heart, balanced judgment, and prayerful and reverent inquiry into the things of God. There is no more fertile field for error than in the case of those who with unspiritual or reckless minds explore the great vistas of Divine revelation. The Apostle Paul oft repeated the warning that believers should adhere to "sound doctrine." The alternative is to ride some "hobby horse," or get off on some tangent that violates the spirit of evangelical truth—thus further dividing the Body of Christ.

The great practical doctrines of the Bible are well established by the Scriptures and require no subtle arguments to sustain them, and their benefits can be easily demonstrated. On the other hand, there are doctrines which because of their nature are to some extent involved in mystery—which are better to be believed rather than to become the subject for un-Christian disputations or profitless speculation. Yet often it has been that men have gotten their attention fixed on some minor doctrinal detail, and have magnified it, enlarged it, added to it until the position finally held becomes a wholly distorted truth. How sad it is to see a man with abilities which, no doubt, could be greatly used of God, lose interest in the great evangelical truths, the salvation of lost souls, and become obsessed with a "hobby horse" that immobilizes his talents for God, and reduces his value to God and humanity to that of a cipher!

Practically all false teaching involves a fixation in the mind of the victim

who embraces it. Almost invariably the person will become more zealous for that which is false than that which is true. Such is the case of those who follow after Millennial Dawnism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Unity, etc.

An interesting example is the peculiar state of mind of those who embrace Christian Science. It is hard to believe that any one would imagine that God permitted eighteen centuries to pass by before He raised up Mary Baker Eddy, to explain to the world what the Bible means, and who in so doing, propounds such astonishing inanities that there is no sin, no sickness, no death! Yet despite such vaporings which are so utterly at variance with the Scriptures and all experiences and defy all proof, there are those who permit themselves to come under their spell. Once under that influence, the victims' powers of discrimination are lost, and rarely they escape its grasp.

Even godly people unless they reverently seek the Mind of Christ, are open to fixations, which, though of a less dangerous kind, result in senseless divisions and schisms. There are fixations involving the doctrine of Divine sovereignty, of prophetic interpretations, of modes and formulas of water baptism, of the definition of sanctification, on the manner of impartation of the Gifts of the Spirit, all of which if allowed a loud voice among Spirit-filled people, seek to divide the Body of Christ. The mark of error always is, that it demands emphasis above and beyond the great evangelical truths. Moreover, the spirit of error always seeks disagreement rather than unity and agreement of God's people.

And now to return to Dr. Dowie, who came under the fixed belief that he was Elijah the Restorer as foretold by the prophets. As we have said before, we desire not to judge, except to point out that the record of history after he made the Declaration shows that the things that he dreamed of doing as Elijah the Restorer, failed to come to pass.

Could Dr. Dowie have saved himself from this particular obsession which took possession of his faculties? In attempting to answer this question, we would probably be violating the principles declared in I Cor. 4:5 where we are admonished to "judge nothing before the time". But we can at least call to attention the fact that a Christian's safety, especially when he is in a position of great responsibility, is ever to seek a humility of spirit, until that humility permeates the deepest recesses of his nature. Then delusions of exaltation will no doubt find poor soil to work on.

In considering the closing years of John Alexander Dowie, it is only as one bears in mind the things which we have discussed, that he will be able to understand the mysteries and paradoxes which appear in the final chapters of his life.

Summed up, the situation as respects Dr. Dowie's changed outlook after

the Elijah Declaration, is reduced to this. He utterly believed that as a fulfillment of prophecy, God raised him up to bring about a restoration of worldwide extent, of all things spoken by the prophets. This if true actually involved and anticipated nothing more nor less than a dispensational change in God's dealings with the human race. John Alexander Dowie so regarded it. He believed that the ministry of his office, and the ministry of his Restoration Host would affect world changes prophetically incident to the ushering in of the Millennium and the Return of Christ. In the exalted position of such an office, he assumed that the ordinary laws that governed business, economics, and the general conduct of human affairs, could not apply to him. Such considerations were too minor, so he believed, to be involved in the supreme destiny of his mission. Thus did John Alexander Dowie set the stage for ultimate disaster. He was not only attempting more than any man could accomplish, but he was also dispensationally out of step with God's plan.

As we view the situation from the vantage point of a half a century later, we see that it was patently Satan's master scheme to interrupt the work which God really gave him to do. But, alas, the man of God could not realize, nor understand this. The great ministry of healing which God had committed to him, and by which means he achieved his great success, gradually diminished in power and results, chiefly because he had so many other problems confronting him, that he was forced to neglect it.

Had any other man living announced such a program, or tried to undertake what John Alexander Dowie attempted, the unreasonableness of the undertaking would have been obvious to all. But because of the unique power of his earlier ministry, which had gained so great a momentum during those years in Chicago, and which placed at his disposal or made available to him large sums of money, he was able for a time, before the inherent flaws of his plans became discernible to his followers, to make a fair showing.

CHAPTER 28: A TRAGIC DAY IN MAY

IN a visitation of sorrow there is a strange, cleansing action that tends to purge away the dross and the vanities to which the soul clings. Many a person in the time of sorrow has been led to surrender his life to Christ, through that experience having realized the folly of earthly things and the brief duration of the brightest hopes of man. Perhaps in the hour of sorrow that was to come to Dr. Dowie, there might be a chance for a restoration of simplicity to his life—perhaps there might be a change in the drifting tide of events that seemed to be directing the course of the ship of Zion toward the shoals and rocks of disaster.

Any interpretation of the significance of a sorrow that comes to a life, should be made with the greatest of reserve and diffidence. Sorrows have a way of coming to all, the saint and the sinner, the good and the bad. Christ was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief”. Those who have studied the Scriptures and reflected its teachings in the light of common experience know that sorrow and trouble do not indicate necessarily that one is out of the will of God. Some godly people have had sorrow upon sorrow. There is no more risky thing than to point to someone who has suffered severe trials in his life and say, “This would not have happened, if you had not sinned”. He who says that may live to see tragedy come to his own doorstep, and he will find poor consolation then in the record of the words that he has spoken. Life is a complicated thing that will not reduce itself to over- simplification. As the Psalmist observed, the wicked sometimes prosper and “spread themselves like a green bay tree,” while the righteous often suffer bitter trials and pass through waters of deep sorrow.

Having made this qualification, we cannot overlook the fact that disaster in one's life can also be a signal, that somewhere along the road, one may have wittingly or unwittingly stepped aside from the charted path of God's will. The defeat at Ai was a warning to Joshua that something had gone wrong, and it was time for him to find out where the trouble was. “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” This does not mean that the Lord directly sends sickness and disease upon an individual, but it can mean that the person is living at a level where he is vulnerable to the attacks of the enemy. Occasionally when people go afar from the course, the only way that God can arrest them, if at all, is through tragedy. The Psalmist said, and he knew by experience the truth of his words, “Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word”. (Psalms 119: 67) It is evident that when the “still small voice” of the Spirit is no longer heeded, God may, and often does, speak through tragedy.

What the true circumstances were in the case of John Alexander Dowie, we do not say, nor shall we attempt to judge. The events which follow

perhaps speak for themselves.

It was May of the year 1902. Winter was breaking up rapidly, and after the temporary lull imposed by the frost, there was a rush to renew building in the city. People were now moving into Zion in large numbers. All over the settlement, foundations for new homes were being laid, and the sound of the saw and the hammer rang out even into the night as men labored by the light of lanterns. All this was pleasant music to the ears of John Alexander Dowie. This year he envisioned Zion's greatest progress, and the scene he was now witnessing indicated to him he had estimated correctly.

The city of Zion was indeed taking shape. People passing through who were previously familiar with that area, scarcely recognized it now. The large Elijah Hospice was finished or nearly so. Other administration buildings were nearing completion. The wheels of the lace factory were busily humming in the process of turning out thousands of yards of fine lace. Dr. Dowie observed all this, and regarded it with no little pride and satisfaction.

The General Overseer now worked harder than ever. His natural buoyancy of spirit made him believe that he had an inexhaustible well of energy, and he proceeded as usual to burn the candle at both ends. There were those in Zion who could have given him prudent counsel on this and a number of other matters. They could have warned him that seeds of trouble had been planted, that required only time to bring forth a harvest. But success had made Dr. Dowie supremely confident. He regarded caution as a lack of faith, and was in no mind to give attention to it. Some of his best business men felt that things were not being judiciously handled. But seeing no hope of making Dr. Dowie aware of the situation, they quietly withdrew their membership and moved from the city.

One thing was certain. John Alexander Dowie was unshakably convinced of his Elijah identity. The previous fall, he had begun a series of Elijah Restoration messages. By the first of May, 1902, he had preached a series of thirty-five of these sermons. In his preaching he severely took to task all those who had opposed Zion. It was evident that he believed that God had commissioned him to pronounce judgment on all the churches. Dr. Dowie declared that all were apostate, and their only hope was that they come into Zion. He firmly believed that he had been sent on a mission of restoration that he was the actual fulfillment of certain Old Testament prophecies. For him the Rubicon was crossed. There could be no retracing of his steps. It was up to history now, to record in its relentless way the result of the Declaration. Would the course of events justify the path that had been taken?

Mrs. Dowie had made a trip to Paris and had returned. The gowns she brought back with her were a far cry from those she had worn when she

had arrived from Australia fourteen years before. That her wardrobe had an up-to-datedness and smartness of style was not to be denied! Certainly, her new finery attracted the attention of all the ladies of Zion. It is possible that she would not have been flattered by some of the remarks that were being made on the subject. More than a few thought she was “putting on airs”. It is doubtful, however, that such remarks reached her ears.

Shiloh House was nearing completion, and Dr. Dowie had given careful instructions concerning its appointments. He expected soon to remove his offices from the suite of rooms in Chicago where his son and daughter still lived. Gladstone at the time was attending college and his daughter, Esther, was also attending school in the city.

This in brief was the state of things in Zion, when the specter of tragedy was about to cross the path of John Alexander Dowie. On May 14, early in the morning, while the General Overseer was in Zion, a terrible and tragic drama swiftly unfolded in his suite of rooms in Chicago.

His only daughter, Esther, now coming into womanhood, for whom he felt the greatest pride and fatherly affection, was to meet with the terrible accident caused by a fire from an upset alcohol lamp. The flames wrapped around her; burning her so severely that three fourths of the skin of her flesh was reduced to a crisp. From the LEAVES OF HEALING we get the details of the poignant and heart-breaking story.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER

It was on Wednesday, May 14, 1902, when the tragic event occurred. At about six o'clock in the morning, Esther Dowie had arisen and was curling her hair by the means of an iron heated with an alcohol lamp. Her father, who never had any use for alcohol no matter what it was used for, had forbidden it ever to be brought into his home. Esther had always been known as a sweet, dutiful daughter, but this time she had disobeyed. Somehow, on that fateful morning, she upset the lamp so that the fluid poured on her dress and the carpet. Immediately a brilliant flame shot into the air and in an instant she was encircled in fire. Poor girl! Had she thought to have rolled herself immediately in the bed clothing, the fire would have been smothered and she no doubt would have been only slightly injured. But, panic-stricken by what had happened, she screamed for help. Alas, the door was locked! The poor girl with her clothes blazing and she rapidly becoming a flaming torch, was compelled to unlock the door before anyone could reach her.

At the sound of her agonizing cries for help, the maid and others ran frantically to the door, where with horror they could see the flames as they leaped above the level of the transom. At last as Esther got the door unlocked and it was flung open, they beheld the terrifying sight of the

unfortunate girl burning to death. She was tugging at her night dress trying to get it off. Willing hands tore the burning garments from her, but, alas, her rescuers were too late. She had suffered burns that had destroyed the skin on nearly three fourths of her body. Her face, however, was untouched by flames, and she not only remained conscious then, but also throughout the day.

The tragic news was telephoned to Dr. Dowie, who was in Zion City. Shocked beyond measure, he recovered enough to send the following word to his daughter, "Go to her at once and tell her to hold on to God, that Father is praying for her and that Father and Mother will come as quickly as steam and horses can carry them."

He called his wife and broke the terrible news to her. They hastened to get ready. In a matter of minutes the coach appeared at the door. The coachman, realizing the gravity of the situation, urged the horses at full gallop to Waukegan, six miles away, in time to catch the 7:45 train. It must have seemed a long journey that morning to the Overseer, frantic with anxiety for his only daughter, fearing the worst, but hoping against hope that the situation was not as bad as he had been informed. At 9:15 he entered his daughter's room, and found her in great pain. After prayer the pains gradually lessened, and within an hour she was resting more easily and able to carry on a conversation.

But the father and those who attended her were not deceived; they knew that nearly three fourths of the skin was gone, and in the natural order of things, she could not last long unless a great miracle were wrought. Not only did the burns cover so great an area of the body, but some of them were so deep that they had turned black.

By three o'clock the daughter realized the possibility of a fatal termination of her case, but she was remarkably cheerful. As the afternoon waned all realized there was no chance for recovery. At nine o'clock that evening to the utter grief of her parents, she passed away.

On Friday the memorial service took place, with seven thousand in attendance. Two trains brought many from Chicago to Zion City. When the funeral trains arrived, practically the entire population of the city was at the depot. The casket was removed from the train and the procession moved slowly up Shiloh Boulevard and then turned south to Lake Mound Cemetery. Dr. Dowie felt that he could not give the task of preaching the memorial message to another. We give a portion of his address at the grave, to which thousands listened with tear-dimmed eyes:

THE GENERAL OVERSEER'S ADDRESS

My beloved friends, I could not give this sacred task to another. How hard it is to keep the bitter tears from flowing, God knows. It has seemed

many times these last two days as if this heart would break and I must go with her who twined herself about my heart, from infancy up through the lovely, sweet Christian maidenhood that has just passed into womanhood.

Beloved, I stand amid peculiar circumstances. The sweet daughter whose body lies here was with me in our service in the auditorium on Sabbath day; the lovely, sweet, gracious maiden, longing for the time when school days would be past, and she could give all her heart, life, and thought to the development of God's work in Zion City.

I will not enter upon the details of the heart-rending accident which plunged lily dear daughter from the midst of life into death. When I saw her after the deadly horrible burns, the first word she said to me was, "Papa, before you pray—I sinned in disobeying you. It is all my fault. Forgive me before you pray. I know God has forgiven me."

"Oh," I said, "you knew Papa would do it before you asked him, almost, but I am glad to say, yes." And I kissed her lips within which the fire had entered. This was the dreadful thing. It had entered into her breast and we did not know it at first.

But, oh, we had a most precious twelve hours! The pain was all taken away, thank God! From within half an hour of our going up to her to the moment of her departure her poor, burned body did not suffer any pain at all. She was not insensible for a moment, and remained conscious and bright to within five minutes of her departure, having me sing for her, "Lead, Kindly Light", and repeat God's words. Oh, those precious hours will never be forgotten!

The only act of disobedience, willful or direct, that I ever knew her to commit was this one. She only once stepped aside from the path of obedience, and then the devil struck her with that "liquid fire and distilled damnation", which I have fought against all my life, and which I forbade her ever to use. Oh, the grief to us that this glorious life is put out by one blow of the devil!

My own daughter was beloved as none can tell: for she was a part of my life. It will be so dark without her. I do not know sometimes how to live. But I must live for you and for God and for His work.

When at two o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, I told her that God was not hearing prayer, and that a succession of miracles would have to be wrought, which God was not apparently going to work, she asked, "What does that mean, Papa?" I said, "It means that you are to go from us, daughter, within a few hours. The conditions are now such that I must tell you with my own lips." She said, "Tell me the conditions of my body." I explained them to her pathologically. She said, "I understand; I must

die unless God works an almost impossible succession of miracles.”

“Now,” I said, “darling, I am going to hold on to Him about it, peradventure He will.”

Her body, two thirds or three fourths of it, was burned to a crisp. Thank God, her face was not burned. Oh, her face was so sweet! It was the only thing left to us, and the great dark eyes looked out of the face. I gave her some messages from some she knew so well, and one was, “Peace I leave with you”. She turned right around and said, “Papa, I am not afraid; you cannot suppose I am!” I answered, “No, dear, there is not a drop of coward’s blood in either of us; we know in Whom we have trusted.”

She said, “Oh, God has forgiven me.” Then she cried, “Whether living or dying, I am the Lord’s; and if I should pass through those deep waters, they shall not overflow me. I know they shall not! ‘For thou art with me!’”

Then we talked together. We had a very sweet talk. It was so beautiful to find her body free from pain, until the blood began to rise and choke her breath. She asked, “Father, will it be long?” I said, “Not long, dear.” “Lord, take me,” she said; and we prayed it at last, because we could not bear to see her suffer any more. Then I sang, “Lead, Kindly Light.” We repeated the Shepherd’s psalm. She repeated until the words, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil”. And that was all we could hear. She closed her lips. And she was sleeping.

I sang to her the song I have sung so many times to those who were sleeping in Jesus, and when I had finished it she had departed without a sigh, without a tremor. My hand was upon her head, and my hand upon her body, and I felt no quiver.

And now I stand here, and I have no daughter on earth. I had only one. Mother has no daughter, and oh, we miss her. And we are going to miss her more.

As the General Overseer was seated, very softly the Zion choir sang the words of the good-night song which their daughter had heard her father sing as she fell peacefully asleep in Jesus:

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest

Lay down thy head upon thy Savior’s breast;

We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—

Good night! Good night! Good night!

The last words of the Overseer before he left were, “Oh, I can scarcely tear

myself from the grave! She was our blessing for twenty-one years, but 'it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all,' because she was so precious in our sight."

The man of God could say no more. "The courage that had buoyed him up could bear no more. As the flower-laden casket was slowly lowered, he sat on the bank of fresh earth at its side, head sunk upon his breast, hands clasped between his knees, and wept aloud. And while he wept, the thousands of men and women stood by him, bent, sobbing, and sharing with the Overseer and his wife their great sorrow. For he appeared as a man who had received a mortal wound, and could not recover."

And now in this hour of sorrow, there was the hopeful possibility if ever it were to be, of a clarification, a resolving in the mind of John Alexander Dowie, of the Divine purpose for all men, great or small including himself of the eternal importance of humility of spirit, that out of it all might be born a new simplicity of life. But with sadness we must record that apparently no change occurred in the drift of events nor in the attitude of Dr. Dowie. He still regarded himself as the man of destiny, appointed to fulfill prophecy, who must restore all things spoken of by the prophets. He would brook not the slightest criticism of his conduct of affairs and he seemed more unwilling than ever to heed advice on anything except minor matters. The fixation was so strong that it could not be affected by tragedy or the deepest sorrow.

The last hour, when there might have been hope, or reason for hope, in a reversal in the fateful course that events were taking in Zion, seemed to have passed.

CHAPTER 29: THE NEW YORK VISITATION

EVENTS were now moving swiftly in the life of John Alexander Dowie. The few remaining years of his career were to be marked by a fast changing drama of developments. Though absolutely sincere in his beliefs, he no longer as in days before was the master of events, but rather the victim of them.

Strange as it might seem for a man who was handling so vast an enterprise, and who spoke as intellectually and brilliantly on almost every subject, the enemies of Dr. Dowie found him credulous and gullible. There was a definite reason for this. Since he was convinced that he was indeed Elijah the Restorer, and that through his ministry all churches in time, must fall in line with his program or be destroyed, he was on the alert for some signs of developments of this kind. So it came to pass that when the bishop of the Methodist Church for the Chicago district called him on the phone, he was all interest.

“Doctor,” the bishop said, “I have long wished to see you and talk with you, but we are both busy men. Now, however, Dr. Buckley, who is editor of the New York CHRISTIAN WORLD, our leading denominational periodical, is here in my study. He also wishes to see you. Would you kindly consent to see us privately if we were to come to your office at once?”

Not realizing that only curiosity prompted the visit of these denominational leaders, Dr. Dowie granted the interview. Upon their arrival, the three pledged themselves not to make public anything that was said. However, at the close of the conversations, the General Overseer concluded that he had made a deep impression on these two leaders of Methodism. Believing that Dr. Buckley had become a friend of Zion, he some time later sent written word through a young reporter who was preparing an article on his work, that he would release Dr. Buckley from his pledge and that he might write whatever he desired. He did this, of course, believing that the editor of the CHRISTIAN WORLD would give a favorable introduction to the reporter’s article. This was utter naiveness on Dr. Dowie’s part, for immediately upon his Elijah Declaration, he lost forever the confidence of practically every religious leader in the country, not to speak of the astute Buckley, who had fought Dr. Dowie with his pen for many years. It was therefore a stunning blow when Dr. Dowie read the October issue of the CENTURY MAGAZINE which carried a most unfavorable account of his activities. But he received his worst shock when he noted the introduction that been written by the pen of Dr. Buckley which included the following words:

“Reason must first be paralyzed, faith drugged; and this done, it would still seem too large and abnormal a conception for open-mouth credulity to believe that the Christ of the New Testament should choose the evolver and center of such a flamboyant mixture of flesh and spirit to be the Restorer and His special forerunner. If Dowie believes it, he is in the moonlit borderland of insanity where large movements of limited duration have sometimes originated. If he believes it not, he is but another imposter.”

When Dr. Dowie read this article and realized that Buckley’s friendliness was only feigned, and that he had been duped by him, he was exceedingly angry. Indignation because of such an attack would perhaps be the reaction of a normal person, but the result that developed from Dowie’s reading that simple paragraph, was so out of proportion to the cause, that it could be classified in the realms of the bizarre. For during those moments of exasperation for the way he had been fooled, a strange plan was born in the mind of the man who governed the destinies of Zion. He would go to New York City, taking the thousands of his faithful Zion members with him. There, before a vast assembled audience, he would properly reply to Dr. Buckley for his act of folly! He would make him an object lesson to all—he would show that no one could attack the Restorer with impunity. He would also demonstrate to the world the soundness of his mind and his mental capacity. Under these circumstances was the plan for the great New York visitation born.

How different was John Alexander Dowie the founder of Zion City, and the Dowie of Australia who, on an occasion after he had been persistently assailed by many, could testify that only once did he make a public reply to his critics—yet in the end, triumphed with a ministry that stirred that southern continent! But decisions were no longer made as in those days when he spent many hours waiting on God. One thing dominated his mind after the attack by Dr. Buckley—an implacable desire for personal vindication.

John Alexander Dowie was always a man of action. The whole plan of the visitation developed swiftly in his mind. He would charter several trains, and with his Restoration Host, would go to New York City. There he would rent Madison Square Garden. The venture would cost a quarter of a million dollars, but that, he felt, was only a minor consideration in view of the objectives he hoped to achieve. In New York City he would be able to show to the world how great Zion was. When he was through, people would show a new respect for his Restoration Program. And he would not forget, while in the great city, to take the “deceiver,” Buckley, apart and make him a public example.

In this spirit Dr. Dowie began laying plans for the Visitation. The Seventies which had been organized for over a period of four years were

disbanded. In their place he organized the Zion Restoration Host. Those who became members took the following solemn vow:

“I VOW in the name of God, my Father, and of Jesus Christ, His Son and My Savior, and of the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father and the Son, that I will be a faithful member of the Zion Restoration Host, organized at the Shiloh Tabernacle in the city of Zion, on Lord’s Day, September twenty-first, nineteen hundred and two, and I declare that I recognize John Alexander Dowie, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, of which I am a member, in his threefold prophetic office, as Messenger of the Covenant, the Prophet foretold by Moses, and Elijah the Restorer.

“I promise to the full extent of my power to obey all rightful orders issued by him directly or by his properly appointed officers, and to proceed to any part of the world, wherever he shall direct, as a member of Zion Restoration Host, and that all family ties and obligations and all relations to all human government shall be held subordinate to this Vow, this Declaration, and this Promise.

“This I make in the presence of God and of all the visible and invisible witnesses.”

During the summer of 1903, plans for the New York Visitation moved along at rapid pace. Eight trains were chartered for the trip which was scheduled for October and was to last for two weeks. The round trip fare per person was only fifteen dollars, and pressure was put on every member of the Zion Restoration Host to go. Zion Guard was organized into a regiment and the great choir was drilled and prepared for their part in the undertaking.

Then on Thursday, October 15, 1903, the eight trains departed from Chicago, each going by a different route, but all meeting the following morning in New York City. The story of the Visitation was good copy for the newspapers over the country. Each one was carrying minute details of this strange expedition. No religious mass movement of its size and scope had taken place since the Crusades, and in New York City, shrewd and sophisticated reporters prepared lengthy reports for their respective papers. With few exceptions these reports appearing in the newspapers were unfriendly, and some were filled with ridicule and derision, which of course caused Dr. Dowie to be in a most unhappy frame of mind.

Sunday afternoon, Dr. Dowie was scheduled to preach his first sermon in New York. Long before the hour, Madison Square Garden was jammed and the streets outside were thronged with uncounted thousands more. The Zion City Band played while the crowd was being seated. After this the great white-robed choir marched in, and then the three thousand members of the Restoration Host—an imposing spectacle—took their

places. The seating of the Host was the cue for the singing to begin.

It was a moving scene. The great audience inside the auditorium watched with solemn interest as the service progressed. Finally, it came time for John Alexander Dowie to take his place at the pulpit. He walked forward and surveyed the vast audience before him. It appeared to him that he had laid his plans well—the hour that he had been waiting for nearly a year, had struck. But he was soon to discover someone else laid plans, too. The scheme of these planners was simple and effective. At a pre-arranged moment, a few persons at strategic places got up and began conspicuously to make their way to the exits. Then more left and after them, still others. Dr. Dowie could not help notice it and it confused him. He shouted for them to stop, but a steady trickle of people kept leaving. Anyone experienced with crowds knows what this means. The suggestion received by the audience had a chain reaction effect. Dr. Dowie saw his hold on the audience was being lost. Frivolous and mischievous persons, who had no part in the original scheme, were now joining the march to the doors. Though Dr. Dowie shouted at the guards to stop all that were leaving, it was impossible for them to check the tide, and the exodus continued. Before it stopped, several thousand people had left the building.

The battery of newspapermen and other writers who had been given choice seats were busily taking notes. Dr. Dowie, veteran in handling audiences, knew something had happened in this first crucial service that would affect the impressiveness of the entire visitation. Baffled, he preached as best as he could, but everyone realized that something had gone wrong. The Restoration Host looked on with embarrassment, but was powerless to help the situation.

Another strange happening took place during the New York Visitation. The NEW YORK WORLD published a series of letters that had been obtained from Dr. Dowie's father, which had been written by his son. In those letters Dr. Dowie repudiated kinship with his father, declaring that the pretended relationship was false. Actually, John Alexander Dowie looked so much like his father that people often mistook them, one for another. Never again did his father, a genial old man, ever set foot in his son's home. Dr. Dowie spent an evening of the Restoration Visit giving his side of the story. Many a person was heartsick that night. They thought of the John Alexander Dowie during the days when he was in Chicago and when his ministry caused multitudes to marvel and give praise to God for His great works. Now the opportunity to do good in an audience of many thousands in New York City, was slipping away while Dr. Dowie occupied his time with such things as defending his position in his break with his old father. Truly, it was not the same Dowie of the years before.

The writer's mother was one of the thousands who went to New York City. She enjoyed the exhilarating effect of the trip, but her memory of the Visitation was that in many respects it seemed disappointing. The articles in the newspapers, the exodus in the first service, Dr. Dowie's controversy with his father, his sermons against Dr. Buckley and others, riots on some nights by medical students, seemed to throw a cloud over the meetings. As far as could be seen, the results were disproportionate in consideration of the tremendous effort that had been put forth. Certainly there was little evidence to show that New York City had been greatly affected either for good or bad by the visitation.

CHAPTER 30: ROUND-THE-WORLD TOUR

ON January 1, 1904, Dr. Dowie with a party of several of his associates boarded a private car at Zion City station, to begin the long planned round-the-world tour. They went by way of San Antonio, and while in Texas, Dr. Dowie looked over several large tracts of land which he contemplated buying - another one of his numerous projects. From there the party went on to Los Angeles.

Reporters boarded the train at Pomona. They informed the party that a severe drought had come to Southern California, and no rain had fallen for eighth months. The reporters pointed out that "Elijah of old prayed for rain after three and a half years of drought and his prayer was answered. Wouldn't the Elijah of this day pray for rain after only eight months of dry spell?" Dr. Dowie gave them no answer except to send word that "he did not reveal his plans to the press".

Arthur Newcomb, who as Dr. Dowie's associate editor, was a member of the party gives this colorful picture of the event which followed:

"During all this week the newspapers kept challenging Dr. Dowie to pray for rain - some seriously, others humorously.

"Hazard's Pavilion was crowded at three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon. The day was warm. California's sun blazed down upon the scene from a sky upon which no cloud appeared. Outside, dry and dusty eucalyptus leaves rattled in a scorching Santa Ana wind. Inside, one could feel tension in the audience. 'Will he dare pray for rain? The newspapers have put him in a hole. If he does and no rain come, then he's not Elijah. If he doesn't, then he's afraid to — and that's almost worse.'

"At last the preacher dropped on his knees behind the pulpit. Never before had an audience followed his prayers with more strained attention.

"In its early sentences the General Overseer's prayer was calmly, majestically eloquent. As the strong rasping voice went on, there was rhythm, beauty, earnestness, but always serenity. Dr. Dowie never ranted or became hysterical when he prayed. The great audience sat almost breathless. At last he came to 'this great and beautiful city, so happily situated between the mountains and the sea.' The assembled multitude leaned forward, hanging on every word.

"But, God, our Father, we have seen the distress of this land, which Thou has made so fair and fruitful. Look upon it now in Thy Mercy and send rain— Thy refreshing, life-giving rain—as Thou didst send the rain upon

Israel in that day when Thy servant, Elijah the Prophet, bowed himself before Thee on Mount Carmel and besought Thy Divine favor. Hear and answer the prayer of Thy servant, O God, that this people may know that Thou art God and that he who speaks to Thee is sent in the spirit and power of Elijah to turn the hearts of the children to the fathers and the hearts of the fathers to their children, lest Thou come and smite the earth with a curse.'

"Over the audience there swept a sibilant, rustling wave of sound like sudden rushing of wind through a wood. They had come for sport—now they were a little awed and more than a little uncomfortable. Here was simple faith and courage they could not understand and they were afraid.

"The General Overseer finished his prayer and the services went on. He preached with more than usual fire. Whether the people believed all he said or not, they were impressed, deeply attentive.

"As his sermon drew to its close the great pavilion began to grow dark. Windows which had been bright with sunshine were now gray. The hot, dry Santa Ana wind was felt no more. Sounds died away and there was fear in the stillness. People looked at one another with wonder and awe.

"Suddenly the General Overseer stopped, calling as always for a rising profession. Apparently every one rose and many repeated after him the prayer of consecration. He called upon them to sing one stanza of a hymn. When they had sung it, he pronounced the benediction, then said, 'Get to your homes quickly, for there is sound of abundance of rain.'

"But he was too late.

"Just as the multitude turned to go, rain descended in torrents."

From Los Angeles the party went on to San Francisco, where two services were conducted in a theater. Then as had been planned the party embarked on an ocean liner that carried them through the Golden Gate and westward on the long journey to Australia, via Honolulu, and Auckland, New Zealand. Arriving in Australia, the party was received by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who had been placed in charge of the Zion work in that country. Overseer Voliva was one of Dr. Dowie's outstanding ministers and his labors had borne considerable fruit during the four years of his residence there. In anticipation of the visit, he had made arrangements for Dr. Dowie's engagements in several of the larger cities of Australia.

John Alexander Dowie preached a week in Sydney and then went to Melbourne. After fulfilling several engagements there, the General Overseer and his associates went on to Adelaide - his old home town. It was while in this city that Dr. Dowie ran into real trouble. One afternoon

while speaking in the Town Hall, hoodlums in the audience started to make trouble. Becoming bolder as the service progressed they began hurling song books and other articles at the speaker. Three times they rushed him, but each time the advance melted just before it reached the platform. The mob which had gathered outside now began rioting, yelling and throwing stones at the windows, shattering the panes and causing glass to fly in all directions.

The chief of police sent word to Dr. Dowie that he had better get out while he could, as the unruly mob was getting out of hand. Realizing now that there was actual danger, the party slipped through the rear door and into a waiting carriage which was guarded by the police. The coachman cracked the whip and shouted to the horses as they leaped forward. The iron portals of the gate were opened just in time as the horses galloped madly through, and the snarling cursing mob cringed back to escape being trampled on. Ruffians in the foreword part of the crowd hurled brick-bats and cobblestones after the coach as it careened drunkenly from one side of the street to the other. It soon righted itself, however, and in a moment outdistanced the pursuers. All escaped injury except the coachman who suffered a painful though not serious injury from a flying missile.

It might have been supposed that after this harrowing incident, the General Overseer would have learned caution, but apparently not. During the next afternoon service while speaking on the Coming Age, he chanced to make this statement:

“The kings of this earth who now rule in unrighteousness will have to take a back seat, and some of them mighty low down. King Edward will have to step down from his throne. He cannot rule under the King of kings. Everybody knows he has no religion to spare.”

There was an angry interruption. Dr. Dowie told the interrupter to sit down. “You be still or I will say more. I will take no dictation from you or anyone else, but God Almighty as to what I will or will not say.”

That afternoon the newspapers blazed with the headlines, “Dowie Vilifies the King”. Before long, reports came that mobs were forming “to string Dr. Dowie up”. It was soon discovered that the rumors were not empty threats, and indeed, the lives of other members of the party were also in danger. So great was the hostility that had been aroused that it was suicide to attempt any more services in Adelaide. Dr. Dowie, nevertheless, stubbornly determined to continue his engagements, and no doubt would have, had not indignant authorities sent a peremptory notice that leases on all buildings were cancelled. This decree which was found to be irreversible, wrote “finis” on further meetings in the country. Incidentally, the General Overseer was required to pay twenty pounds for damages for the broken windows in the Town Hall which had been

destroyed by the mob.

The party engaged passage on the liner MONGOLIA which was scheduled to leave Australia, April 7. Embarking from Adelaide, the next month was spent on the long trip to Europe, the ship docking at Marseilles, May 7, having spent just thirty days on the high seas.

Actually, the rest of the trip was not much more than a sightseeing tour. Dr. Dowie required the services of interpreters, and his audiences were small. In Germany he hoped to have an audience with the Kaiser, but in this expectation he was disappointed. He spoke two nights in a Berlin Auditorium while police reporters were present to take down, in shorthand, everything that he said.

Reports of his words against the British King spoken at Adelaide had, of course, reached London and had been published in the newspapers. As a result when he arrived in London, Dr. Dowie was turned away from one hotel after another, and finally, was obliged to find quarters in a suburban flat. He conducted one service in Zion Tabernacle on Euston Road, during which time a mob gathered outside and threatened "to hang him up". The General Overseer escaped at last in the darkness by the aid of a disguise.

Resentment against Dr. Dowie in London had reached such a pitch that it was useless for him to stay longer in England. But it was two weeks before sailing time of the LUCANIA, on which the party had engaged passage. Because of the inflamed feeling of the populace against him he found it expedient to leave London and wait at Boulogne, France. It was a relief to the members of the party when all were safely aboard the LUCANIA on the day she lifted anchor for America. The ship, however, was no sooner out to sea than it ran into a storm that lasted for four days. Eventually the lashing gales abated and heavy rolling seas smoothed out for pleasant sailing during the balance of the trip.

On June 30, 1904, Dr. Dowie and his party arrived back in Zion City, having been gone exactly six months. Most of the population were waiting and cheering at the station. The band played, the choir sang, and everybody marched to the new, white-painted arch at the corner of Shiloh Boulevard and Elijah Avenue. It was beautiful weather, although on account of the long drought, the crops had been seriously affected. The people had been anxiously hoping for rain, and now that the General Overseer had returned, they expectantly looked for him to pray for rain as he had done in Southern California when, as a result of his prayers, the protracted drought was broken.

Dr. Dowie was in high humor, and in his address said, "God has answered prayer and sent this glorious sunshine. But I have heard requests of many people here, and have prayed that His reviving and refreshing rain may

follow.”

He spoke about twenty minutes and then several other members of the party and the elders said a few words. But in the meantime, heavy clouds had spread across the sky. Before the people realized it, large drops of rain were falling. Minutes later a cloudburst was descending upon the city which drenched the town and surrounding countryside with water.

Actually it seemed when John Alexander Dowie looked to God for a manifestation of His power, the answer came almost invariably in a miraculous manner. Alas, that so much of his time and energy was given to secular enterprises, in plans for new business projects for the defending of his claims as prophet of the restoration, instead of to the preaching and ministering of the great gospel of deliverance, which had been committed to him. It is perhaps an academic question as what Dr. Dowie might have accomplished had his ministry continued in its original simple lines. It could hardly be denied that it would have become the greatest ministry of centuries.

Right now, however, his mind was not on the ministry of healing. He was exercised with plans for the creation of an apostolate, and the declaration of himself as the First Apostle. Less than three months later, he did this very thing. If he could have only realized that for him, how rapidly time was running out....

CHAPTER 31: THE FIRST APOSTLE

AT the time that the Christian Catholic Church was organized, Dr. Dowie discussed at some length what of the Apostolic Office. He had remarked that as he did not have all the gifts of the Spirit he did not believe that he was qualified to be an apostle. He further added that he believed an apostle must have an unusual measure of humility—more than he believed that he possessed.

Several years later when he made the Declaration that he was Elijah the Restorer, he changed his viewpoint concerning his qualifications. As Messenger of the Restoration, he believed that he was not only an apostle, but the First Apostle. Thus it was that some eight years after organization of his church, John Alexander Dowie stood in Shiloh Tabernacle and publicly assumed that office. At that time he made the following proclamation:

“I declare in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the power of the Holy Spirit, in accordance with the Will of God our Heavenly Father, that I am, in these Times of Restoration of all things, the First Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion.”

After the Declaration had been made before a large assembled audience, he addressed the Restoration Host with the question, “Do you accept me?” The Host replied, “Yes.” He then remarked that because of excessive toil, he had become weary in body, and had decided to take some time for rest in preparation for work that the Apostolic Declaration made necessary. This he explained included among other things the bringing of the entire apostolate into existence. Actually, instead of taking rest, his attention became diverted into making plans for a Zion Plantation paradise in Mexico.

Though many of the congregation had been prepared to accept the Apostolic Office, they were not a little startled when Dr. Dowie appeared on the platform, clothed in a priestly robe of many colors, similar to the robe of the High Priest of the ancient theocracy. The robe was elaborately embroidered with a satin miter emblazoned with gold. Standing before the Restoration Host he made the following proclamation: “Clothed by God with Apostolic and Prophetic authority, I now have the right to speak as the instructor of the nations.”

Few who heard the First Apostle speak that day doubted his sincerity, as he said: “I would rather be killed now, and be clothed in my grave clothes before three o’clock this afternoon, than walk up here in my Apostolic robes, if I am not God’s First Apostle, in these times of Restoration. I would rather my life should end now than I should take a step that God

would not approve. I have no desire to take it for my part.”

In the weeks following the Declaration, Dr. Dowie ran a series of special Apostolic messages in the LEAVES OF HEALING, signing each of the letters with the name, JOHN ALEXANDER, FIRST APOSTLE. Thus he repudiated the name Dowie, which he claimed did not belong to him.

Instead of taking the rest which he had promised himself, Dr. Dowie, shortly after this Declaration, became deeply interested in a business venture in Mexico. With a large party accompanying him, he made the journey southward to look over land for his long-talked-of Zion Plantation Paradise. He was received in state by President Porfiro Diaz, who was interested in the development of Mexico's vast uncultivated areas. Dr. Dowie also met and conversed with a number of other high government officials who no doubt were impressed by his ability to talk in large figures. Returning to Zion, the First Apostle spoke enthusiastically of securing millions of acres in Tamaulipas, Mexico. He promoted the sale of Paradise Plantation stock for the purpose of securing money for the immediate purchase of the land. Practically every one in Zion, however, believed the project was ill-timed, to say the least. It would require millions of dollars of investment, and those in the “know” realized that Zion's finances were not only in a precarious condition, but were fast approaching a crisis. Though the people were not fully aware of the true state of things, nevertheless they sensed that all was not well, and there was little enthusiasm shown in the project. It was evident that the day when John Alexander Dowie could float a new loan and secure a flood of investments was over. But he was not discouraged. Did not God send him to restore all things? Then surely he must not let the lack of a few hundred thousand dollars keep him from doing the things he believed should be done. Some day when the Mexican project would be consummated, millions in that southern country would rise up and call him blessed. He looked upon the Zion City Bank as his own personal bank, and as long as there was any cash in it, why should he not put it to work? He was certain that in a short time, money would come in above what would be needed and to spare. He therefore decided that he must be firm in not listening to those who sought to plead caution. Thus he continued to press his plans for the Zion Plantation Paradise.

But as September, 1905, drew nigh, an event was about to take place that was to bring a swift conclusion to further plans and dreams of John Alexander Dowie. On the 24th of that month which was a Sunday, Dr. Dowie entered the pulpit of Shiloh Tabernacle to preach his farewell message before going South again to further make arrangements for the Zion Paradise Plantation Project. Though he did not know it, that day was to be a fateful day in the life of the man who, just one year before, had declared himself the First Apostle of the Christian Catholic Church.

Arthur Newcomb in his book, DOWIE ANOINTED OF THE LORD, tells the story of what happened that afternoon:

“IT was the last Sunday afternoon in September. Mellow, golden sunshine flooded Zion City’s tree-crowned hill.

“Solemnly a long procession marched around the square of tawny grass which, more than five years before, had been consecrated to Zion Temple.

“Proudly the erect, gray-bearded figure stood at the entrance of Shiloh Tabernacle and reviewed them as they entered.

“In every direction from his place of vantage he looked upon the solid material into which these people, in obedience to him, had wrought the stuff of his dreams. He held title to every foot of land his eyes surveyed. Surely, on this second anniversary of the organization of Zion Restoration Host he might be forgiven a smile of quiet triumph at what he had accomplished in the twelve short years since, an itinerant and all but penniless evangelist, he had built his Little Wooden Hut at the gates of the World’s Fair.

The overseers passed gravely into the Tabernacle.

“With one last look upon the city, he turned and followed them. When at last he stepped upon the high platform there was a hush. He stood, robed in splendor, prophetic, apostolic, majestic. All eyes were upon him, all ears awaited his utterance. He knew his people. They had never failed him. Step by step he had led them from acceptance of him as a simple, earnest preacher of the plain old-time religion, until today they looked upon him as one who came in fulfillment of a divine plan foretold by prophets, from Moses to Malachi, and even by Christ Himself. Which of his dreams for future triumphs could be impossible with such a people behind him?

“His queer, rasping voice filled the Tabernacle, opening Zion’s now elaborate and impressive ritual. This consummated, he began his sermon.

“It was magnificent.

“His sermon ended, the First Apostle retired. A table for the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was prepared.

“It was now late afternoon. In solemn stillness the worshipers waited, while dusk stole softly over them. Silently the First Apostle appeared in his white “robes of expiation.” His voice rose in the old familiar prayer, carrying his people back, in memory, to earlier, simpler days, days of miracles of healing, of selfless zeal, of bitter persecution. The same leader, the same voice, the same prayer! Irresistibly the same emotions

rose, like a full tide, in their breasts. Hushed to a breath, yet because of their number a mystic volume of melody, hundreds of voices sang the old, old communion hymn:

‘Tis midnight; and on Olive’s brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone.’

‘Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Savior prays alone.’

“Slowly light drained away until thousands sat bowed in shadow. The preacher, seated as always at this sacrament, read from the Scriptures, blessed bread and wine, sent his robed deacons among them, led his choir in softly intoned hymns. It was Zion’s holy hour. Dr. Dowie and his people were one again, around that sacred table.

“The sacrament was all but finished. Only a few more words remained to be spoken.

“Again the people waited.

“Suddenly their leader shook his right hand as if some foul thing clung to it. He beat it upon the arm of his chair. Those near him saw him sway.

“He turned, ghastly pale, to an attending deacon, who hurried to his side. Dowie was half led, half borne away.

“Never again was he to lift his voice in Shiloh Tabernacle.”

John Alexander Dowie had suffered a stroke. Friends helped him to his room at the rear of the platform and he was placed in a reclining chair. For a number of moments he seemed to sleep. Then consciousness returned. But upon awakening his side was paralyzed. Prayer was offered and hope for a complete restoration was expressed by officers to the waiting congregation – a hope that was never realized, although for a time there was sufficient improvement that he could get about awkwardly and use his hands to some extent. But he was never again to be the same.

Despite the stroke and against protestations of his advisers, Dr. Dowie determined to take the trip to Mexico as had been planned. On the following Thursday, he, with his wife and son and a party of about ten, set out on the journey to Mexico. For two months he remained in that country, sending back optimistic letters of the improvement of his physical condition and speaking in glowing terms of the splendid prospects of the Paradise Plantation project.

Returning about Thanksgiving, he was welcomed at the station by the

Zion City Band, and most of the population of the city. Dr. Dowie emerged from the train, waved his hand, and was rushed into his carriage. But those who saw that haggard countenance realized that they were looking at the face of a very sick man.

On Thanksgiving Day, Dr. Dowie attempted to address the people in Shiloh Tabernacle, but his strength permitted him to speak but a few moments. The sands of life for John Alexander Dowie were fast running out. By the middle of December, he was so weak and sick that he could not lie down, could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty.

In hopes that a change of climate would help him, arrangements were made for him to go to Jamaica. He arrived there about the first of the year, and remained for a period of over a month, during which time he seemed to grow stronger and better. Meantime in Zion, during the absence of the Overseer, decisive events were taking shape.

CHAPTER 32: WINTER OF RECKONING

IN Zion City the hour of crisis was at hand. News arrived of improvement in the First Apostle's physical condition, but this information did not inspire enthusiasm among the resident overseers, whom Dr. Dowie had appointed during his absence to take charge of Zion's affairs. The reports only meant that he would soon be in Mexico, pursuing plans for the purchase of vast tracts of plantation land. When some weeks later in February, Dr. Dowie arrived in Mexico, a series of letters and telegrams began to reach Zion, each one containing glowing accounts of the possibilities of the Paradise Plantation Project. Those who bore the responsibilities in Zion could hardly share this optimism. They had barely gotten through the winter without going under, and now creditors were crowding them for payment on bills long overdue. Because of the lack of raw materials, several factories had already shut down, and many people had been thrown out of work. Even the LEAVES OF HEALING was forced to suspend publication because of the lack of funds to purchase paper.

The men who had been left in charge of Zion were desperate. Earnestly they had written Dr. Dowie, pleading with him to recognize the grave nature of the crisis that faced them, but their appeal had little success. Though all evidence showed that the city was at the brink of financial disaster, he would not acknowledge it. Sadly, the officers of Zion were at last forced to the conclusion that the deteriorating physical condition of their overseer had incapacitated him for his responsibilities. The practical necessities imposed by the crisis had to be faced. As they saw it, the only hope of a solution lay in Dr. Dowie's being relieved as soon as possible from further responsibility. It was a sad decision, for these men had been for years numbered among his most devoted friends.

For the information of our readers permit us to retrospect for the moment and consider the causes that had brought about this unfortunate situation. Actually, the seeds of trouble were sown at the very beginning of the city's history. During the period just before the opening of the subdivisions in 1901, and for a while after, several millions of dollars in all were deposited in Zion's Bank in savings accounts or as investments in Zion's stocks. The large sum of money thus made available resulted in, for a time, a spurious prosperity. Money deposited in the bank was used to build up the city and to pay the high rate of interest on investments. But this reservoir of funds was gradually depleted. Besides the above mentioned use of the money, Dr. Dowie spent large sums in ventures such as the New York Visitation and his trip around the world. As a result of these policies, Zion, as early as 1903, began to get into serious financial

difficulties. In fact, in December of that year a receivership had been appointed. However the receivers, after an examination of the situation, decided that with proper caution, the difficulties that had arisen could be worked out. Unfortunately, no steps were taken by Dr. Dowie to correct and remedy the problems which even at that time were critical. And so things steadily went from bad to worse.

The time came when bills could not be paid promptly, and credit was refused by outside firms. The various industries of the city had been required to place their receipts in the bank's general fund, and when that was exhausted, they had no means to buy their raw materials nor to pay their employees. In an attempt to remedy this situation, John Alexander Dowie had foolishly instituted a most unsound practice of issuing coupons to the employees in lieu of legal tender. The coupons dropped rapidly in value. Unscrupulous persons forged and counterfeited them, and at length even the department stores of the city had to refuse to accept them.

Arthur Newcomb, writing in the *LEAVES OF HEALING*, April 7, 1906, reviews these circumstances:

"The policy of keeping all funds in a common treasury, and of having this treasury at the absolute command of John Alexander Dowie had another destructive result. Money that came in from the sale of products of various industries was used up, instead of being turned over to those industries to pay their employees and purchase merchandise, supplies, and raw material to keep the institution going. It was inevitable, therefore, that the various enterprises should soon find themselves without working capital, in debt to their employees, and unable to proceed with their business and manufacture.

"The conditions were aggravated, of course, by the fact that hundreds of bread- winners were also idle, and the families of many of them dependent upon charity. Add to this fact that for two years the many who had invested their savings in Zion's institutions and industries were paid only a small part of their interest and dividends. Some of these people were old, some were infirm, some were widows with families to support, some were merchants and manufacturers who had invested their working capital in Zion, expecting to use the interest and dividends to carry on their business.

"But while this sad state of affairs was developing, John Alexander Dowie was touring the world, traveling in the most expensive way, taking the highest-priced suites at the finest hotels, entertaining lavishly at various places, and purchasing considerable costly clothing and other merchandise.

"While Zion City was in this crippled financial condition, he launched the

proposed Zion Paradise Plantation enterprise, and spent many thousands of dollars of the money invested for that purpose; some in trips to and through Mexico, some for other purposes, including personal expenses.”

As has been already mentioned, when Dr. Dowie left for Jamaica, he had appointed certain men to be in charge of the affairs of the city, a “triumvirate” which included Dr. John G. Speicher, Deacon V. V. Barnes, and Deacon Alexander Granger. These men were given full power to act in all matters of business. With Dr. Dowie away, this new management went immediately to work rehabilitating the financial, commercial, and industrial affairs of Zion. Then without warning, there came a telegram suspending Dr. Speicher. Apparently fearing that the other overseers were not working along lines that he desired, Dr. Dowie cabled Wilbur Glenn Voliva, Overseer of the Zion work in Australia, giving him power of attorney, and requesting him to leave Australia, to come at once to Zion.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva read the cablegram and pondered thoughtfully his course of action. He was a dark-haired man, with heavy eyebrows and features not unlike those of Napoleon. He had shown considerable ability in his ministry in Australia, having built up a strong work there during four years of residence. After carefully considering the cablegram, he made his decision, and secured reservations on the next steamship for America. He arrived in Zion, February 12, 1906, after traveling twenty-two days on water and six days on land.

For several weeks Overseer Voliva studied the conditions that existed in the city. Because of the distance of Australia from America, he had not been fully aware of the extent of the crisis that had developed. As his investigation probed deeper into the circumstances and the causes of the difficulties, he became increasingly disturbed by the seriousness of the situation. It was plain that financial disaster was imminent. Worst of all was the news that Dr. Dowie, apparently all unaware of what was about to take place at home, was in Mexico, all set to purchase land for his Paradise Plantation enterprise, and would soon be making demands for money. Wilbur Glenn Voliva agreed with the other overseers that the time to act had come, if it ever had.

At a cabinet meeting in late March, 1906, the new overseer with members of the cabinet, discussed for many hours the impending crisis. All were agreed that something must be done and done at once. At length a drastic course of action was proposed and decided upon. The entire estate was to be sold to Deacon Granger for the nominal sum of one dollar. Since power of attorney had been given to Wilbur Glenn Voliva, it was believed that he had the legal right to execute this transaction although no one doubted that its legality would be challenged by Dr. Dowie, in the courts. At any rate it would give the situation leadership, which John Alexander Dowie because of his physical incapacitation seemed unable to give. For if

the estate went into receivership without any evidence that there was available a responsible leadership, the chances were that the property would be sold to satisfy the creditors, and in that case the people would lose everything including their homes.

Under the arrangements of the transfer, Deacon Granger executed a deed of trust, declaring that he held all this property in trust for the creditors of John Alexander Dowie, including all investors and members of the church.

April 1, 1906, was the people's day of decision. Some thirty-five hundred people gathered in Shiloh Tabernacle. Overseer Voliva took the floor and presented the story as he saw it. The other members of the cabinet spoke briefly also. It was not difficult to convince the people that a drastic change was needed. The long winter of privation, during which people had been unable to secure any return on their investments or have access to money that they had on deposit in savings accounts, the worthless coupons which they had received in payment for their labor, and many other such circumstances, had already proved to them that something was fundamentally wrong with the administration. It was a relief to the people that something was being done about it. When a standing vote was called for, some ninety-five percent of the people elected to go along with Wilbur Glenn Voliva. With the voice of the people behind him, the new leader now sent a telegram to John Alexander Dowie, suspending him from his position of General Overseer.

John Alexander Dowie was utterly stunned by the turn of events. Threatening legal action, he started north immediately, but when he arrived in Zion on an afternoon, in the midst of a thunder shower, there was only a little handful of followers there to meet him at the station. He retired immediately to Shiloh House. (Upon the advice of Judge V. V. Barnes, the cabinet granted permission to him to occupy Shiloh House, though it, too, was also included in the transfer.)

Weeks later in the courtroom of Judge Kenesaw Landis, John Alexander Dowie met his antagonist, Wilbur Glenn Voiva. There were two weeks of hearings, and the daily sessions were marked by sharp clashes between the counsel retained by the opposing parties. Judge Landis, a noted jurist, who presided, handled the case with as great a fairness as possible to both sides. In the end a receivership was appointed which was to be responsible for all the money and property involved. Every member of the Zion Restoration Host was ordered to publicly renounce his oath of allegiance to Dr. Dowie. The court then ordered that an election by secret ballot be held to determine who should be the General Overseer. John Alexander Dowie, realizing the sentiment against him, refused to run. The election which was held a short time later gave an overwhelming majority of Zion's votes to Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Zion's creditors decided

to give the city another opportunity to pay her debts, realizing that with Zion a going concern, there was greater possibility of getting their money than if the whole enterprise were allowed to dissolve.

CHAPTER 33: THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

THE last days of John Alexander Dowie had come, but for a while he did not know it. During the period of the court proceedings, he wrote a defense setting forth his side of the case. His words show the same precise command of language that he always possessed. The article was capably written, and is an interesting document, being his last published statement so far as we are aware, and it gives us an insight into the state of his feelings in the days when he realized that the city he founded was slipping away from him.

In his statement there is an acknowledgement that he had made mistakes, though it is doubtful that he had much realization of the magnitude of those mistakes, or of the suffering that had resulted because of them. That he entertained the strong hope that he would be healed and that Zion would be restored to him is revealed in the following words:

“After fifty-nine years of toil, so arduous that the work of man’s allotted time has been pressed into them, I had thought that perhaps my work on earth was finished and I would be allowed to enter heaven and be with my Redeemer, my blessed Lord.

“I would rather pass away and go to heaven than anything else. I am tired; I am weary; I have worked hard; I have done enough work, I think to earn some rest; but if my Lord says that I am to work a little longer, I am willing to give that last ounce of my strength for my people and the protection of Zion. I love you. I have never consciously wronged you. I have lived for God and my people. And I will continue to live for you and give you the last bit of life that I possess. I will not say that I have not made mistakes; God forbid. But I will say that all my life I have lived for God and for my people. And, by the grace of God, I am going to live for you still!”

That he did not understand nor realize the causes for the crisis in Zion is reflected in his next words. He thought that the troubles which had come were mostly caused by perfidy of his associates, not realizing he was to blame for his neglect and refusal to face the problems that had daily mounted higher until stark tragedy faced the city. Concerning this he wrote:

“The world has stood aghast at the strange conduct of my faithless officers, who have betrayed my confidence and sought my ruin at a time when I needed their loyal support. In return for my kindness to them, calling them from obscurity to positions of trust, they have led my people

in revolt and imperiled the very foundations of Zion, while I was absent and weak in body through excessive toil.”

As to the impending proposal of the court to have a democratic election in Zion, he disclosed his displeasure:

“I.... refer to the proposition to substitute a democratic rule in Zion for the established theocratic rule, and the attack upon the Restoration Host Vow.

“It is not strange that the distinguished jurist (Judge Landis) should see all things with democratic eyes and fail to discern the spiritual order of things in a spiritual kingdom. I have subscribed allegiance to the American constitution and no man has been more loyal and regardful of law than I. We have been taught in Zion that the republican form of government is the best of all governments and the one that leads most directly to the rule of God....; meanwhile we were working out the model in Zion, crude and imperfect though it may have been from the beginning. To undertake to force democratic methods upon us within our own precincts, where we have the inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, is striking a blow at the very heart and core of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion.”

In this document written in August, 1906, however, John Alexander Dowie betrays the fact that he was aware of the strong possibility that his days as a leader of Zion had drawn to a close, for he wrote:

“I do not force for a moment my views upon any human being; I submit them strongly; urge them strongly because I believe they are true and ought to be received and obeyed; but I recognize the rights of others and I also recognize the fact that it may take time to see God’s way. Therefore, let no one think I am arbitrarily demanding allegiance to my thoughts because they are my thoughts. I believe they are God’s thoughts and ways; and I have patience to wait as well as to work. There are a thousand Millennium years of work after I return in the blessed rapture, and I can wait as well as work.”

It was a sad blow to Dr. Dowie when by decision of the court an election was authorized to determine who should be overseer of Zion. He retired to Shiloh House a broken man, but still believing that by some miracle Zion would be restored to him. This hope, however, was never to be fulfilled.

A Chicago newspaper of the time carried an interesting comment on the tragic circumstances which had befallen the city:

“The curtain is about to fall. The star has left the stage; the prompter has closed his book; the scene-shifters are shuffling in the wings; and the

stage manager has his finger on the bell. Only a few more phrases that the audience could easily supply and the words 'ring down' will be given and we shall have looked for the last time upon the tragedy of Zion City.

"It is a city hopelessly bankrupt, facing an indebtedness of six million dollars—a city built upon sand. The dream of Zion as conceived by Dowie is gone forever. The vision has faded. A receiver from the courts held the keys to the administration building, the factories, the hospice, the bank. The venture into commercial enterprises, a field in which Dowie was an amateur, overthrew the church. Dowie, sick, suffering from hallucinations, still sat in the Shiloh House. The fire of ambition still burned in his eyes, and a note of defiance still sounded in his voice. But his eyes were deeply sunken, and his voice quavered in disappointment."

The Author Sees John Alexander Dowie

Once in his life, the writer saw John Alexander Dowie, although he does not remember the event. When he was about three months old, his parents took him with them when they made a visit to Shiloh House to hear Dr. Dowie, as he spoke to a small audience on a Sunday afternoon. They remember him that day as a very sick man, sitting in a wheel chair with sunken eyes and pale drawn face. He still expressed his belief that things would finally work out and he would again be back in Shiloh Tabernacle.

But John Alexander Dowie grew steadily weaker in body, and finally was unable to speak in public even from his wheel chair. It seemed that every form of disease had fastened itself upon his body, and his life strength was slowly ebbing away. The time at last came when even he had to acknowledge that the end could not be far off.

Few came to see him in those days. The great disappointment that had come to the people, their shattered hopes, the loss of investments reducing some to poverty, had created a reaction that was not healed during the brief period while Dr. Dowie lingered in his illness. Still a few were loyal to him. They had not forgotten the prayers of the man through whom to them deliverance of soul and body had come. They did not forget him now.

The writer in one of his visits to Zion had the good fortune to make acquaintance with an old gentleman some eighty-six years of age, who attended Dr. Dowie during the last months of his life. At our request, this gentleman, a Mr. Samuel Shadd, recalled a number of interesting incidents of those days. He explained that he had always wanted to get personally acquainted with Dr. Dowie, whom he loved and admired. But during the years of the General Overseer's busy life there was little chance for the rank and the file to have much personal contact with him. Now when John Alexander Dowie had been deserted by the multitude, here

was his opportunity. He gladly gave of his time and substance ministering to the man of God who in the closing chapter of his life had come upon evil days.

One of the questions that we asked was whether Dr. Dowie, during those last months, made any reference to his Elijah Declaration, but the reply was that as far as could be remembered, Dr. Dowie never mentioned nor alluded to it. In this connection it is interesting to note that in the article which he wrote in the summer of 1906, defending this position, he signed his full name and left off the title, FIRST APOSTLE.

Mr. Shadd emphasized that in those last days, Dr. Dowie seemed unusually cheerful considering the circumstances, and was never impatient nor cross with those who waited on him. Seeming to fall back into the simplicity of his early years when he was dependent on God for his daily bread, the virtues of those years appeared to return to him. Released from a yoke which he himself had assumed, it seemed that a distinct change in his disposition was wrought and a new patience and kindness for his fellowmen appeared. Once as he looked through the window of his room in Shiloh House and saw a crowd of people passing, talking and laughing, all unmindful of their old leader who lay a few yards from them on a bed he was never to leave alive, he was heard to exclaim, "O, my people, I love you, I love you, though sometimes you are naughty children."

As the days slipped by, and he knew that his time of going was at hand, he became very gentle, and he expressed his resignation to all that had come upon him and no longer struggled against it.

True it was that he did not seem to understand his own part in the tragedy. He just seemed to know that something terrible had gone wrong, and all he could do was to resign himself to the mercies of God. A reconciliation with his wife was never effected, however. Perhaps her coming to him now would have revived a thousand painful memories of the past which he wished to forget.

There were sad moments, too. As the end drew nearer, he sent word to his son, Gladstone, that after he was gone, for him to remember always to serve and live for God. The young man, no doubt confused by the events that had taken place, had sent back a careless reply inferring that he wasn't interested in religion. Upon hearing this, the poor man fell back upon his pillow and burst into tears, grieving for his son in a manner that reminded one of David as he sorrowed for his sort, Absalom. In reading Gladstone's account of his father's life, however, it is evident that he had not renounced his faith in God. He later became an Episcopal minister, and preached in that denomination for many years. According to his account he believed that his father was sincere, but that he possessed "a strange ability to be deceived." Years later Gladstone lost an arm as a

result of an accident. He died in the year 1945, and now lies buried in the family plot in Lake Mound Cemetery in Zion.

The time came when John Alexander Dowie no longer had strength to move himself. Once when those who took care of him tried to move him, they lost their grip and his body fell with a hard thud on the floor. With deep concern, those who attended him apologized for their carelessness, and although Dr. Dowie must have suffered severe pain from such a sharp drop, being unable to protect himself, he summoned a smile and told them that they must not feel badly. He kept reassuring them that he was quite all right.

Even during the closing days of Dr. Dowie's life, he had definite answers to prayer. Though he couldn't get prayers answered for himself, God answered many that he prayed for others. There were definite healings. Once when Dr. Dowie was in need financially, Mr. Shadd gave him fifty dollars in cash which he sorely needed to meet a payment on his own house. John Alexander Dowie thanked him and prayed a short prayer that God would supply his needs. The next week to his intense surprise, Mr. Shadd received a communication from his brother in which he promised to pay off the entire mortgage, a promise which was fulfilled.

During the last days of Dr. Dowie's life, a friend by the name of Edna Sheldrake, who had been a reporter for a Chicago newspaper years before, visited the home often. She tells of a significant incident:

"In those last days, when disease had clouded his mind and battled for supremacy, the writer was associated with him almost daily.

"As the life forces visibly ebbed, the immortal spirit looked forth from the dim, sunken eyes—clear, undaunted, triumphant, compelling.

"On one of these days he sent for me, and after some instruction concerning certain matters, his features relaxed and his eyes, closed, betokened sleep. Suddenly opening them, he fixed his gaze upon me, and earnestly said: 'Write— write, tell it.'

"I shook my head negatively, but again he insisted—commanded:

'Write. You will find some letters—I give them to you—they will tell the story.' A few weeks later he died."

Edna Sheldrake then relates that after a strange series of coincidences some months later, she happened to ascend to an attic and yielding to a strange whim, she looked "over a pile of debris fit only for the ash heap". Her attention was caught by some old letters, and looking more closely, she recognized the handwriting to be that of John Alexander Dowie. These were the letters that Dr. Dowie had referred to, and which she

remembered, he had said she would find, and which it was his desire should "tell the story".

Edna Shel Drake gathered the letters together, and later had a large number of them published in a volume. This published collection of letters has been a valuable source of material for this present work. Unfortunately the last volume was never published so far as we have been able to ascertain.

It was March 9, 1907, when the tired spirit of John Alexander Dowie slipped out of its tumbling tenement of clay, and returned to the God Who gave it. It was the firm belief of all who attended him during the last moments that the peace of God rested upon his soul. The events of those last moments are told by Judge V. V. Barnes who was with him at the end and who gave a most beautiful memorial tribute of the man whose face they were to see no more.

CHAPTER 34: MEMORIAL MESSAGE BY JUDGE V. V. BARNES

THE tallest cedar in Lebanon has fallen, and we, as I friends and members of Zion have been called upon to mourn. The end came indeed suddenly, yet the approach of the dread messenger was most insidious, and more subtle than the people of Zion thought.

My friends, we have come together today with one accord to consider the life and character of the man whose ashes we are to lay away forever. Let us ask what was the character of John Alexander Dowie, and what has he accomplished for mankind.

As we examine the work of this great man we find that his was a character of many sides. He possessed manifold genius as one of the great controllers and rulers among men, and he performed three great, distinct, and specific works. He founded a city; he established a new industry in a nation, and he has unveiled to the world a great and glorious truth that has been hidden for generations, and even centuries. He has brought this truth forth to the consideration of the Christian world in a light in which it never had been viewed before, since the foundation of the Christian era....

Let me say to you, my friends, what some of you may not fully realize, that in this city of Zion, we see one of the most wondrous exemplifications of the right principles of human government that the world has witnessed since the beginning of the Christian era. In this city of many thousand people, there is not now a saloon for the sale of intoxicating liquors. There never has been any nicotine or tobacco in any form placed on sale. Neither has there been a brothel, a gambling institution, a gilded palace, nor the home of her whose ways decline to Hell. It is wonderful how all these various nationalities have come together with this common purpose and end.

The influence and genius of this man has concurred to set into practical operation those principles of the Sermon on the Mount, which when properly applied, mean nothing more nor less than the government of God among men. In this city of Zion, John Alexander Dowie found it was necessary to establish schools for parents who came from all parts of the earth to have some way of educating their children. This was not an immediately paying institution from the standpoint of the investment of money because the public schools have returned no immediate profits in the way of cash. The investment was in boys and girls, and it takes years, almost a generation to bring a return. A large amount of the expenditures of Zion were for the establishment of schools.

In order that a community might exist it was necessary to provide large industries to sustain the people; and on casting about, a number were established; the principle one was the great lace industry which has now been in operation for about five years. If there are any who imagine that a great industry can be established easily in spite of the opposition of thousands of people; that such things come about without a large expenditure of money; without a great deal of time; without a vast exercise of dominating force; without an inspiring and controlling genius, they make a very great error. For you will find that new industries do not number many, even considering the length and breadth of the entire land.

John Alexander Dowie was a man, who in many respects, was more fully understood by many of the great leaders, statesmen, and other public men belonging to the nation. He was a man familiarly acquainted with many of our greatest politicians and statesmen, and with them he often discussed the principles of government. Judge Gary, the distinguished jurist of Chicago who knew him well, and who was for many years his warm, personal friend, said truly from the bench when John Alexander Dowie was admitted to citizenship of this republic, "No greater and more honorable accession had been made to the citizenship of America since the Declaration of Independence". This warm friendship Judge Gary maintained until the day that he passed away.

But those things that I have mentioned, great as they are, have not been the greatest of the works of John Alexander Dowie. He unveiled a new and great truth for the consideration of the Christian world. He inspired men with an appreciation of those great principles of the Gospel that in their application had been forgotten for generations. He it was who stood as the exponent of the great principle of what is called "Divine healing". Were I to ask the question here today, at the performance of these last sad rites, "How many present believe in the principles and teachings of John Alexander Dowie, and how many have really benefited; how many have been restored and preserved in health; how many have been delivered from death by exercise of the truths he taught, and by the laying on of hands?" I have no doubt, whatever but I should get a thrilling response from hundreds and even thousands of those that are here present assembled. (Here a great movement in sympathy with these sentiments could be plainly felt throughout the assembled thousands.)

Let me inquire as to what was the great fundamental and controlling principle in the life of John Alexander Dowie, the greatest principle that actuates men anywhere in civilization. I can express it in one word, and that word is the greatest word of the English language. I say after closely observing John Alexander Dowie through many years and in very intimate relations with him, that I believe that the chief element of his character was love.

There is no more common mistake made among men than that John Alexander Dowie dominated the people through tyranny; that he tyrannized over the people. There were times when the assembled thousands of Zion would have gone singing to the stake for John Alexander Dowie, because they loved him. And it was only when the pale hand of the Destroyer came; when the clouds came down upon the mountains; when misunderstandings arose; when he reached a condition in which he was not really himself, that he lost any of the love and the affection and the following of the people of Zion.

(Judge Barnes' remarks concerning Dr. Dowie's indefatigable and excessive toils are omitted, having been recorded in an earlier chapter.)

John Alexander Dowie's bow abode in strength, and the quiver was well filled with arrows; but he used that bow too often; he drew the string too hard. The time came when he fixed the arrow and drew the string to its fullest capacity and the bow broke. There came a time when it could be truly said of him, "He saved others; himself he cannot save". We cannot of ourselves judge of these things, whether the violation be always warranted or not; but where there is a violation there must, necessarily, be the reckoning.

The great work of John Alexander Dowie was in preaching the Gospel. He recognized good Christian men and women in every denomination; but he simply taught to the world the apostasy of the church; and in this, again, he was greatly misunderstood, for it was with a kind and loving heart that he opposed the apostasy of the churches, and he denominated it, and as I think truly.

He exercised this great influence as an orator, as well as a man of affairs. You have heard him many times, and so have I, deny possessing any powers of oratory. It was a common remark of his that he was no orator, that he was only a business man in the pulpit. Yet he was an orator of the highest order. I have known services to begin at half past two in the afternoon and last even until midnight. It tests the power of an orator and a speaker to create interest when all ages, from boys and girls up to the aged and gray-haired men and women, are prevailed upon to sit and listen with continued and increasing interest for three and four hours at a sitting, as I have often seen to be the case. Though he made no claims along this line for himself, he possessed a power of delivery which he exercised to bring multitudes of people to Christ in a way that wrought conviction on the human heart; but the time came when he was stricken and no longer able to do his work.

The Last Words of John Alexander Dowie

Last Friday night, the last night that John Alexander Dowie spent on earth, he was again in spirit upon this platform talking to the assembled

multitudes of his people. He preached during that night and thought he was preaching the principles of the Gospel to the assembled thousands. As he taught the same old truths, recognized such by his faithful attendants who stood about him, he lapsed again into slumber, awaking from time to time and continuing the dispensation of the old gospel message. At last he sang, "Joy to the world, the Lord has come," and he sang it strong and clear. Then again he sang as it approached morning, "Joy cometh in the morning". The last song that he ever sang as the morning light began to appear was, "I am a soldier of the Cross." Then they listened for his last sentence, and he said, "The millennium has come; I will be back for a thousand years."

These were the last words that he spoke; the last sentence he uttered. We gathered about him as he lay resting peacefully upon his pillow upon his right side; as we watched him very closely, the breath came gently and even more gently and the time came, as he passed over, that we could not distinguish the demarcation between the peaceful slumbers of this world and the last long sleep of eternity. As we watched we saw a slight tremor of the eyelids, the last sign of life, which seemed like the faint ripple created upon the surface of the placid stream by a passing morning zephyr and as we looked and watched for the return, it came not again, and all was still. So passed out of this life the remarkable man whom we have known going in and out for many days and year in the past; the man we have loved and revered; the man who has made his mark upon his day and upon his generation.

During all these years of toil for a quarter of a century, and until the clouds came and settled upon the mountains, there labored and toiled with him his faithful wife and companion. Then came times of darkness and misunderstanding then came the work of the Evil One. John Alexander Dowie had performed great labors, and a great service of toil, and he suffered many griefs and sorrows; and we would say to his companion, who wrought with him so many years, with love unchanged and still abiding, "There is a balm of healing of every woe."

But the time has come for us to lay away all that is mortal of our former beloved friend and leader. It was his last request that he be permitted to rest awhile under the green grass and beneath the trees of Lake Mound Cemetery, by the side of his beloved daughter, Esther, who passed away nearly five years ago, and was interred here.

When Esther suddenly left us, the light of his life for a long time seemed to be gone, for he loved her as very few love a child; and she was a girl possessed with gifts accorded to very few. When she passed away and the light of her life went out there was taken with it a multitude of the brightest hopes of John Alexander Dowie. He was pierced through with a sorrow from the poignancy of which he never fully recovered; and it is no

wonder that in his last moments his heart fondly turned to her memory and he desired to slumber under the green trees in Lake Mound by the side of his beloved daughter, Esther.

My friends, there have been many things very greatly misunderstood in the life and character of John Alexander Dowie. There have been many misunderstandings among our own people; and yet as a people, all of us love Zion. I say to you now, and I beseech you all as members of Zion, as friends and Christian brothers, as we stand here now when the mists and the clouds have begun to show a rift, let us reach our hands across the bier. It is time for the passing away of misunderstandings.

I would not stultify myself, nor bring a reflection upon the memory of John Alexander Dowie, by claiming that he was perfect. The character of very many great men of affairs and intelligence is writ large, and their faults are written large with them. But though there was a pride, though there was a love of power, though there were other faults which he never denied, it is my solemn conviction, and has been since the time of the beginning of these troubles, that there was nothing that could be assigned to John Alexander Dowie that marked him in any way with any degree of criminality. If you will only watch and wait with patience; if you will let the past remain until you see it more clearly; if you will watch the mountains and see the mists and the clouds and the smoke depart, you will see the clear forms come to view that will remain, and will remain for generations to come.

When John Alexander Dowie left us he had freely forgiven all and cherished no resentment against any man or woman living. He was a remarkable man. He was a master of invective. He had extraordinary powers as a speaker; and as an antagonist he had the faculty, he had the unerring instinct of detecting the weakness in the armor of his antagonist, and he thrust into it with all the vigor that he could command. Yet he was generous to a foe and ready at all times to forgive any who sought his forgiveness, whether they asked forgiveness or not.

Now my beloved friends, I have talked to you as I would my own brothers and sisters. We are members here together of the same family, and I have often remarked, and I believe it to be the truth, that the ties binding the members of Zion together are even much stronger than those that ordinarily pertain in the common relations of the life of a family. We find a joy in greeting one another; we find a joy in carrying on this work together. Let us take one another by the hand today, and look into each other's faces, realizing what is before us, and all that has been, let us forgive and forget. Let us say in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and through the influence and power of His Holy Spirit, let us say to one another and

to the illustrious man who has departed, whose face we shall see no more

till the Resurrection morn –“Peace to thee! and Peace to thee be multiplied! Arise, let us go hence.”

CHAPTER 35: A HALF-CENTURY PASSES

ONE afternoon while standing before the grave in Lake Mound Cemetery, where lies all that is mortal of John Alexander Dowie, the writer asked himself the question whether, as some thought, that because of his mistakes, this man's life and works were in vain. As we weighed the circumstances, in meditation before the silent grave, we were forced to the conclusion that such an appraisal was far from the truth. No one would deny that had Dr. Dowie avoided those tragic errors of judgment, the sunset of his life would have been infinitely more happy, and his later ministry far more fruitful. But we have no doubt that the Lord took into consideration the great odds that this man labored against, and the years when he was buffeted by an unfriendly world, as he stood almost alone for a great truth that now, due in no little part to his labors, millions believe. Though, as David of old, he was chastened, God did not forsake him. In his final days, his soul had peace, and he expressed his trust in the God of mercy of Whom it is written, "He knoweth our frame; He remembered that we are dust." (Psalm 103:14)

Our narrative is not a history of Zion City, nor of John Alexander Dowie's successor, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, except as events associated with them had direct relation to the life and ministry of Dowie. Our words therefore shall now be brief. It is true that Overseer Voliva was unable to secure the confidence of all the people of Zion as had the city's founder. It is doubtful that any man could have. A great controversy for years raged over the ethics and methods of Mr. Voliva. As to the initial act of taking over Zion from the failing hands of John Alexander Dowie, we have only this to say. Judge V. V. Barnes, a man of the finest Christian character, a friend of Dr. Dowie if ever there was one, and who preached the beautiful memorial message, concurred in that decision. Those on the scene who saw the rapid dissolution of the financial situation, the apparent incapacitation of Dr. Dowie, the pitiful hardships endured by the people who were unable to get access to the funds that they, in good faith and high hopes, had deposited in the Zion Bank, and who saw disaster and receivership steadily approaching, could hardly be blamed for putting forth some effort to save the situation. However, some believe that a carnal method was used to attain an end which, had faith and dependency on God been exercised, could have been achieved without the bitterness and divisions which resulted. Only the Judgment Day will fully decide this question.

Assuming that the best decision was made, it is a question in the minds of some whether Wilbur Glenn Voliva followed the wisest course in other matters. He was thirty-six years of age at the time, and at the zenith of physical vigor, although not what we would say the age of a man's maturest judgment. It is evident that he brought business methods into

Zion that were instrumental in saving the city. He was definitely an organizer, and a shrewd business man. Bold and fearless, when he arrived at a decision, he never wavered nor manifested uncertainty. After the initial splits that occurred during the time of Dr. Dowie's illness and passing, Overseer Voliva was able to hold the loyalty of most of the people, and this for a period of 35 years, which was, in fact, until the day of his death. All in all, it seems improbable that there was available a more capable man to have taken over Zion than he.

There are those who believe that Wilbur Glenn Voliva could have been more gracious during the early years of his administration. His sermons show him to be a stern, unyielding disciplinarian, although those who knew him best declare that there was a kindly side to his nature. But with the chaos and confusion to meet on every side, it perhaps required a man with "steel to meet steel". It is claimed by more than a few that he was unduly severe on those who lived in the city who did not line up with him. If true, yet it must be said that he was not so inflexible that he could not change his mind, if it could be proved that he were wrong - something that Dr. Dowie in his last years found exceedingly difficult to do.

It would be regarded as an omission that would demand explanation if, when discussing Wilbur Glenn Voliva, nothing were said of his widely publicized views regarding the geography of the world, which gave his name world-wide publicity, and found for his teachings, in this respect, a place in the Sunday magazine supplements from time to time. Mr. Voliva taught and emphasized the doctrine of the "flat earth", and established that teaching in the schools of Zion. He was able to convince a number of his followers of the correctness of his views. At length, however, even those who agreed with him on the subject came to the conclusion that the matter was being pressed and emphasized out of proportion to its significance.

Overseer Voliva's contention was that the North Pole was at the center of the "flat earth" and the "so-called South Pole" was a hypothetical area hemmed in with high impassable mountains that could never be traversed. In more recent years, the enemies of Voliva have pointed out that great airliners fly in every direction, over the Poles, and around them, and pilots find no "high impassable mountains". They also call attention to the photographs being taken at immense heights from rockets, which now show the expanse of a continent, and clearly reveal the curvature of the earth. Which ever way the reader views these idiosyncrasies, it should not be taken as a full index to the real character of Overseer Voliva.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva did not accept the broad universal scope of Dr. Dowie's original plan for the Christian Catholic Church, which he set forth at the time of the founding of the church, as fundamental to its

future. Rather he chose to follow the later views of Dr. Dowie, which reduced the perspective of the Divine plan down to the measure of Zion's program. With Overseer Voliva, it appears that when the desperate financial situation was alleviated somewhat, and he had time to study Dr. Dowie's plan of a World Zion, there was inspired an ambition to revive that dream, and perhaps succeed, where John Alexander Dowie had failed. At length, however, when the reverses of the Thirties came, it became evident that these hopes would not be realized.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva was to experience troubled times in those later years. During the heart of the Depression, taxes could not be paid on the vast holdings of the church, and Zion was again forced into receivership. Ultimately a large portion of the idle land was released and the finances of the church were reorganized. In 1937, there came another heartbreaking blow to the Overseer. The great Shiloh Tabernacle and the 50,000-watt radio station, were set on fire by an incendiary and destroyed, a loss which in some respects was irreparable. Much equipment and valuable records were lost in flames. The Overseer lived to see another beautiful structure built and dedicated, but the radio station was lost for good.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva adhered to many of the theocratic principles propounded by Dr. Dowie. Nevertheless, little by little, the outside world made gradual but irresistible encroachments on the city. When at last the newcomers exceeded the Zion people, a change in city laws became imminent. A municipal election found sufficient voters to repeal the "theocratic laws" originally instituted by John Alexander Dowie. Tobacco and liquor began to be sold in the city. Theaters and other worldly places of amusement were built. These developments, of course, were a bitter blow to Overseer Voliva, who had striven so hard to keep these things from getting a foothold in the community.

As we have mentioned, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, though not easily changed, was more open to counsel than Dr. Dowie. Advisers exercised a moderating influence on some of the doctrinal extremes that had crept in during the transition years, so that today, the teaching in Zion is on the whole, evangelical and sound.

Overseer Anton Darms, one of Zion's officers, for years vice-president of the parochial schools and for ten years associate editor of THE LEAVES OF HEALING, has exercised a profound influence over the church. The writer found him a spiritual man, of high culture, and one whose friendship he highly esteems. Overseer Darms has shown every courtesy in making available to him records including rare documents, which have made it possible to get a well-rounded picture of the whole Zion story. The Overseer also introduced the writer to a number of the officials of the church, and most all that he met were found to be congenial, friendly, and

sincere. Incidentally, Mr. Darms, himself is a writer of considerable note, and his books and articles have had wide circulation throughout the country.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva died on October 11, 1942, and was succeeded by General Overseer M. J. Mintern, who is generally regarded by his people as a kindly and able administrator.

The WAUKEGAN NEWS-SUN makes this editorial comment on Overseer Voliva's passing: "In the death of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, this region loses a colorful and dynamic figure, whose name and exploits were known throughout the world.

"Whether or not one agrees with the ideas that Overseer Voliva preached, or the means that he used to attain his ends, one cannot but admit that he was a vigorous personality with the strength of character sufficient to mold a large segment of humanity according to his inspired plans. Any man who can direct a church for thirty-five years and stand out as a political and financial leader in the bargain must have plenty of determination, will power, and ability."

It is natural to speculate on what the issue would have been in Zion, if Dr. Dowie had retained his good judgment and the vigor of ministry that he possessed when in Chicago. While we may regret that such a sad termination came to his plans for a city in which the principles of a theocracy were to be set in force, yet we must not overlook that perhaps much that was intended in the plan and purpose of God for Dr. Dowie was in the over-all picture, actually fulfilled—to wit, the return of the ministry of healing to the church.

As we have noted elsewhere, God did not permit the communal plan of the Early Church to long continue, as, no doubt, the apostles and their followers had hoped would.

The fierce persecution that arose resulted in practically all believers of Jerusalem being scattered abroad. But wherever they went, they preached the Gospel. Thus was God's dominant purpose, world evangelization, furthered during this age, although had the disciples been permitted to remain at Jerusalem, it might have been much more pleasant for them and their families. But it is doubtful in that case whether the other cities of the Jewish Nation would have been evangelized before the terrible judgment of A. D. 70 came.

Out of Zion came F. F. Bosworth, and his brother B. B. Bosworth, whose healing campaigns in the Twenties filled great auditoriums, seating many thousands of people. From Zion went forth John G. Lake with a message that stirred all of South Africa, and resulted in the establishing of

hundreds of churches that remain to this day. Dr. Phineas Yoakum went to Los Angeles to found the widely known Pisgah Work. Raymond T. Richey who was only a lad at the time, unconsciously absorbed the atmosphere of faith that pervaded the city, and later his healing ministry became the phenomenon of the time. Another born in Zion has had a national radio ministry for many years. From the ministry of these men and others we might mention, there has arisen a host of men of faith who have had powerful ministries. The Full Gospel movement which sprang into existence, coincidentally, as Dr. Dowie passed from the scene, owes Zion a debt that it perhaps little realizes. Many from that city whose names we could mention, have been, or are now, leaders in the various organizations of the movement.

There were other Gifts of the Spirit and ministries which God intended to restore to His church. The very capacities that enabled Dr. Dowie to break the spell of the ages and reintroduce against overwhelming odds the great truth of Divine healing, acted as a hindrance, effectually preventing him from being able to accept light from another source than from the shining of his own candle. Men have their times and seasons. Dr. Dowie fulfilled his destiny and he passed from the scene.

The result in Zion, most to be deplored, was the fact that some, through losses involved in the financial disaster, had to endure heart-breaking hardships caused by this misfortune. It is difficult to see how good could come out of the adversities and great disappointments that these people had to endure. Yet, strange as it might seem, the final outcome was different than was to be expected. The writer's own parents suffered considerable financial loss in the Zion debacle, and of course were sorely disappointed in the outcome. Yet, oddly enough, they are not sorry they went to Zion. They look back on the days that they spent there, for the most part with pleasure, and the faith that inspired their souls while there, has stayed with them throughout their life. At the time of writing, both, though advanced in years, are yet alive. On one occasion, mother certainly would have gone to her grave, had she not, through her bold faith for healing, received a miracle of deliverance. There have been few, if any, whom the writer has met, who lived in that "dream city", who, having recovered from the initial disappointments, have not felt that they received something in Zion that more than compensated them for their temporal losses.

FIRST LESSON

The paramount lessons that we learn from the life of John Alexander Dowie are three: First, that those whom God uses must be willing to suffer, be willing to stand for the truth, though they go through grievous trial and affliction. They must count favor with God, and the fulfillment of His Will of greater value than all the comforts and luxuries of life. The cross comes before the crown. Worldly honor and its favor must be counted as dung, if one is to secure that honor that comes from God only. Even Christ the Perfect Son, learned through the things He suffered. (Hebrews. 5:8,9). The early years of John Alexander Dowie portrays a man who suffered defeat after defeat, trial after trial, humiliation after humiliation; but through it all there remained, clear and bright, that faith in God and His power—faith that His word was immutably true and His promises sure.

SECOND LESSON

The second lesson, vividly taught in the life of John Alexander Dowie is the all- importance and power of a supernatural ministry. Disappointment followed disappointment as long as he, in attempting to reach the masses with the Gospel, used human methods. It was when he made the determination, live or die, sink or swim, that he would enter into the ministry of Divine healing, that success came at last. Within a decade from the time that he fully entered this ministry, his work was known throughout the world. Literally tens of thousands of people were brought to repentance, and the great message of deliverance and healing by faith was sounded out over the earth. Previously, the world had turned a deaf ear to him, but now they listened to him, for they saw the signs that followed his ministry. Miracles of healing that took place in Chicago were of such a nature that they startled the city's citizens into respectful attention. Though hell raged, and Dr. Dowie was arrested 100 times in one year, Satan was powerless to stop his work. It grew, it prospered, and the blessings of heaven were multiplied among the people. Those who opposed, sooner or later fell by the wayside, some went to prison; with others, sudden death ended their opposition.

THIRD LESSON

The last great lesson that we learn from John Alexander Dowie, is that the price of uninterrupted spiritual victory, through the span of human life, must be that of ceaseless vigilance. No enemy could harm John Alexander Dowie, but the enemy within himself. Human pride, or tendency to self-exaltation, if given the least chance to assert itself, sets in motion an inexorable reverse law in the spiritual world—the law of spiritual gravitation, which ever works to bring the exalted low. As one rises higher and higher in spiritual power and blessing, and as his influence among men becomes greater and greater, then, as Dr. Dowie once said in happier days, he must ever seek to become lower and lower, and lower and lower. John Alexander Dowie pioneered the way alone, and his mistakes may be forgiven. But if we, upon whom the end of the age has come, and who have the opportunity to profit from the lives of others who have gone before us, cannot learn the lesson, but should repeat the error, we could justly blame no one but ourselves.

John Alexander Dowie's body lies in the Lake Mound Cemetery of Zion. Near him are the mortal remains of his wife, Jeanie, his son, Gladstone, and his daughter, Esther. A half century ago the name of Dowie was known the world around, and he was received by rulers and potentates. Now all that is reserved for him and his family, in this world, is a little plot of earth. What a finality is Death! How impossible it is for man to alter its verdict! Surely the somber reality of Death teaches us that the only true course for a man while he has youth and strength and vigor is to seek with all his heart and mind, the will of God, to give his all, yea, to abandon himself utterly to the purpose of His Creator, in Whom alone is true happiness and immortality. Then when youth has slipped away, and years add to years, old age comes, and at last the grim reaper calls, there are no regrets. The spirit of that man may pass peacefully through the veil to the land where Death shall never reign.

John Alexander Dowie left this life feeling that his work was unfinished. His last words were that he expected to come back during the Millennium and continue to serve his Master. Who can say that this last dream of the Great Dreamer may not come true? Surely there will come a day when all tears shall be wiped away, and there shall be no more weeping as he wept that sad hour for his daughter, Esther, when he stood beside the new-made mound, while clouds fell upon the coffin lid. In that day misunderstandings will be forgotten, and all shall have peace who trust in Him Who alone is the source of peace.

And now the time has come when we must bid farewell to the man of God whose faith in no little measure brought back to the Church the great message of Jehovah-Rapha, Christ the Healer. May we see thee, John

Alexander Dowie, on that resurrection morning, when Christ Himself shall descend from heaven, when the dead shall be raised and we shall be changed. If there be any tears on that day, truly these shall only be tears of joy. As the Psalmist who also went through deep waters of suffering, and drank of the cup of sorrow, said, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

THE END